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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

PAUL
SHIVELY

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Quentin Reynolds **Hugh Wiley** **Albert**

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
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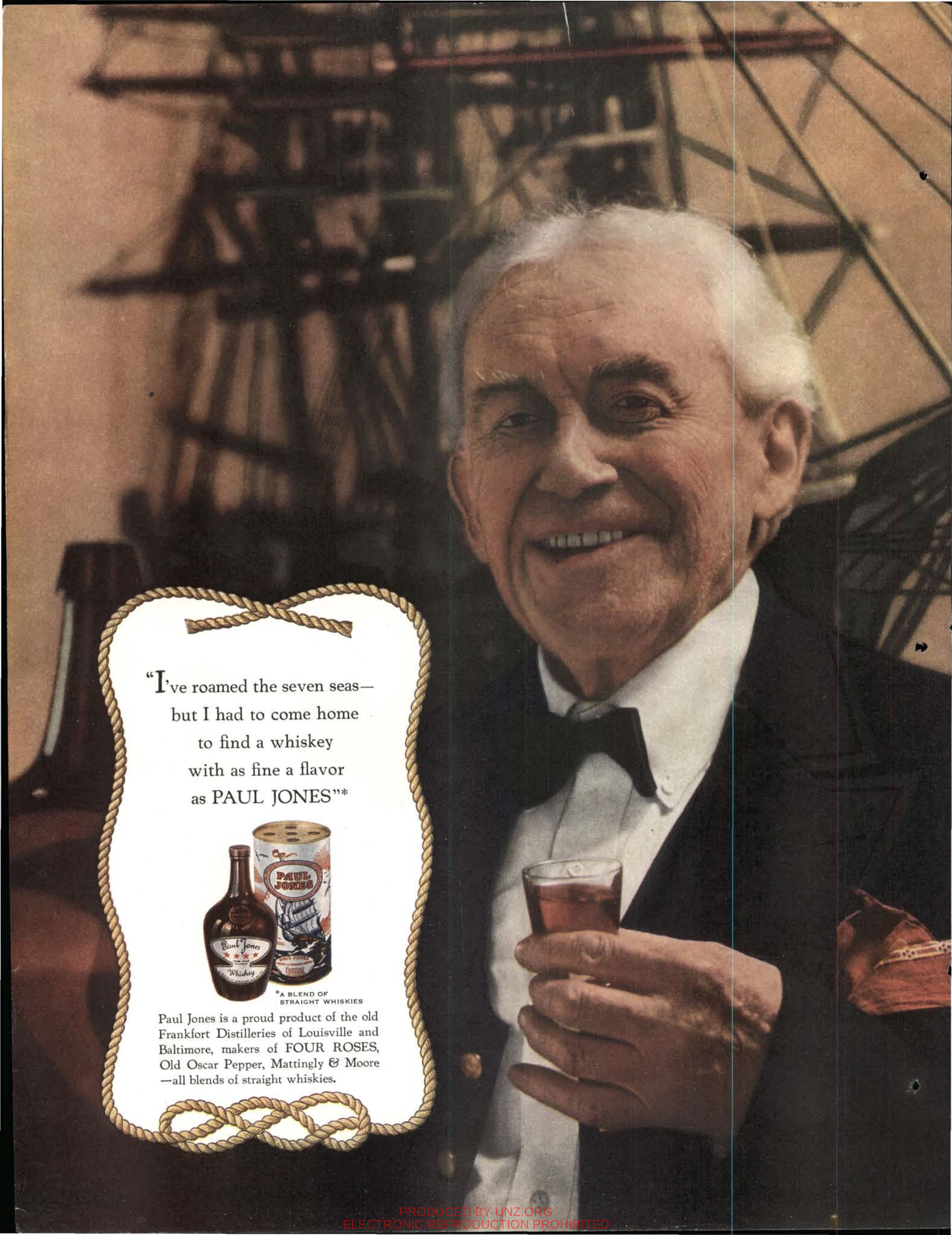
EPT. 14, 1935



"I've roamed the seven seas—
but I had to come home
to find a whiskey
with as fine a flavor
as PAUL JONES"*

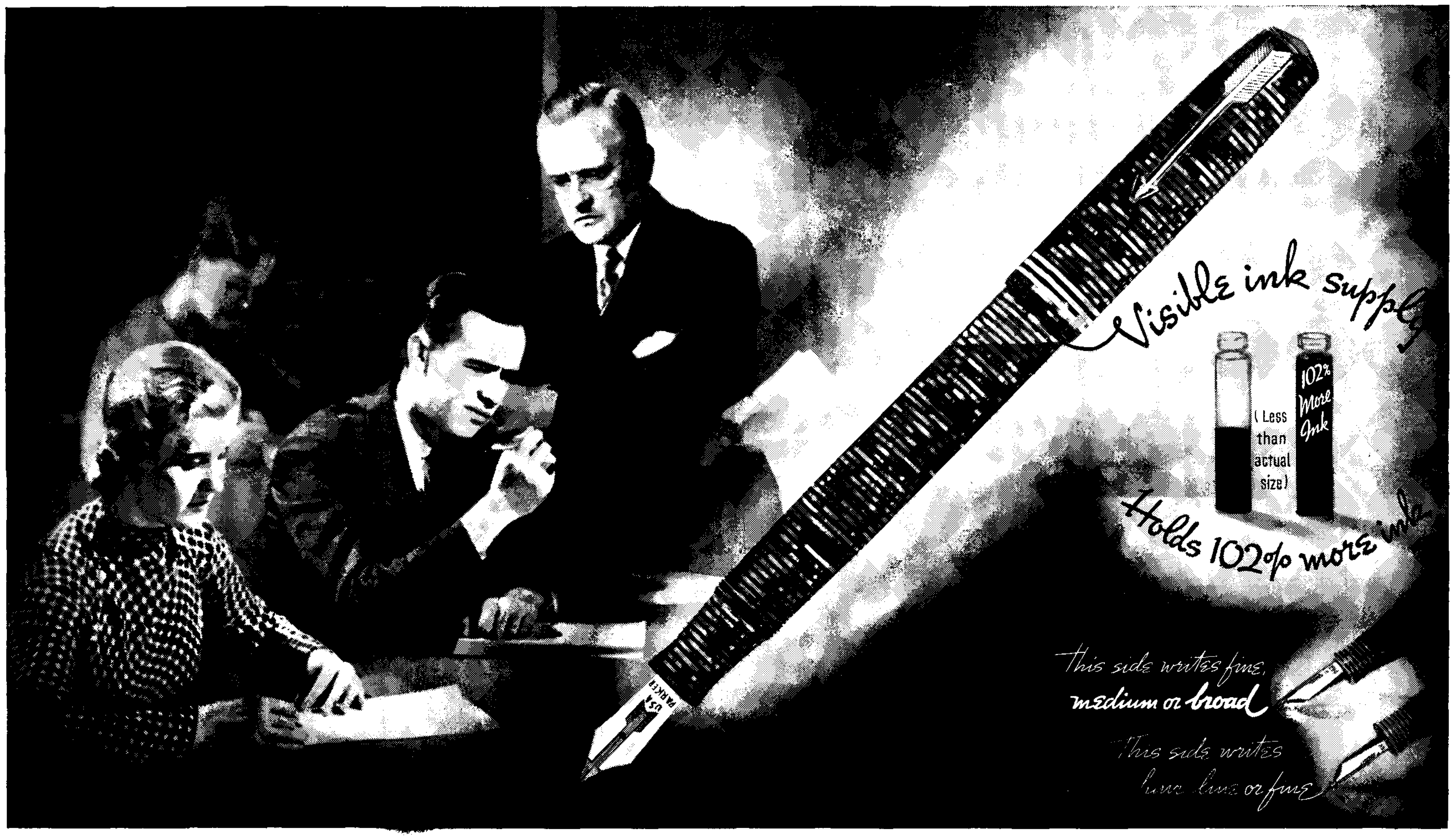
*A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Paul Jones is a proud product of the old Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore, makers of FOUR ROSES, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore —all blends of straight whiskies.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR DISCOVERED

That Often It Isn't their Brains, but their Pens that Run Dry — Cause Failure — in Classes and Exams

So he invented this sacless Vacumatic, and Parker engineered it to perfection — gave it 102% more Ink Capacity — made its Ink Level VISIBLE, *so it suddenly can't go empty!*



The Whole World is Captivated by Its Style

—rings of luminous Pearl laminated with transparent "Jet"— lovely, shimmering, utterly new — wholly exclusive because design patented

YES, a scientist on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin was amazed to find how pens that run out of ink slow down classes, demoralize thinking, and bring marks that no student wants to write home about.

His observations inspired his inventive genius — led to the birth of the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic. This miracle pen writes 12,000 words from a single filling — shows when it's running low—tells when to refill! As in college, so in business, too,—if you can't see how much ink is in your pen, how can you tell that it won't fail you *just at the wrong time!*

Every day it happens that men are about to close good deals but lose them due to some rubber sac pen that runs out of ink *right on the dotted line.*

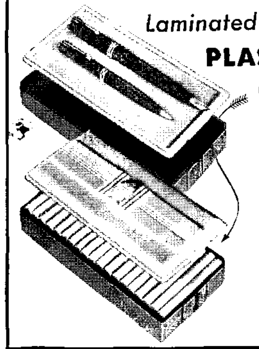
Don't expose yourself to such calamities—in school *or* business. Any good pen shop, department, stationery, jewelry or drug store will show you how the Parker Vacumatic ends such risks forever. How it eliminates 14 old-time parts, including the lever filler and rubber ink sac found in sac-type pens. And due to this, it has double room for ink, *without increase in size.*

But don't think that sacless pens containing squirt-gun pumps are like Parker's patented sacless Vacumatic. This new creation contains none of these. That's why it's GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT!

Go and try writing two different ways with its Reversible Point — solid Gold combined with precious Platinum — skilfully fashioned to write on both sides—slightly turned up at the tip so it cannot scratch or drag, *even under pressure!*

Hold this shimmering laminated Pearl and Jet barrel to the light—see how the "Jet" rings become transparent —mysterious windows, that show the column of ink within — show when to refill.

Do this and you won't let an old pen impede your learning or earning another day. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.



Laminated Vacumatic Sets now come in **PLASKON UTILITY CASE** *for Cigarettes or Boudoir Trifles* — included without charge

This smart innovation in packing the Parker Laminated Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set adds exquisite charm to the Gift. And the Plaskon Utility Case is thoroughly useful, durable, and attractive as a permanent container for cigarettes; or for bobby pins, hairpins, etc. Choice of Brown or Black with Ivory lid.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10 **$7.50** *Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00*

Spill This Washable School Ink on Hands, Clothes, Rugs —Soap and Water Remove It without Trace!

A remarkable Parker discovery now gives the world an ink—called Parker Qu*ink*—that cleanses a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other. Two kinds—(1) PERMANENT Qu*ink*, for office records, (2) WASHABLE Qu*ink*, for home and school. Ask in the stores for Parker Qu*ink* instead of ink.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN *Associate Editors*

Next Week

ALMOST anyone would have been excited by the news that John Colt brought to Karen Waterson. He told her that she was the rightful owner of an empire. A small one, to be sure—the island of Alakoa in the mid-Pacific. But it was all hers, Colt said, mountain and plain, the dark, silent green of tropic vegetation and the incredible, electric blue of bay and harbor—and the sugar plantations worth millions.

All she had to do was get possession. This news plunged Karen into a mad adventure, with love and mystery playing equal parts. Alan LeMay begins, next week, the story of "Deepwater Island."

IN THE heart of a rocky wilderness in the state of Washington, the government is building a dam. When the giant dynamos in the hydroelectric plant start whirring, there will be some two million kilowatts of power available. Available to whom? The government is building no transmission lines. The cities of Washington won't build them—even if the power were offered free. They'd lose by it. Where are the consumers coming from? Walter Davenport takes you to inspect "Power in the Wilderness."

OVER beer and cheese sandwiches at Heinrich's, Janet Littell and Humphrey Marsh decided what they wanted. They wanted to get to the top. And in surprisingly short order they did. Janet became engaged to forty million dollars and Humphrey achieved his own triumph. And then what? Bernard DeVoto writes the gay and winning romance of two people who didn't like the "View from the Top."

IN THE early days of the New Deal when the President's program was sweeping through Congress and across the continent, there was just one man who could, and did, put limits to its course—Comptroller General McCarl. Now the Republicans are looking earnestly at this silent and determined gentleman and they find "The Prospect Pleases." George Creel shows you his qualifications.

IT WAS no secret to Cliff Parish how the big money was made along Broadway. He wanted some of it for himself, and it took a girl with red hair and almond eyes to save his neck. "Open Net," by C. S. Montanye, is their story.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN writes the Short Short Story. Rud Rennie, Robert Ormond Case, Roark Bradford, Frederick Skerry, Ernest Haycox and others contribute handsomely. Don't miss a trick.

This Week

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September 14, 1935

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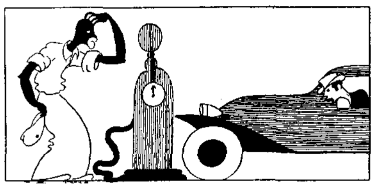
●

Any Week

UNWITTINGLY we gave the Rev. J. B. Buckley of Cleveland, Ohio, the impression that we thought the Solid South was disintegrating. Mr. Buckley was downright alarmed. Being in Asheville, North Carolina, at the moment and, incidentally, requiring the services of a notary public, Mr. Buckley set forth to look into the whole thing. At a filling station he asked a colored boy for the address of a notary public, thinking that once his legal business was transacted he would ask that seal-and-sign person about the solidarity of the South. "The colored boy," reports Mr. Buckley, "scratched his head (as what colored boy in such circumstances doesn't?) and conferred for a moment with another customer. Then he asked us to inquire of the other customer (a white man) what we wanted. We explained. 'Oh,' said the o. c., "this boy here thought you were asking for a Republican.' "

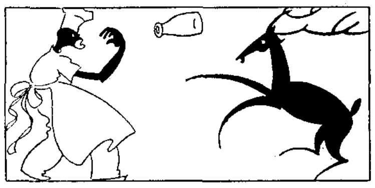


VERY grateful is Mr. Ellis Liebman of Frederick, Oklahoma, to Kyle Crichton and to us for that article on the game of soft ball. Like many of us, Mr. Liebman wouldn't be surprised if something the Administration has completely overlooked—soft ball for example—might lead us out of our economic fidgets. "Soft ball," finds Mr. Liebman, "may do the trick. It wears out lots of clothing, increases the use of electricity and is a positive boon to the manufacturers of automobile windshields. We average one to three windshields a week with four night games here in Frederick. This gives the garage man business. He can then buy more groceries and the grocer wears out his clothes racing around his store. The drygoods man is overworked and has to patronize the doctor and drugstore. And so on."

IF WE didn't make a mistake now and then you wouldn't like us because we wouldn't be human. Even in our advertising pages we may fall a microscopic fraction of an inch short of perfection. Mr. Thomas Daniel of Springfield, Missouri, says he finds an ad writer for a railroad "accusing Mark Twain of that familiar remark about the weather. Please advise all and sundry that Charles Dudley Warner was the author of that remark about the fickle atmospheric mistress and leave Mark alone."

THE whole trouble is fertilizer, thinks Mr. George L. Kirk of Lima, Ohio. Says he: "We grind up the hogs to make fertilizer to sell to the farmer to put in the ground to raise more corn to feed the hogs to grind up to make fertilizer. And what have we? Perpetual motion. And what does that get us? Fertilizer."

MR. FLOYD O. BURNS of Atlanta, Georgia, suggests that we all move to his state and hunt—hunt almost anything. Mr. Burns thinks Georgia would be bound to profit no matter who or what got shot off. Anyway, it would be lots of fun. He recalls a four-day deer hunt near Brunswick as the guest of Colonel L'Hommedieu Tillinghast Houston of that town. For four days, armed with everything but tanks, the party tramped the country seeing nothing remotely resembling a deer. Back again at the Houston camp, tired, disillusioned, dispirited, they saw a fine buck lying on its side, dead, in the back yard. They questioned the cook. The cook admitted everything, saying that the deer had been hanging around his kitchen for four days making a nuisance of itself. And that morning he lost patience and hurled a milk bottle at the creature, killing it instantly.



GO TO Texas. Writes Mr. R. K. Phillips of Weatherford, Texas: "Come to Texas, especially for the Centennial. Those who come are requested to bring money for gasoline and grub. Those not in position to do this are requested to go elsewhere."

BUT the Texas Centennial doesn't come off until next year. And there are impatient souls who don't care to hang around waiting. Mrs. George W. Berryman of Richmond, Virginia, met one such and lost no time reporting her find. "He was a farmer who had voted for Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 and thought he might vote against Mr. Roosevelt in 1936. I asked him why. 'Well, ma'am,' he said, 'I ain't what you'd call a man to be satisfied to sit down and wait. With Mr. Hoover in the White House for a second term it wouldn't of taken us more'n a couple of weeks to find out we made a mistake. As it is, I don't know yet.' "

AND what if he did?

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DONALD DENTON

TIME TURNS A TRICK

One of the great developments of this inventive age is the Mimeotype stencil. It has brought Mimeographing to a high state of efficiency. It has rounded-out and completed the process. In the last half-century we have made many kinds of stencils, all of which we have originated. But this one tops them all. It will do things that no other stencil has ever done. It has made possible the illustrating of Mimeographed sheets. Quickly, easily, privately, it duplicates forms, maps, illustrated letters, bulletins, house organs with pictures and charts, almost any kind of message used to promote business and education. The *cellulose-ester* stencil! Beautiful work at lowest possible cost. For latest particulars write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for local address.

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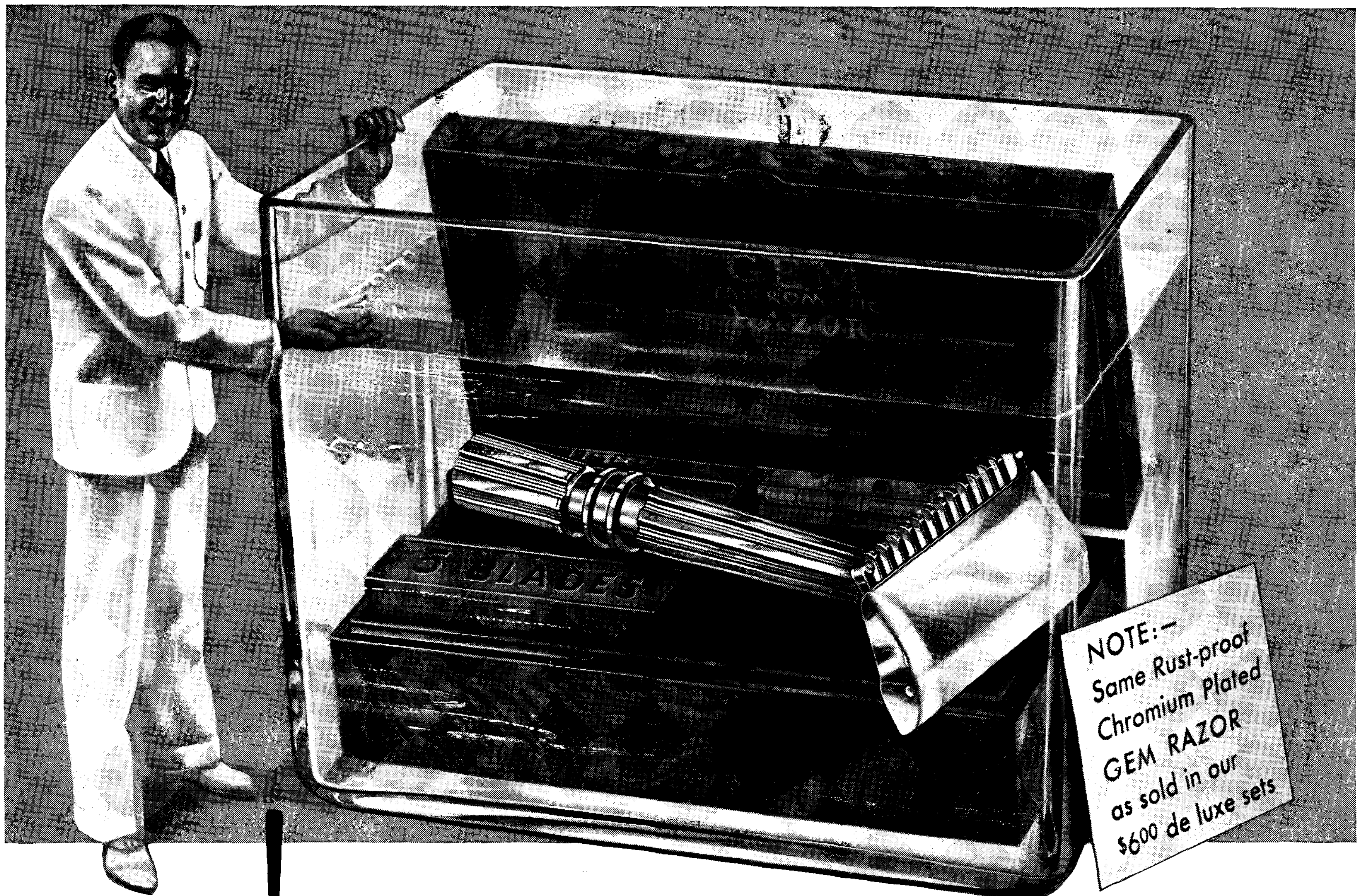


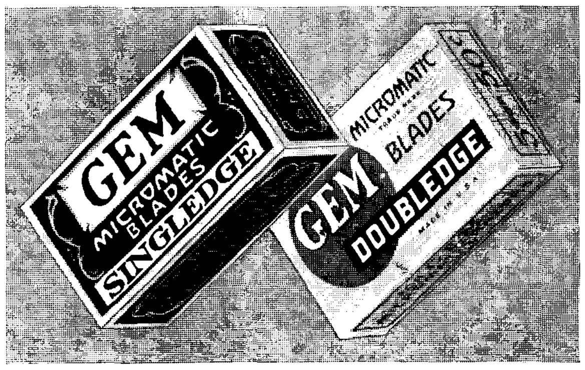
new! Rust-proof GEM Razor*

in a sanitary washable case

THE professional barber will recommend Gem's new sanitary outfit—the *first* shaving set which protects *both* razor and case from contamination by soiled fabric or corrodible metal. This latest edition DE LUXE GEM is distinguished by a Marbelite *stain-proof* box, *washable* as *glass*—a full chrome plated Gem holder originally included in our "high hat" $6 sets, and five surgical steel Gem Blades.

The chrome plated razor *can't rust, corrode* or *tarnish*. Guaranteed to remain perfect *forever*, all working parts protectively concealed in the handle. The simplest, strongest, handsomest razor made, using the sharpest, *slowest-dulling* blades ever built.

Gem shaves you with a professional barber's smooth, tugless, non-irritating stroke. The shape of the razor *compels* you to contact stubble at an angle that gets *all* whiskers at root level without skipping a hair in wrinkle, skin fold, or facial irregularity.



Gem Micromatic Blades remain keen *so long* because they are built of the *toughest tempered* surgical steel, 50% thicker and stropped 4840 separate times. The edge is *reinforced* with a deep, tapered wedge that thin, flimsy steel hasn't the body or stamina to hold.

Dual-Alignment (exclusive patent) sets the blade so accurately and holds it so tightly with a five-point lock that it *can't* creep, wobble, or scuff the most *sensitive* skins. Dual-Alignment permits such *close* shaving that a *once-over* keeps the densest and blackest beard socially fit for 24 hours.

Gem Marbelite sets regularly $1 at all dealers. Or a test set with a standard gold plated Gem Razor and two blades for 25c and our coupon.

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FOR TEST SET ONLY!

Gem Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. C28, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist – it opens! Twist – it closes!*

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What happens when a man falls in love with the boss's daughter but refuses to be polite to the boss

DANIEL A. HARLEY, chief officer of the Red Funnel Line freighter Western Trader, was well satisfied with himself. The steamer was due to sail at six o'clock and at five-thirty Mr. Harley had seen the last sling-load of freight go into the hold. He was about to set the crew to battening down the hatches and snugging up the cargo booms in their cradles, when a motor dray drove in on the dock; the driver leaped off, ran to the side of the ship, yelled at Mr. Harley and waved an envelope.

"Now what?" Mr. Harley shouted back at him.

"I got a jag o' freight for you."

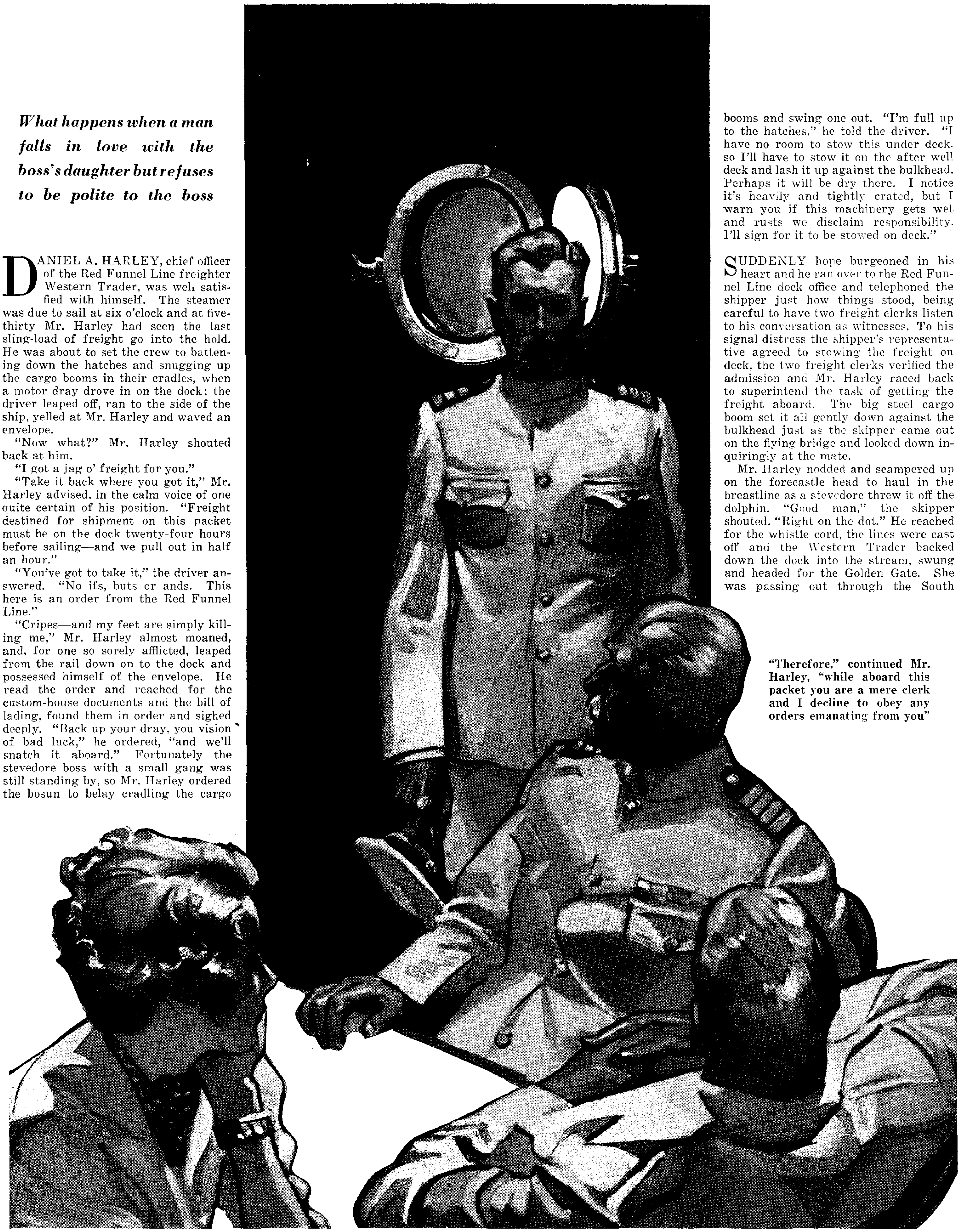
"Take it back where you got it," Mr. Harley advised, in the calm voice of one quite certain of his position. "Freight destined for shipment on this packet must be on the dock twenty-four hours before sailing—and we pull out in half an hour."

"You've got to take it," the driver answered. "No ifs, buts or ands. This here is an order from the Red Funnel Line."

"Cripes—and my feet are simply killing me," Mr. Harley almost moaned, and, for one so sorely afflicted, leaped from the rail down on to the dock and possessed himself of the envelope. He read the order and reached for the custom-house documents and the bill of lading, found them in order and sighed deeply. "Back up your dray, you vision of bad luck," he ordered, "and we'll snatch it aboard." Fortunately the stevedore boss with a small gang was still standing by, so Mr. Harley ordered the bosun to belay cradling the cargo booms and swing one out. "I'm full up to the hatches," he told the driver. "I have no room to stow this under deck, so I'll have to stow it on the after well deck and lash it up against the bulkhead. Perhaps it will be dry there. I notice it's heavily and tightly crated, but I warn you if this machinery gets wet and rusts we disclaim responsibility. I'll sign for it to be stowed on deck."

SUDDENLY hope burgeoned in his heart and he ran over to the Red Funnel Line dock office and telephoned the shipper just how things stood, being careful to have two freight clerks listen to his conversation as witnesses. To his signal distress the shipper's representative agreed to stowing the freight on deck, the two freight clerks verified the admission and Mr. Harley raced back to superintend the task of getting the freight aboard. The big steel cargo boom set it all gently down against the bulkhead just as the skipper came out on the flying bridge and looked down inquiringly at the mate.

Mr. Harley nodded and scampered up on the forecastle head to haul in the breastline as a stevedore threw it off the dolphin. "Good man," the skipper shouted. "Right on the dot." He reached for the whistle cord, the lines were cast off and the Western Trader backed down the dock into the stream, swung and headed for the Golden Gate. She was passing out through the South



"Therefore," continued Mr. Harley, "while aboard this packet you are a mere clerk and I decline to obey any orders emanating from you"

Channel before Mr. Harley had his hatches secured and the cargo booms snugged up.

"Well, I got in an hour and a half overtime on the old pirate," he soliloquized. The old pirate was Angus Boynton, president and general manager of the Red Funnel Line. With the perversity of one inclined, under provocation, to belligerence, it did not occur to Mr. Harley that the old pirate had gotten in an hour and a half extra labor on him! He went to his stateroom, bathed, carded his luxuriant red beard, changed into his best uniform and descended to the officers' dining saloon for dinner. Whereupon his world fell in on top of him.

Seated at the table with the old man was Angus Boynton; at his left sat a young lady who, even to the now thoroughly jaundiced eye of Mr. Harley, was not at all difficult to look at. His benumbed brain telegraphed a delayed message to his sturdy legs to beat a rapid retreat, but, a sort of paralysis vetoing this command, he could only stand in the doorway, slack-jawed, popeyed and horrified.

Angus Boynton, who, after the fashion of those who have sipped with a large spoon the soup of authority and vast accomplishment, was kind to children and dumb animals, smiled up at Mr. Harley.

"Ah," he said patronizingly, "our extremely efficient chief officer, Mr. Swenson. Sit down, Mr. Swenson. My dear, this is Mr. Swenson. Mr. Swenson, this is my daughter, Miss Dorothy Boynton."

MR. HARLEY bowed and took his accustomed seat at the other end of the table, on the right of the chief engineer. The captain—he was a kindly but humorless person named Gibbs and a slave to duty—promptly spoke up, because he saw he had a duty to perform.

"You have my chief officer's name wrong, Mr. Boynton. It isn't Swenson. It's Harley. Daniel A. Harley, but more familiarly known as Dan."

"Why, I wanted particularly to know his name," Boynton declared, "so I went into the pilot house and read his ticket. If a ticket means anything, then I know that at twelve o'clock today the first mate of the Western Trader was Niels Swenson."

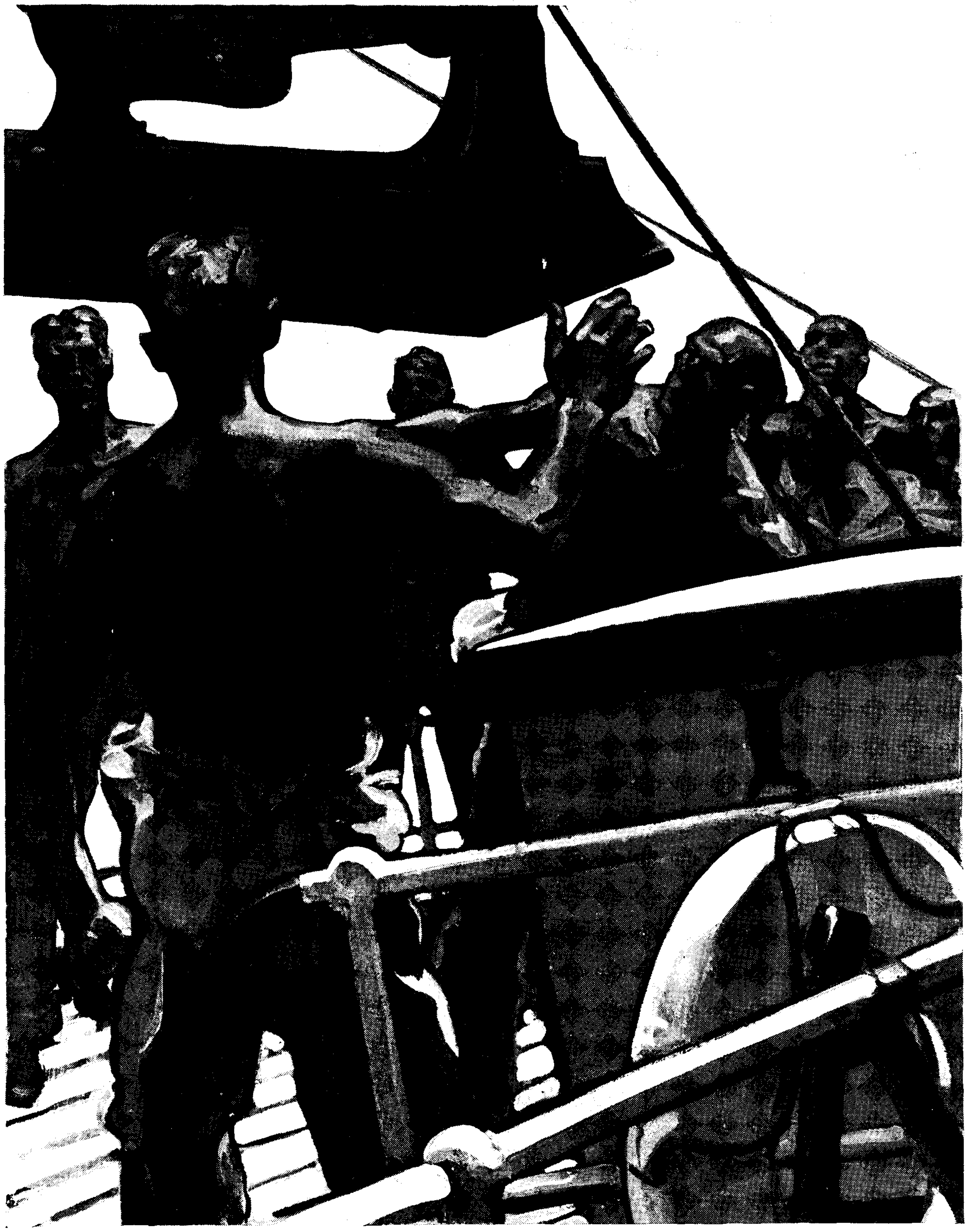
"No such man and no such ticket in the ship, sir," Captain Gibbs said firmly.

The expanse of cheekbone showing above Mr. Harley's magnificent red whiskers now glowed as pink as a sunrise on the Alps; an instant later it showed Nile green.

"Harley, Harley," Angus Boynton murmured, the while fixing the mate with a very baleful glance. "It seems to me—"

"I am that same Harley," the chief mate interrupted, "formerly executive officer of your round-the-world passenger ship Pacific Queen. You decided I was nux vomica to you, so you manufactured a wholly unfair excuse and ordered your port captain to dismiss me. I couldn't get a recommendation from the Red Funnel Line, despite six years of honest and faithful service, so after being on the beach here six months I went to the Atlantic seaboard. I happened to be on the dock at Bush Terminal in Brooklyn while the Western Trader was lying there. About ten minutes before she was due to sail, her chief officer came aboard roaring drunk and Captain Gibbs fired him. So I showed Captain Gibbs my ticket and my discharges and he hired me.

"Fortunately I had my dunnage in a boarding house not three blocks distant. I made four voyages in the Western Trader before the Red Funnel Line bought her and took over her deck and engine-room officers with her. So I got back into the Red Funnel Line employ by accident."



Angus Boynton's face reddened under the castigation. "And you have remained three voyages under our house flag by evasion and deceit," he charged. "You've disguised yourself with a Bolshevik beard; whenever I come aboard I hear you speaking with a strong Swedish accent and you further deceive me with a ticket that doesn't belong to you."

MR. HARLEY smiled wickedly. "I tried to disguise myself still further by getting fat," he confessed, "but in the Red Funnel Line that is impossible. The food is of such wretched quality that even the seagulls know it and decline to follow the ship for scraps. Besides, you work the fat off a man faster than he can put it on."

"Mr. Harley, Mr. Harley," Captain Gibbs murmured. He was scandalized.

"How do you explain that Swenson ticket I saw hanging in the enclosed bridge today?"

"It belongs to a friend of mine who took a header down a hatch and was so broken up he will never get to sea again. So he gave his ticket to me and when we were in the home port I hung it up and took down my own, in case you or your port captain took a notion to investigate. Today you got curious about me and investigated. You had a desire to ascertain the identity of a chief mate who seemed to you to be more than usually competent. When I came up into the chartroom at noon today to wind the chronometers, I heard you talking with Captain Gibbs in his stateroom, although I didn't know it was you. You said, 'That is an extremely competent chief officer you have, Captain Gibbs. We must keep an eye on that young fellow. Potential skipper material there.' "

"Mr. Harley, Mr. Harley," the skipper almost moaned. "Remember your place."

"I am not forgetting it, sir. Now that I have explained my peculiar conduct fully—conduct that I can only excuse to myself on the ground that I'd been six months out of a job and during these hard times it behooves a man to hang on to his job by fair means or foul, once he had been fortunate enough to secure it—I trust Mr. Boynton has completed his embarrassing inquisition."

HE TURNED to Dorothy Boynton. "It's nice to meet you again, Dorothy."

"I'm so glad to meet you again, Dan. I often wondered what became of you."

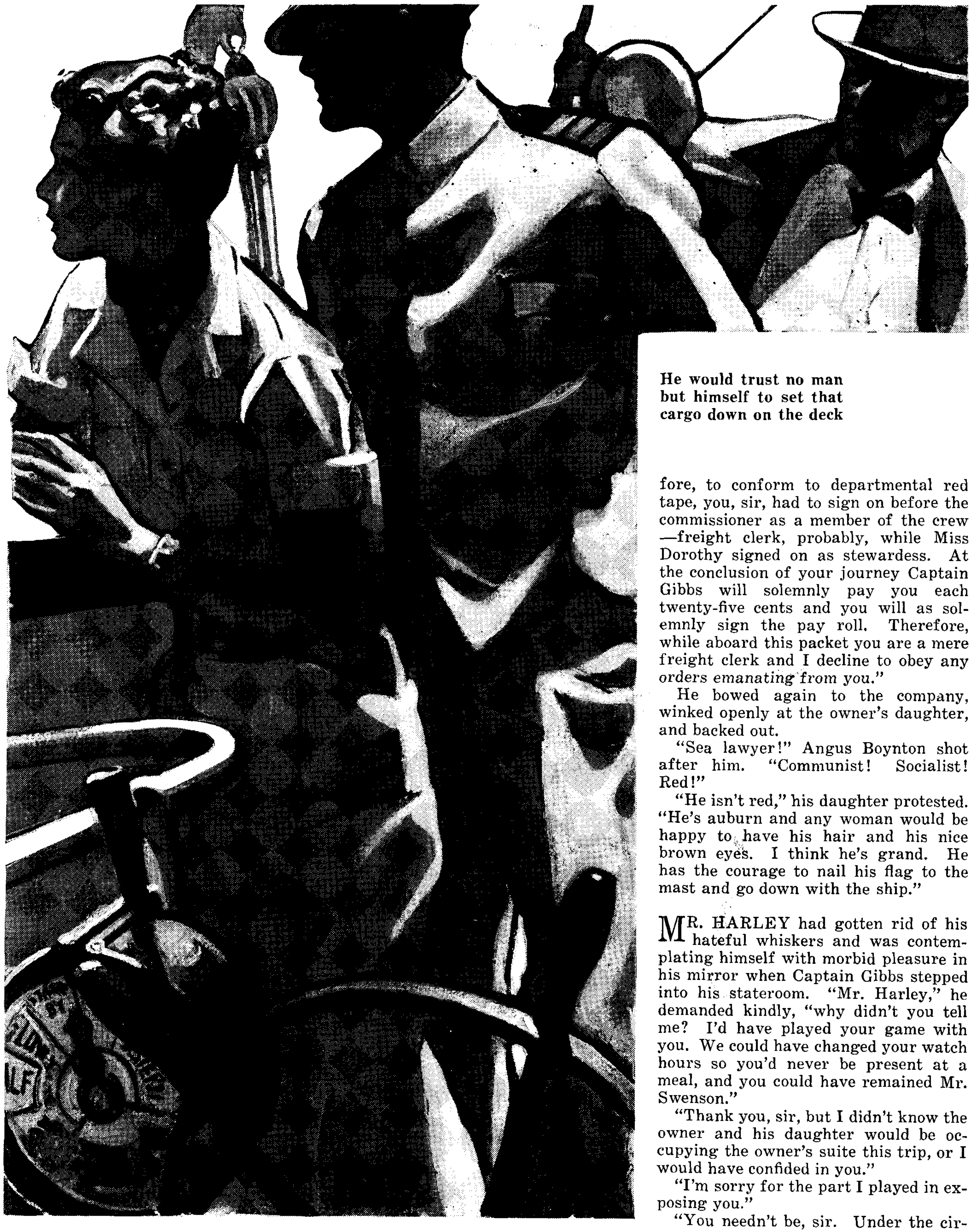
"There was nothing to do but fold my tent, like the Arab, and silently fade away."

"I'm sorry, for your sake, that Father smoked you out, but glad for my sake, otherwise I should never have recognized you. Now that there appears to be no further excuse for that beard, please restore your youth by shaving."

"I shall be happy to. I don't like it."

"It needs a man to raise a beard like yours, Dan."

"Your father wouldn't realize that, of course."



He would trust no man but himself to set that cargo down on the deck

"Mr. Harley," said Captain Gibbs, "there is such a thing as contumacious conduct and I find you guilty of it. You will be good enough, mister, to leave the table. Steward, serve Mr. Harley's dinner in his stateroom."

Mr. Harley promptly rose, bowed to the company, and was about to stalk out when Angus Boynton called to him: "I trust it will not be a surprise to you to be informed that you are leaving the Western Trader at Panama, Mr. Harley. Captain Gibbs, our Montara is due at the Canal tomorrow, westward bound. I will radio her master to drop his chief officer off there and you will pick him up. If the master of the Montara cannot find in Panama a mate to take his old mate's place, he can stand a watch himself until he reaches San Francisco."

Mr. Harley turned a beaming countenance toward the company. "I'm truly surprised at that extraordinary announcement, sir."

Captain Gibbs hummed and harumphed. "Mr. Boynton, sir, I regret to inform you that unless Mr. Harley leaves the ship at Panama of his own free will he cannot be forced to. We're going foreign this trip. Touching at Havana. Consequently, Mr. Harley signed on before the Deputy United States Shipping Commissioner for the round trip and may not be replaced without a legal reason such as—er—ah mutiny. Even if I should relieve him of his duties he would still be on the pay roll, so we might as well retain him in his berth, sir, and get our money's worth. In all my twenty years as master I have never had as competent a mate as Mr. Harley."

"Mere technicality," protested Angus Boynton. "Pay him off for the round trip but get rid of him in Panama."

"While on the subject of technicalities, sir," Mr. Harley almost cooed, "I'll point one out. Your Western Trader has no passenger license, hence it would be a violation of the rules of the Department of Commerce if she carried them in her owner's suite. In order, therefore, to conform to departmental red tape, you, sir, had to sign on before the commissioner as a member of the crew—freight clerk, probably, while Miss Dorothy signed on as stewardess. At the conclusion of your journey Captain Gibbs will solemnly pay you each twenty-five cents and you will as solemnly sign the pay roll. Therefore, while aboard this packet you are a mere freight clerk and I decline to obey any orders emanating from you."

He bowed again to the company, winked openly at the owner's daughter, and backed out.

"Sea lawyer!" Angus Boynton shot after him. "Communist! Socialist! Red!"

"He isn't red," his daughter protested. "He's auburn and any woman would be happy to have his hair and his nice brown eyes. I think he's grand. He has the courage to nail his flag to the mast and go down with the ship."

MR. HARLEY had gotten rid of his hateful whiskers and was contemplating himself with morbid pleasure in his mirror when Captain Gibbs stepped into his stateroom. "Mr. Harley," he demanded kindly, "why didn't you tell me? I'd have played your game with you. We could have changed your watch hours so you'd never be present at a meal, and you could have remained Mr. Swenson."

"Thank you, sir, but I didn't know the owner and his daughter would be occupying the owner's suite this trip, or I would have confided in you."

"I'm sorry for the part I played in exposing you."

"You needn't be, sir. Under the circumstances, it was unavoidable."

"Why did the old man put the curse on you?"

"I think the real reason is that I fell in love with his daughter. She and her mother took a trip around the world with us on the Pacific Queen."

"Did you propose to the girl?"

"No, sir. I knew better than that. Besides, I couldn't afford marriage. But you can't fool a woman—and Miss Dorothy's mother is no fool."

Captain Gibbs sat down on the mate's settee. "She wouldn't have said anything to the old man if the girl hadn't fallen in love with you," he decided. "There lay your danger. What excuse did the old wolf use?"

"We were at the dock at Penang on the next voyage when we shipped twenty-five Chinese stowaways. Just before dawn and two hours before we sailed, one of the Chinese mess boys brought a cup of drugged coffee to the quartermaster on guard at the gangplank. At least I suppose it was drugged, because the second mate found him in a long chair sound asleep. I didn't hear about it until we were three days at sea. I was ill in my cabin—touch of the sun—otherwise I'd have held a muster on deck and searched the ship before sailing. It's a rule of the Red Funnel Line that the ship shall be searched by the chief officer for Chinese stowaways before leaving Penang, because that's the last Oriental port where we lie at a dock. The ships lie in the harbor and load from lighters at Colombo.

"Of course, in view of the fact that I was ill, the skipper should have ordered the search, but he didn't, and the reason he didn't was because the minute we cleared Penang Harbor he got drunk and stayed drunk until we dropped hook at Colombo. After leaving Colombo, I got back on the job and it occurred to me one day that we had too many in our Chinese crew. The beggars all look alike and the stowaways took a chance and ventured on deck. I mustered and searched and found the twenty. They'd come down from Hong Kong on a coaster. So we had to carry them all around the world and back to Hong Kong, and they were a nuisance.

"The papers carried the story and the government levied a stiff fine but afterward rescinded it. Boynton was wild. I wouldn't peach on the skipper. He was a periodical—about twice a year—and didn't stay on the booze very long, although when the urge came he couldn't resist it. Of course, the second should have made the search but he'd never had that responsibility up to him before and hadn't acquired the habit. Besides, he was a married man with two children—tragedy of errors. Boynton held that I was at fault for not sending for the second and instructing him to muster and search. Under the circumstances, I kept my mouth closed, admitted error and was fired when we got back to San Francisco."

"You're the son of a wild jackass," Captain Gibbs complained bitterly and prepared to leave the room. "Well, keep away from that girl on this voyage."

"I'll not," Mr. Harley declared waspishly. "I'll devote all the time I can spare to entertaining her. I'll sear her father's eyeballs. I haven't anything to lose, have I, sir? Men about to be hanged are given a hearty breakfast, aren't they?"

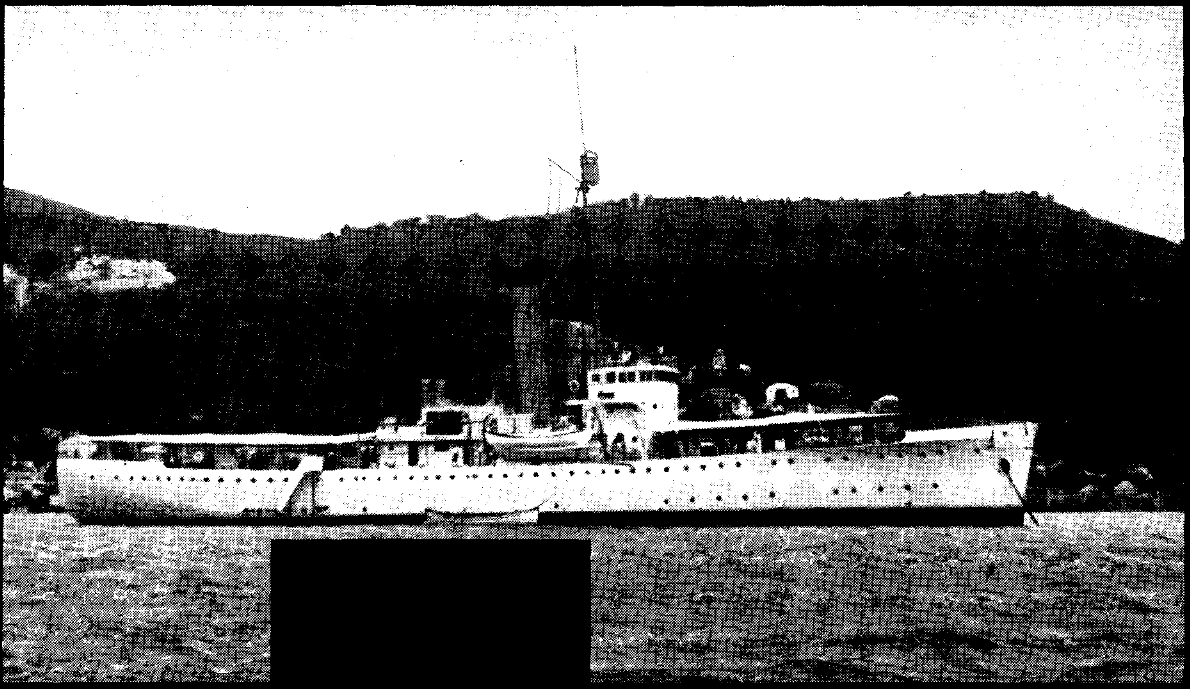
THE Western Trader, having discharged some freight at Guaymas, was halfway to Corinto, when Captain Gibbs summoned Mr. Harley from his bridge.

The skipper was writhing and groaning in his berth, when he wasn't vomiting terribly. "Mister," he announced, "I have the most dreadful cramps in the sou'west corner of my belly. What d'ye suppose it is?"

Mr. Harley explored the stricken area with gentle pressure and the skipper howled. "I'm afraid it's acute appendicitis, sir," the mate declared. "I had it once and they operated on me in a hurry. We'll have to transfer you to some passenger ship and let their doctor carve you, P. D. Q. I'll radio and try to pick one up."

The S. S. Santa Paula of the Panama Mail Line, northbound, picked up his radio a hundred miles south. Both vessels increased their speed and four hours later Mr. Harley swung out a boat and transferred the sick captain to the Santa Paula. An hour later he received a radio to the effect that Captain Gibbs had been operated on, and not a minute too soon. The mate sent the message down to Angus Boynton, who thereupon made up his mind on a course of action and sent for Mr. Harley, who sent back word that he was on the bridge and if the owner desired to see him the latter could come up. So the president and

(Continued on page 32)



DURING the afternoon word went around, "Goin' to be a fire." In the white houses that sit atop the four hills of St. Thomas, capital of the American Virgin Islands in the West Indies, native servants murmured a polite warning: "Goin' to be a very distressful fire. Madame would do well to go to de fort. You, too, sah." The market place and Kronprindsens Gade (Main Street to the tourist) drowsed in the quiet of perpetual summer. In the shade of massive hurricane shutters merchants whispered anxiously about the possibilities of martial law. (No excitement, please. Insurance lapses when martial law is declared.) But through the alleys that wriggle along the hills, through the narrow passages that begin as simple doorways on Main Street and work their way in the green shadow of vine and plant and palm tree out to the incredible brightness of the harbor, through the huts and cabins that fringe the town, word flashed: "Goin' to be a fire; goin' to be a fire tonight."

The architecture of St. Thomas represents the slow growth of two and a half centuries. Houses rub shoulders and climb over each other and into each other; they twist and flow and pile up like the tides in the harbor or like the tropical vegetation on all sides. Water is scarce; and fire is a serious menace. There have been fires in St. Thomas that burned for a week and did damage that ran into millions.

Something Awry in Eden

About ten o'clock the siren began to screech. The mountains that stretch long arms around the harbor picked up the sound and bandied it about. In the gulch beyond Frenchman's Hill a red glow mounted and spread. The fire was on.

A crowd gathered, one thousand, two thousand, restless, excited and expectant. This was no ordinary fire. It had been announced. It meant something. And it had broken out in a vacant house belonging to Lionel Roberts, a local politician and one of the directors of the government-owned Virgin Islands Company.

The fire department arrived, but something was wrong with the apparatus; the reducer was gone, the axes were missing. And where was Fire Chief Donald S. Boreham? Mr. Boreham had resigned—temporarily and under pressure. After being chased around the town by an angry and threatening crowd, he and his wife were behind the thick red walls of the fort that Jorgen Iversen built in 1671. A rumor had penetrated, even to Government House, that the crowd was out to get Boreham. The fire was a trap.

The crowd waited. The house burned to the ground and the fire died. Next morning a native was picked up in the

Caribbean Headache

From the days of Captain Kidd the Virgin Islands have led a glamorous and uneasy life. This summer their unrest spread to Washington and a quarrel that began as a tempest in a demijohn turned into a national scandal. As a result Uncle Sam has been forced to take a closer look at his territories and island possessions, which for years he has been pampering and scolding without taking the trouble to understand

By Denver Lindley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

streets and treated for cuts and bruises. He admitted that he had been chosen to assassinate Boreham and that the crowd, suspecting he had warned his victim, had turned upon him and beaten him up.

Clearly something had gone wrong in Eden.

Go back to the day before the fire. An Army dredge has just arrived in Lindbergh Bay. It has come from Puerto Rico and it is going to fill in the swamp that gave the bay its old name—Mosquito Bay—before Colonel Lindbergh landed there in 1928. In Puerto Rico the dredge has been paying a minimum of two dollars a day for labor. But this is a PWA project and the PWA scale for St. Thomas and St. John begins at ninety-six cents. The large and affable Mr. Boreham goes aboard the dredge and hands the captain a copy of the wage scale. Work begins.

But a crowd has gathered around the swamp. There's going to be a show. They can feel it. Morris Davis is there, too. He is the labor leader and spellbinder. Soon he is addressing the crowd, prodding his followers out of their tropical lethargy:

"Do you want to work for ninety-six cents?

"Do you want to work for ninety-six cents?

"Do you want to work for ninety-six cents?"

The crowd knows the answers. An amen corner of strong bass voices takes up the response, "No, no, Morris, no!" And shrill-voiced women add the overtones, "You tell 'em, Morris. Won't do no work fo' ninety-six cents."

Soon all the workers are on strike. Boreham starts to leave and his car is stopped. He gets away with difficulty and thereafter goes around armed and with a bodyguard. And he stays away from the fire.

Symptoms of Unrest

The harbor of St. Thomas is the crater of an extinct volcano; now all around its edge there is an uneasy stirring, a dark threat of new eruptions.

Governor Pearson patiently explains that he cannot raise the wages at Lindbergh Bay without altering the whole PWA scale. Go ahead, say the native labor leaders. And he does. He raises the wage five cents an hour on all PWA projects and establishes a Labor Relations Board. Immediately a new series of strikes breaks out. The dock workers strike. The police strike. The bakers strike, receive a raise, put their bread in the ovens and strike again. Forty miles away on the island of St. Croix the homesteaders are grumbling because nothing new has been done for them.

Natives begin to appear in the streets of St. Thomas carrying machetes, those heavy and murderous-looking two-foot blades used for chopping brush. Some of the nervous whites hear the steady beat of tom-toms in the shadowy mountains that bend over the town. The unvarying trade wind seems to carry the heavy scent of the jungle.

And then one morning calm returns. It comes with the arrival of the Coast Guard Cutter Sebago, which has steamed down from Norfolk under forced draft. The Sebago mounts a five-inch gun on her after deck, a three-inch gun forward, not to mention a few six-pounders. She carries a complement of nine officers and ninety men.

From a distance the Sebago might be taken for a millionaire's yacht, but no one in St. Thomas made that mistake. She anchored in the harbor and sent her men ashore daily to hold armed drill. She sent a team to play baseball with the natives. She gave movie shows and tea parties aboard. Everything was very calm and polite and collected.

At the time the cutter arrived Governor Pearson had left for Washington with the expressed intention of persuading Congress to invest another couple of millions in our expensive possession. Robert Herrick, the novelist, who occupies the post of Government Secretary, was acting governor. To him came a representative of the Emancipator, the violently anti-administration newspaper. Why, the reporter wanted to know, had an armed vessel come to the island? It had come, Mr. Herrick urbanely replied, to pay a call. And how long would it stay? That Mr. Herrick could not say, but he hoped it would be a long and pleasant visit; didn't the reporter hope so too? The reporter hastily replied that he did.

You can easily see that good manners had been reëstablished.

Just the same, something had gone wrong in Eden. The surface calm was complete, but there was still plenty of heat around the crater of St. Thomas' extinct volcano.

That, if you stop to think of it, is a surprising fact. These are the Virgin Islands, the three ocean gems that lie forty miles east of Puerto Rico at the head of the mighty bow of islands that bends east and south to Trinidad in a magnificent seven-hundred-mile arc. These are the coveted possessions for which we negotiated off and on from Lincoln's time until, in 1917, we bought them from Denmark for the sum of $25,000,000 in gold (which made them our most expensive real estate purchase —but that was a war-time price.) These are the islands we decided to rehabilitate in 1930, that became a laboratory for New Deal experiments in 1933, that received an allocation of federal emergency relief funds amounting to $1,953,398.36 (or about $80 per capita) for the fiscal year ending in 1934.

In short, they are the spoiled darlings of the West Indies. England and France have allowed their island possessions to seek their own economic level—"the estate to which God has called them." Very little is done to alter native customs or native standards of living; government is kept at a minimum. But our Virgins were singled out for a higher destiny—and apparently they don't like it. Is this a simple case of ingratitude?

It is not a simple case of anything. The disturbances we have been watching are the local manifestation of a very complicated situation. The Virgin Islands have responded, like a tuning fork, to an intense and ruthless battle brewing in Washington—a political fued that will array the Senate against a member of the Cabinet and that can be stopped only by the direct intervention of the President himself.

The Undertow of Politics

The next scene in the drama is a marble hall, the great caucus room in the Senate office building in Washington. Some of the old cast of characters are present. There is a handful of natives —including Lionel Roberts—looking a little out of place in a setting of crystal chandeliers, thick red carpets and long mahogany tables. Donald Boreham is there and so are Governor Pearson, with his assistants, and the principal members of the opposition. Governor Pearson and his administration are being investigated by a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs.

Millard E. Tydings of Maryland is chairman. He is conducting the investigation with extreme vigor. Even the native islanders are surprised at the importance attached to the case. Ostensibly the subcommittee is trying to find out whether Dr. Paul Martin Pearson, appointed by President Hoover to act as Santa Claus to the islanders, has done a good job in his four years as governor. Actually something more is at stake.

The Senate is out to get Secretary Ickes, under whom the islands are administered. The Senate has a grievance against Mr. Ickes. It passed the four-billion-dollar works relief bill with the understanding that the Secretary of the Interior was to have nothing to do with administering it. There followed a period when the purse-strings were being passed from hand to hand in the dark of the moon, only in the end to be gathered up firmly, if a little mysteriously, by Mr. Ickes.

It is a fixed belief of the Senate that Mr. Ickes carries honesty to the point of ungraciousness. Disregard of political considerations can, in their opinion, become a definite and very objectionable form of politics and they united as one man against the secretary. Something had to be done about him.

But Honest Harold Ickes was not an easy man to discomfit. His department was almost shockingly free from scandal and his personal position practically impregnable.

Welcome to St. Thomas— but no nonsense, understand?

And then they remembered the Virgin Islands.

In 1931, when President Hoover decided to rehabilitate the islands, he transferred them from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. And when, in 1933, a Democratic government moved into Washington and started looking over the jobs that might be made available for loyal members of the party, Mr. Ickes stoutly resisted all attempts to tamper with the personnel of the Virgin Islands administration. There was only one position that he did not control—the district judgeship, which, with Mr. Ickes' consent, had been transferred in 1933 to the Department of Justice. For that post Attorney-General Cummings appointed T. Webber Wilson, an ex-congressman from Mississippi. Judge Wilson immediately became the spearhead of the attack upon Governor Pearson's administration. All other officials were under the direct and vigorous protection of Secretary Ickes. He was responsible for the government of the islands.

If a scandal could be uncovered in the islands it could be laid squarely in Mr. Ickes' lap. And as luck would have it, there were rumors of just such a scandal. Mr. Ickes had removed several officials from office—two government attorneys, Charles H. Gibson and Eli Baer (a protégé of Senator Tydings) as well as the executive assistant to the governor, Paul C. Yates. These men had remained in the islands and brought charges of corruption, tyranny and maladministration against Governor Pearson and his staff.

This was a heaven-sent opportunity to embarrass the secretary. The Senate hopped to it.

Almost immediately Mr. Ickes protested. He didn't like the way the investigation was being conducted; he considered it unfair that his department should be denied the right of cross-examination of witnesses, and he said so in a letter to Senator Tydings. In addition he demanded the removal of Judge T. Webber Wilson—thereby incurring the enmity of Senator Pat Harrison, upon whose recommendation Wilson had been appointed.

Senator Tydings struck back. "It would be far better, Mr. Secretary," he wrote, "if you retract your own libel of Judge Wilson and put your own house in order before intruding your unwelcome person into purely legislative matters.

"If this is still a constitutional government, may I request in the future that if you want to tell the United States Senate how to conduct its business you first get elected to that body, and for the present confine yourself to the

(Continued on page 64)

Scorned Woman

By Hugh Wiley

A mystery story with as many quick twists as you'll find in a Chinatown alley. And that curious detective, James Lee, the deep one, again on the job

IN SAN FRANCISCO, behind the scenes in the Green Moon Theater, working at a make-up box in the thin light of two fragrant candles, the Demon of Darkness, Gin Chow, a Shanghai man, painted his face with the traditional black and vermilion lineaments of his role. Six feet away from him, seated on a costume chest, Rose Irwin, slim and beautiful, sketched this bit of the scene backstage to the mild annoyance of the Demon of Darkness. When her color notes were complete the girl went on to one of the dressing-rooms wherein, sprawled on a pile of costume chests, half a dozen servants of the actors lay drugged with the fumes of the third-grade opium with which their masters supplied them.

A single yellow bulb furnished the faint illumination for this scene. The girl, sketching rapidly, confined her work to the distorted faces of her subjects. She had finished the countenance of the fourth man from a favorable angle when a message whispered by a Chinese woman interrupted her.

"You must leave at once," the Chinese woman advised. "The Master of the Chests forbids your presence."

Rose Irwin frowned at the Chinese woman for a moment and then surrendered. "Thank you," she said. She hid her sketch block quickly under her coat and walked rapidly along the narrow passageway to the stairs that led back of the stage box. Here, pausing a moment to survey the several dark forms standing in the aisle that led to the foyer of the theater, she dropped a narrow veil across her eyes from the brim of her blue felt hat and walked forward resolutely toward the entrance of the theater.

On the street she turned directly toward her apartment in Ross Alley. She entered Ross Alley from Jackson Street. At a weather-beaten doorway she turned into the comparative sanctuary of the darkness that obscured a flight of stairs that led to the second story of the battered old building. In her studio her Chinese maid greeted her.

"Two Chinese men here while you were gone," the maid said. "They were bad men. I am afraid for you."

Rose Irwin handed her coat to the Chinese girl. She smiled at the girl. "Is it proper that a tigress should be afraid of rabbits? . . . Please pour me a cup of tea."

ON THE first night of the First Moon, San Francisco Chinatown picked up a little momentum in the early stages of its annual celebration.

Two hours after midnight a plane roared down out of the dark sky forty miles south of San Francisco. The plane made a perfect three-point landing on the first fairway of the Los Altos golf course. From a long, black touring car that waited on the open road that parallels the first fairway two men trotted toward the plane. Forthwith, across a hundred feet of turf that separated the plane from the touring car, these two men, aided by the pilot of the plane, carried three heavy boxes from the plane to the car.

The driver of the car cackled a quick command to the pilot of the plane. Speaking in guttural Cantonese, "Make haste," he said. "Return to your sanctuary. You have done well."

In Chinatown four hours before dawn, while the local night was tortured with the din of exploding strings of firecrackers, the black touring car slowed to a stop in front of the Double Blessing butcher shop. The Dragon, eating the thin stars of the night for his first meal of the New Year, retreated in a gray dawn that revealed a wet street blotched with a crimson debris of shattered firecrackers. An hour after the dawn of the first day of the First Moon, Grant Avenue had quieted down.

Thirty feet from where Ross Alley opens into Jackson Street the huddled form of a dead man lay in the gutter.

"He's a Chinaman about forty years old," a member of the Chinatown squad reported to the desk sergeant over the telephone. "Nothing on him for identification. None of these local Chinks seem to know him."

"Bring him in," the desk sergeant ordered. "How was he killed?"

"He was shot in the back."

"Shot or stabbed?"

"Listen, Cap, you never seen a knife hot enough to singe a man's coat, did you?"

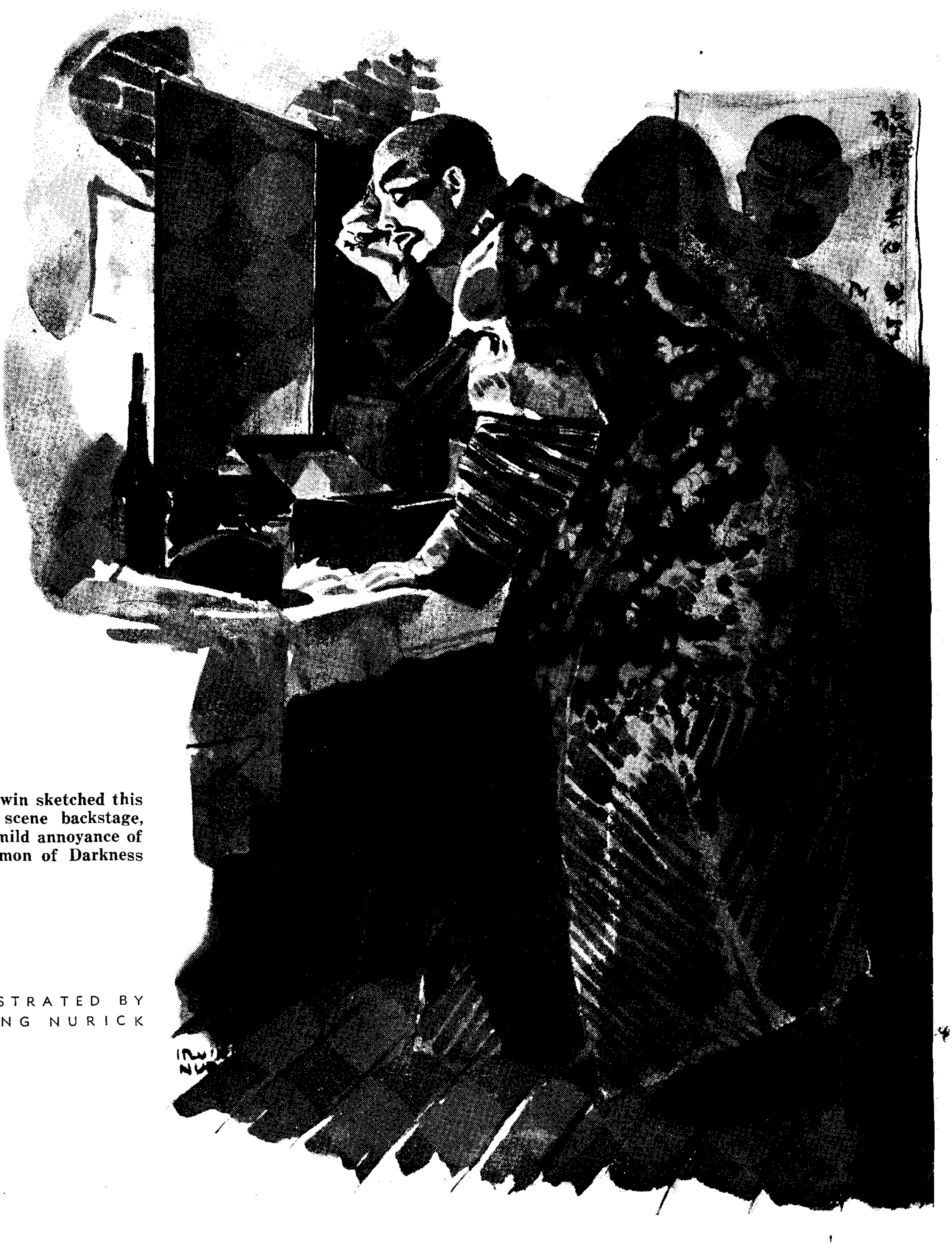
"Bring him in," the desk sergeant said.

In the Cave of Harmony, twenty feet under Grant Avenue, gravity marked the countenance of old Sung Kong. Facing four of the elders of Chinatown, he removed his heavy silver spectacles. "*Tsao—sui—liao,*" he whispered. "We have met with disaster! I suggested to you a year ago that it were better to endure persecution than to follow depraved courses."

"We will not forget the benefits conferred by your wisdom," one of the old Chinese men answered presently. "I must remind you that this is a world of darkness. Under your former plan seven of our brothers in the Central Glory were destroyed."

Sung Kong nodded slowly. "You are of clear perception," he said to his critic. "I admit that we have failed. There is but one recompense to virtue."

"Enough!" A third member of the



Rose Irwin sketched this bit of scene backstage, to the mild annoyance of the Demon of Darkness

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

group banged an empty porcelain wine cup down on the teakwood table. "Enough of yesterday. There is no help for it. As one practical suggestion whereby we may regain the lost harmony, enjoy sweet after bitter, I suggest that we present our problem to the genius who serves the American government."

"Our countryman, James Lee Wong?"

The old man nodded. "We cannot forget that more than once he has led us out of the place of death."

A cackling chorus of approving voices followed. Old Sung Kong nodded. "I will ask our countryman, James Lee, to serve us once again," he said. "I will transfer the burden of our problem to his shoulders."

IN THE library of James Lee's apartment, greeting the Chinese operative of the Department of Justice, old Sung Kong, following the Ritual of Right Conduct, removed his silver-bowed spectacles and shook hands with himself three times. "Long life, great wealth," Sung Kong said in Cantonese. Then, fitting his language to the locale of his problem, "I hope you enjoy the Eight Blessings."

At this, bowing to the elder man, after a quick mental review of the Eight Blessings, James Lee smiled. "The eighth blessing is unattainable," he reminded Sung Kong. "I enjoy at least five of them."

"Faithful wife, dutiful sons?"

James Lee shook his head. "You know that I have yet to enjoy six and seven. Will you have wine?"

"Presently. At the moment the realm of my intellect is sufficiently foggy without obscuring it with the vapors of wine."

"Life is a labyrinth. Your feet have strayed from the Middle Pathway?"

The old man nodded slowly. "My weary feet have lost the Central Pathway," he admitted. "I have come to ask your guidance."

"How can the eyebrows of youth compare with the beard of age?"

"Thou art of clear perception. The elder council in this colony of your countrymen here in the land of the foreign devils enjoyed communion in the Cave of Harmony. I am delegated to ask you to aid us."

James Lee reached for a cigarette. "What is your problem?" he asked, speaking gently to the troubled Sung Kong.

"You know of our interest in the affairs in the Central Glory?" Sung Kong asked.

For a moment a whimsical smile lighted the corners of James Lee's mouth. Before he could speak, "Accept my apologies for that question," Sung Kong requested. "To open my heart let me say that among the contributions to the war chest of government not the least important are the various sums of money remitted by my associates in the Cave of Harmony. Our latest project has failed. Fang Yut engineered it."

"You mean that he bought the opium Gin Chow shipped to Mexico last month? The stuff that was brought up by airplane?"

Sung Kong nodded. "Fang Yut arranged for the purchase," he admitted. "Two hundred thousand dollars is no mean sum of money."

"Is that why Gin Chow was murdered?"

"Could there be another reason?"

James Lee frowned. "Gin Chow was notoriously an agent of the Nanking government. Russia and Japan desired his death."

"Your words are adorned with truth," Sung Kong admitted. "Nevertheless we think that Gin Chow was killed by a common thief. On the night that Fang Yut collected the money for the opium shipment he gave it to Gin Chow. He undertook to guard Gin Chow to the Cave of Harmony."

"Where was the money paid over to Gin Chow?" James Lee asked.

"In Fang Yut's residence."

"Do you mean his apartment over the Double Blessing butcher shop?"

"That was where Gin Chow received the money."

"What does Fang Yut say?"

"His testimony to the agents of the police department is simple enough. A man with a drawn revolver confronted Fang Yut and Gin Chow in Ross Alley near Jackson Street. Gin Chow attempted to defend himself. Forthwith he was killed."

"Shot in the back as I remember," James Lee observed. "Retreat was never Gin Chow's idea of defense."

Sung Kong's eyes narrowed. "When Fang Yut recovers it might be well to question him further about that detail."

"Fang Yut is ill?" James Lee asked blandly.

Old Sung Kong nodded. "The demons of torture have invaded his body."

James Lee's level glance lifted to a clock on the mantel over the fireplace in his library. "I will be glad to help you with your problem," he said quickly. "You will excuse me now." An air of impatience marked his words. "Time is an arrow."

With mild, disgruntled surprise at the quick termination of the conference, old Sung Kong got to his feet. "Good luck, long life," he said quickly to the federal operative. Making a final obeisance at the entrance, "Seven sons to mourn at your grave," the elder Chinese concluded, shaking hands with himself three times.

James Lee smiled. "Can't you think of anything more cheerful than a grave?" he asked, violating the Ritual of Right Conduct.

Old Sung Kong blinked. "Eight Blessings," he mumbled, shuffling away toward the street that led to the Cave of Harmony.

THE street doors of the Double Blessing butcher shop were closed when James Lee arrived. Twenty feet from the main entrance of the shop, north on Grant Avenue, on a door which opened to a stairway leading to Fang Yut's living rooms above his store, two streamers of white cotton cloth bore replicas painted in vermilion ink of Fang Yut's family names.

Following an interval of two minutes after James Lee had knocked on the door, "What do you desire?" a voice asked from within.

"I am Fang Yut's friend," James Lee said.

"Your name?"

James Lee spoke his name. The door opened. "You are welcome to this house of sorrow," one of Fang Yut's servants on sentinel duty recited in a hollow voice.

"The Dragon—"

"My master ascended on the Dragon on the fourth hour of morning."

"The priests?"

"My mistress, Lily Fang, will have no traffic with the agents of the Seventh Heaven."

"The unimportant journey—Fang Yut returns to earth to sleep in his grave on the third seventh day?"

"Old ways are forgotten," the servant answered. "Tomorrow the shell of my master's spirit will be transported to its earthly sanctuary."

"Where is the place of burial?"

"Presently my master will sleep close beside the graves of his ancestors. For a little while he will wait in his tomb on the southern slope of Sleeping Willow Hill."

"Your mistress, the lady Lily Fang?"

"She is prostrate with sorrow at my master's passing."

After a moment, with a quick glance at the sentinel servant of Fang Yut's house, "Here is a dollar," James Lee said. "Enjoy a libation of good black wine." He handed the man a dollar bill. "On the official documents relating to the deplorable event what reason was assigned for Fang Yut's death?"

"The white doctors decided that my master died from an overdose of opium. It was so recorded," the servant answered. "Long life, seven sons." The sentinel servant bowed low.

James Lee smiled. "Enjoy your wine. After a typhoon there are plums to gather."

FANG YUT'S funeral seemed to James Lee to be mildly spectacular.

When the limousine carrying Lily Fang passed the window through which James Lee was observing the parade of death he noted that no tears lay below the closed lids of the widow's eyes. He stepped outdoors quickly and, still observing the grief-stricken Lily Fang, he elbowed his way through the throng, keeping the grieving woman well in view. Suddenly, as if surfeited with the calisthenics of her grief, Lily Fang opened her eyes. She reached her smooth, white hand with its slim, tapering fingers out toward a maid who crouched at her feet. James Lee saw her select a shred of candied coconut from a little wicker basket that the maid held up to her. Lily Fang permitted her slim white hand to convey the sweetmeat to her vermilion lips. Then, closing her eyes, she resigned herself again to her wailing and to the sorrowful job of rolling her head from side to side.

"Coconut candy!" James Lee reflected. "Lily Fang and her false tears!" After a moment, "If a woman loves a man she does not gorge herself on coconut candy on the way to his grave. . . . Lily Fang's tears of grief are phony!"

James Lee missed one important incident in the progress of the funeral procession. Half a block from the portals of the Stockton Street tunnel the parade, turning north on Stockton Street, was halted for a moment by a brawl that centered about a slim American girl. The girl was Rose Irwin and the occasion for the melee was her attempt to photograph the funeral procession of Fang Yut. From a packing box in the front of Moy Gow's store the girl made five exposures with her camera, shooting variously Lily Fang and her decorated limousine, the hired mourners, the hearse and the twelve trailing priests behind this vehicle of death.

A sudden clash between two Chinese at Rose Irwin's feet spread until ten struggling men were involved. Crashing into the packing case on which she stood, the fighting crew dethroned the slim girl in one surging rush. A Chinese man helped her to her feet. Thirty seconds later, from a point twenty feet away from the girl, another Chinese elbowed his way to her side. In his hand he held the broken remains of the camera that she had used. "More better you not stay here," the man said in pidgin, handing Rose Irwin her camera.

When she had returned to her studio she opened the camera. The roll of film was missing.

Bringing her mistress a glass of brandy, "Two more bad men came to see you," the maid announced. "One man said very good if you leave San Francisco. . . ."

The American girl frowned at her servant. "You are a silly fool," she said sharply. "Please make me a cup of tea.'

At six o'clock in the evening of the day of Fang Yut's funeral, in his library James Lee called quickly to his house boy. Emphasis derived from a sudden decision marked his words. "I will not be here for dinner tonight. Bring me a heavy overcoat. Telephone Mr. Decker to come over here. Ask him to wait here until he hears from me."

The servant bowed. After a moment's silence, "What time will you come back?" he asked.

"Somewhere around midnight," James Lee said, putting on his coat. "If I don't come back tonight fix the guest room for Mr. Decker."

From his apartment James Lee walked rapidly to a garage half a block away, where he kept his car. He drove directly to the Green Moon Theater. When he had parked his car he entered the theater and made his way backstage. Here for three hours, mingling with the cast, he listened variously to the shrieking music, the falsetto voices and the clanging gongs that bored through the lines and business of a seemingly interminable play involving the suspicious husband in the pear garden. At eleven o'clock, during a moment when Ping Kuei, the beggar, sang of the day within the garden when his lady love divine, daughter of a wealthy noble, "promised that she would be mine," James Lee with marked abruptness terminated a sketchy conversation with the man who had replaced the dead Gin Chow. "It is futile to wish you long life," James Lee said caustically to this man. "More appropriately let me wish you good luck . . . good night."

MIDNIGHT found James Lee at the portals of the Chinese cemetery. Sleeping Willow Hill was shrouded with drifting wraiths of fog borne in from the cold Pacific. He made his way along a road lined with drooping cedars until he came to the tombs of the Wong family. Here, remembering the site that Fang Yut had picked for his own last resting place, he turned to the left across a turf soft with the first grasses of spring, electing to traverse this more direct route rather than to follow the roadway which led around the south slope of Sleeping Willow Hill. When he was a hundred feet away from Fang Yut's tomb he halted at the sound of a man's voice raised in angry exclamation. He heard eleven cackling syllables in the Cantonese dialect. "You fool! Trust a woman to ignore a warning! This will be the end of your interference." There followed a woman's scream of anguish, and then this was muffled quickly to silence.

Ten seconds later the flaring beams of an automobile's headlights stabbed through the drifting fog.

"Someone seems to have beaten me to my first move in this game," James Lee reflected. "A woman!"

He heard the snarling gears of the starter and then the roaring exhaust of the car's engine. "Kidnapped—they've got her! That means more trouble."

He was eighty feet from the road around Sleeping Willow Hill when the car roared past him, racing toward the main highway. He remained quiet for four minutes after the car had gone and then he resumed his silent approach to Fang Yut's tomb. Twenty feet away from the portals of the ornamented structure he risked a three-second flash from an electric light that he carried. The door of Fang Yut's tomb was open. Without fear now, sensing the fact that Fang Yut's place of sepulcher was deserted, he stepped quickly to the side of the heavy coffin. He swung the piercing ray of his flashlight toward it. Fang Yut's coffin was empty.

"This affair is becoming a bit complicated," James Lee reflected, starting back toward his car.

In the library of his apartment at one o'clock in the morning, greeting his associate, John Decker, who had been sleeping on the long couch fronting the fireplace, "Dash over to Fang Yut's joint and find out where his widow is," James Lee directed. "I mean Lily Fang—she was his number one wife. Get back here right away."

Decker nodded. "Check. . . . Wait a minute. I'm still half asleep. . . . There was a Chinese girl called in here to see you an hour ago. I tried to hold her but she insisted on returning to her own place."

"Who was she?"

"She works for this American girl, Rose Irwin, the painter who lives here in Chinatown—the sweet little state narcotic operative."

"What did she want?"

"She wanted you to find Rose Irwin for her. She said she was afraid that some of Fang Yut's outfit might have moved in on the little lady."

James Lee scowled, and from his scowl it was evident that he believed that the fears of Rose Irwin's servant were not without a basis of probability. The scream he had heard at Fang Yut's tomb! He nodded quickly at Decker. "Fair enough! Round up the dope about Lily Fang and get back here on the run!"

John Decker came back with his report in eighteen minutes. "Under the terms of Fang Yut's will Lily Fang was sold to Gat Mow. You know him, don't you?"

The federal operative nodded. "You forget that I dug up the evidence that socked him eight years ago in the white slave case. Has Lily Fang moved out of her house?"

"She headed for Stockton ten hours ago."

James Lee scowled at the telephone on his desk for twenty seconds. Then with a quickened animation in his voice, "You know what Gat Mow is doing now, don't you?" he asked.

Decker nodded. "Running a gambling joint on an ark boat somewhere in the Stockton delta. Is that right?"

"That's part of his game. He bought the old Six Pleasures a year ago and rigged it up with a couple of added attractions. He's branched out with two more rackets beside gambling. I had a report on him a month ago. His big money still comes from his fan-tan game but lately he has been able to supply his customers with hop and women. . . . Listen to me, boy, we've got to move in on Gat Mow tonight! Have you got your guns with you?"

"I've got 'em both," Decker answered.

"You will need them," James Lee said.

THE Six Pleasures, which had been lately renamed the "Ting Cho"—"Pavilion of Luxury"—was an eighty-foot scow drawing a scant three feet.

Five hours after midnight, with John Decker in the stern of a skiff that he had borrowed from some unknown owner who had moored it on the west bank of Middle River, James Lee rowed a thousand feet downstream from Lady Island to where the Ting Cho lay.

Quietly to John Decker as they neared the Ting Cho, "Remember the play," James Lee repeated. "Don't blast unless you have to. We go into the gambling-room through that door on the forward deck. Keep everybody covered until I get the bracelets on Gat Mow. If he's in his own quarters on the upper deck you may have to come up and lend me a hand, because it's a million to one that Fang Yut will be with him."

"I got you," Decker said. "I still think there's mighty slim evidence back of your theory that Fang Yut is alive."

"Lily Fang wasn't drowning any real tears in candied coconut," James Lee protested. "I know Chinese women better than you do. . . . All right, hop to it! Up you go. . . . Here, make her fast to the rail."

The thin whining strains of a Chinese banjo played by a slave girl furnished the overture for John Decker's entrance into the gambling-room of the Ting Cho. At this early hour of the morning the gambling play had quieted, but twenty patrons still remained at the fan-tan table.

Decker walked into the scene with his hands down. Ten feet beyond the entrance door he leveled two black automatics at the players around the fan-tan table. "This is not a hold-up," he said evenly, barely loud enough for the assemblage to hear him. Then over his shoulder to James Lee, "Make it snappy, Chief," he called. "I think you've got Gat Mow at the table. . . . Up at the head end with that Filipino girl."

"That's him." James Lee walked quickly to Gat Mow's side. "Hands behind you!"

Gat Mow smiled thinly at James Lee. "Good evening, traitor," he said. "Why must you—"

"Shut up! This is a time for silence!" A pair of handcuffs clicked about Gat Mow's wrists. "The keys to your rooms?"

"This is a time for silence," Gat Mow repeated, sneering at his captor.

"And action." A preliminary exploration of Gat Mow's raiment brought forth a stubby, short-barreled, blue .38 and a bunch of keys. "You wait here," James Lee said to Gat Mow. "If you move, my man will shoot you." To John Decker, "Hold everybody right here. I'm going topside."

James Lee walked quietly up the narrow stairway that led to the upper deck. At the head of the stairs he turned to his right. With a preliminary greeting, imitating Gat Mow's voice as best he could, he tried the heavy door that led to Gat Mow's private rooms. To his surprise the door was unlocked. As it opened, from within he heard a harsh challenge. The voice was Fang Yut's voice. James Lee leveled the gun in his right hand at the shadowed sanctuary of a bunk built into the west wall of the cabin. A woman screamed and in the high falsetto of her alarm James Lee recognized Lily Fang.

"Fang Yut, move and I kill you!" James Lee said. "Stand up! This is the first hour of your destruction."

"I will return the money," Fang Yut began. "I will pay you—"

"You will pay for killing Gin Chow with your life!" James Lee interrupted. Then, "Where is the white girl?"

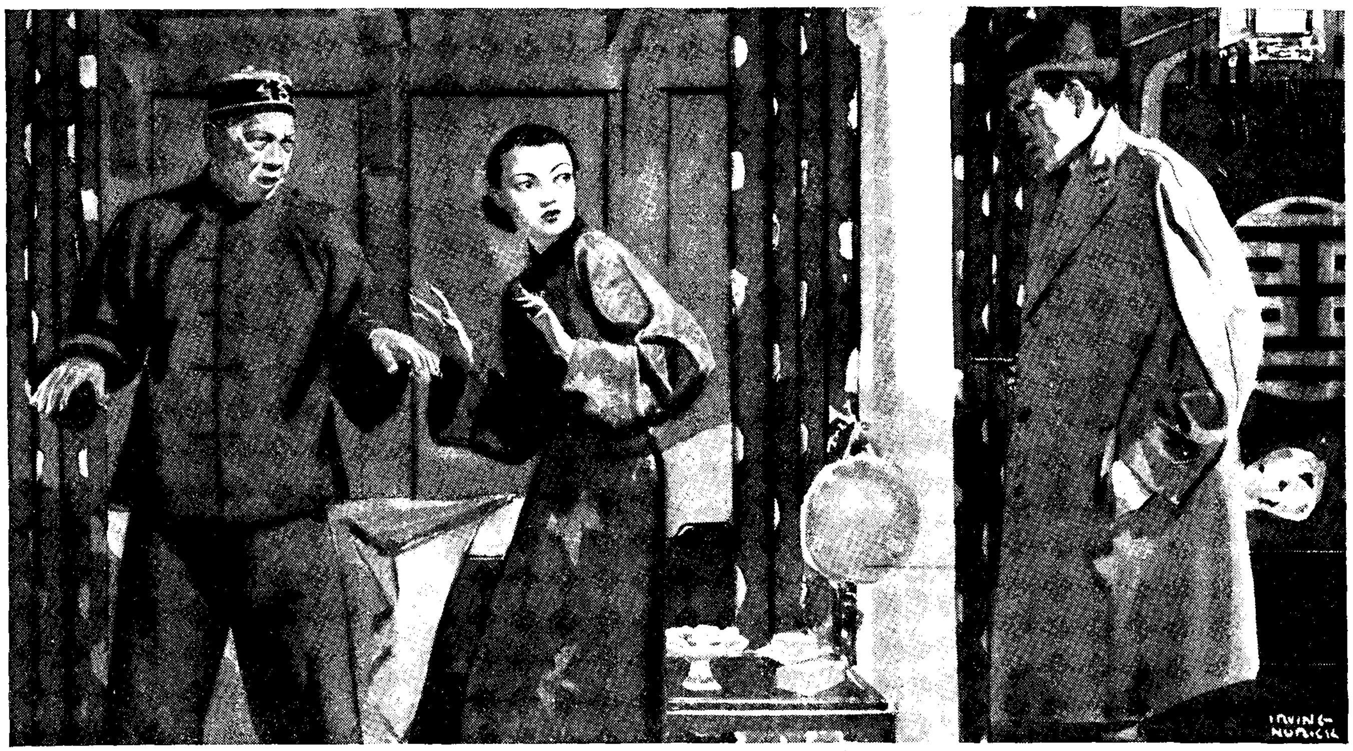
Fang Yut scowled. "I have no traffic in white girls."

Instantly, spending a venomous jealousy in one screaming accusation, "He lies!" Lily Fang said. "The woman is in that room!"

James Lee nodded toward Lily Fang. "When this typhoon blows over there will be ripe pears for you to gather," he promised, speaking in Cantonese. Covering Fang Yut with his gun James Lee reached into the side pocket of his overcoat for a pair of handcuffs. He threw the jingling steel at Lily Fang's feet. "Hold your hands in front of you," he said to Fang Yut, and then to Lily Fang, "Chain him to the bars of that window. . . . Press them tight around his wrists. . . . Thank you. A dutiful wife is her husband's greatest treasure."

Still wary, reluctant to turn away from his captive, James Lee walked to his left, to the locked door of the room wherein Rose Irwin was imprisoned. The fourth key that he tried from the

(Continued on page 40)



"He lies!" Lily Fang said. "The woman is in that room"

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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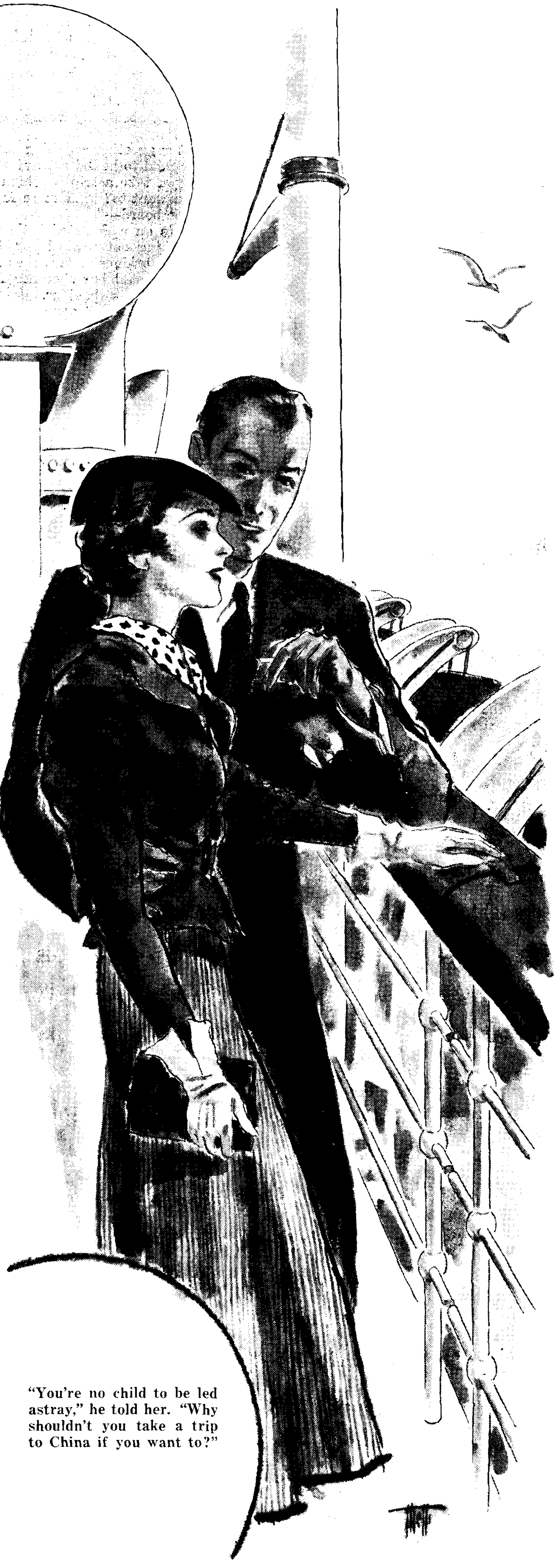

"You're no child to be led astray," he told her. "Why shouldn't you take a trip to China if you want to?"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN her mother dies, Mary Burleigh finds herself in a difficult situation. Without money, she must take a job in a bakery to keep the family together—her brothers, Peter and Barty; her sisters, Chrissie and Lindsay; and eccentric old Aunt Joan. . . . She is not happy and she is grateful for the attention of young Calvin Tait, who finally persuades her to marry him, secretly.

Mary quickly finds that the marriage is a mistake; she does not love Calvin. The man she loves with all her heart is Jeffery Maclean. She tells Jeff of her marriage and he leaves the country.

One heartbreak follows another. Calvin loses his job when the bank fails, and Mary has her first child, a girl. Calvin disappears and Jeffery Maclean returns. . . . One evening while he is visiting the family an earthquake strikes the little California town. Aunt Joan dies of shock, and Mary is left gravely ill. When she recovers, Jeffery tries vainly to get her to divorce Calvin, but Mary refuses because of her baby girl. Jeffery sails again for the Orient.

Then comes a happy day. In cleaning Aunt Joan's room, Mary discovers a deed—dated ten years before, which her father (who lost his life in an accident on the very day the document was signed) had secured, unknown to the family—to a valuable property thought to be owned by one Asa Moulton. Moulton is not prosecuted, but Mary moves back into the old home, money no longer a source of worry.

Calvin, meanwhile, is still absent. When Mary receives an anonymous letter telling her that he is living with another woman in Oregon, she writes him. Her mind is made up now to divorce Calvin, but when he returns home he is so beaten that she wavers in her determination. The old, joyless routine begins for her again; she lives only for her baby girl, Betsey, and her memories of Jeffery. . . .

Then a slow change begins in Calvin. With a return of prosperity he becomes dictatorial and sharp. One day he strikes Betsey, and Mary rushes from the house—into the arms of Jeffery Maclean!

"My dear," he tells her gently, "there is something you will have to decide for once and all in the next few weeks!"

Conclusion

THIS is all so ridiculous, Jeff!" Mary said, with a rueful laugh.

"Why ridiculous?"

"Because it's so—so *senseless*. Here we are, three persons. None of us dislikes another, we're all normally intelligent and decent and self-controlled."

"So what?" Jeffery said, walking along beside her.

"So why—suffer so much?" Mary went on.

"I know," he said. "It does seem silly."

"It seems as though we could either say: 'It's all over, we're never to think of it again,'" Mary said, as he hesitated, "or else—or else *do* something about it."

"This is our place," Jeffery said, at the doorway of the big hotel. He and Mary walked in through the wide, airy foyer to the dining-room, found a window table facing south across the roofs and streets of the city. The June day was cool and windy; veils of fog were blowing across the world and hiding the sun.

They sat down, studied menus. Mary laid aside her white bag and her gloves.

"I suppose," Jeffery began, when the preliminaries were all ended, "I suppose we are not going to do anything about it, and so our alternative is to say that we'll forget it, that it's all over."

"I think so," Mary agreed slowly.

The man glanced at her with an expression that might almost have been bitter.

"It sounds easy," he said, lighting a cigarette with a hand that was not quite steady.

"Not to me," Mary answered quietly, shaking her head.

"But still we don't consider an alternative," Jeffery persisted dryly.

"There is no alternative, Jeff," Mary said. "Let me tell you something: I've never for one moment thought that there *was* an alternative."

"I don't see how you can dismiss it without any consideration."

"If I let myself think of it, if I really indulged in a dream of what it might be—" Mary began, and stopped.

"Yes, go ahead. What then?"

"I might consider it, Jeff. I might say to myself: 'It *could* be. I *could* go on board a big liner; I'm free, white and over twenty-one; no one could stop me. I could put everything else in my life into one side of the scales—brothers, sisters, name, friends, daughter—and put a few years of happiness with this man into the other side of the scales.' I could say that, Jeff."

"And how far would the few years of happiness weigh it down?"

"A few *days* of happiness would outweigh all the rest a hundred times over, my dear," she said. "There's nothing but happiness when I'm with you, Jeff. There's no happiness anywhere else."

"DIVORCE isn't so extraordinary, Mary. I'd wait for you. I'd meet you in Shanghai."

"Calvin would give me my divorce fast enough. But he wouldn't give me Betsey."

"At the end he would. He doesn't want her!"

"He *never* would give her up just the same."

"Eventually, Mary, he'd find that he couldn't care for her. She'd come to you after a year or two; nothing else could happen. It wouldn't harm her to leave her just for a while—"

Mary listened, her fork hardly disturbing the food on her plate. She could not eat these days; she appeared to subsist on air. Jeffery was sailing for the

Orient the next day; he had been in California for almost three weeks.

In that time he and Mary had seen each other often. Not every day, but almost every day; he had either come down to Las Palomas or she had come up to San Francisco. Sometimes they were together only for an hour; he would go with Mary to buy a coat for Betsey, or take both Mary and Lindsay to a movie or to tea. Sometimes, and especially once when Calvin was in Seattle for three days, Jeffery had come down to the Burleighs', and had taken long summer walks in the moonlight with Mary. Now he was going away: and he did not want to go—she could not let him go!—without some promise from her.

SHE looked at Jeffery, as they ate their meal, and tried to tell herself that tomorrow he would be gone, that it might be years before she would see him again. It was no use. He was here now, they were together; when they were together there were no past and no future for her.

"If you would face the music, in a few weeks the talk would be over, and you would be free."

"With half of Betsey."

"With all of Betsey! If you came out to China he couldn't very well send you the money to bring her home, could he?"

"He could prevent my taking her."

"Those things adjust themselves, Mary. They're never easy to work out beforehand. Lindsay, Peter, all of them would be right here to keep an eye on Betsey when she was with him, and before long he'd let you have her always. Even if he had a job he couldn't take care of her, and he hasn't a job."

"I think if Calvin had a job, a fine job, I'd feel different," Mary said, as they came out of the hotel and started to walk down the steep hills to the piers. "If he had some way of fighting back, of cutting down my allowance or doing something handsome for Betsey, it would be easy to cut loose."

"As a matter of fact, where does he get his money?"

"He borrows from Peter; he calls it 'borrowing.' And then he's very lucky at cards and with dice. Peter tells me he plays bridge with men at the club almost every day."

"Ha!" Jeffery said simply. "And you think that kind of man wants to be saddled with a child? He's drinking, too, isn't he?"

"It's no use our talking about it, Jeffery, as if we were arguing. There's no argument."

The man was silent. They walked along the waterfront, catching the good smells of new ship's paint, of tarry ropes and green coffee and salt water; they came to the ship upon which Jeffery was to sail, and went up the gangplank. Mary was fascinated; she had never traveled on a ship. She exclaimed at the companionways, at the little pictures framed by the ports, at the dining-room where stewards were handling chairs and tables.

"Do you know some people who are sailing?" She was resolutely conversational as she investigated his stateroom, but he knew she was nervous. "Who gets the biggest room? Doctor Lewisohn, of course," she said. "And here you are, and with your own shower. What luxury!"

"Come, too," he said.

"Ah, wouldn't I like to come, too!"

"Do it, Mary. Make the break! Go home and pack up a few things, take Betsey—"

"Get ready tonight to sail tomorrow at eleven," she mused.

"You could do it. Send your trunk in at nine. I'll take care of your reservations."

"Passport, Jeff!"

"That can positively be arranged by radio. I'll run up and see Stebbins at the passport office this afternoon, arrange for him to wire Washington!"

"Oh, let's not talk of it. You know I can't!"

"I know you could!"

"It would be absolutely wrong for me, dear."

"I'm not suggesting anything wrong. You're no child to be led astray! Why shouldn't you take a trip to China and back if you want to? The mere fact of my being on board—"

They were on a deserted little strip of deck looking out toward the docks and piers and bridges toward the southeast. Mary rested her shoulder for a moment against his shoulder.

"The mere fact of your being on board!" she echoed.

"Well, what harm in that?"

"Lots of harm, Jeff," she answered almost absently, her mood suddenly changing. And almost immediately she said that she must go, and they walked back to the city, and Jeffery put her on her train.

"Will you think about it, Mary? Will you think what it means to separate tomorrow, perhaps for years?"

"Do you imagine that I don't think, Jeff?"

"It would all be so much simpler than you think. It would be nobody's business but your own. You and your little girl choose to take a trip; what of it? Aren't there hundreds of women taking trips every year? Get away from Las Palomas, get the feeling of not belonging there, and see how different it will all be!"

"'Almost thou persuadest me,'" she murmured. "But then, when I got home, what then?"

"Tell Calvin you're through. Tell him that you bear him no grudge, but that you two never should have married, and that you want to marry me."

He bought her magazines, sent good-by messages to all the Burleighs.

"In any case you're seeing me off tomorrow, Mary? And in any case I'm coming back in a few months to see you again. But here is a chance for a real adventure—"

"Here you are!" Chrissie, her fine young mouth deformed by a dental band, mumbled loudly as she found them. "Jeffery, when are you going?"

"I knew he was going tomorrow," Chrissie said, when she and Mary were alone. "I don't know why I said that. Did you think it sounded crazy? Do you think he did? It sounded simply crazy, because we were all talking about his going tomorrow—"

MARY hardly heard her. The painful excitement of parting was wrenching at her heart. The afternoon world looked gray and empty with Jeffery Maclean walking away from her, and tomorrow coming only to bring the commencement of their long separation.

There was the suggested alternative, of course. She had been turning it in her mind for days. Amusedly, idly at first, it persisted there now as being at least more thinkable, more bearable than that Jeffery should go out of her scheme of things, and leave her to the old monotony of life in Birch Street. It was all so empty and stupid; she was so tired of it all! Calvin's constant presence, his dull arguments, his self-defense and his arrogance had seemed of late months to come between her and her own entity. She no longer owned her own soul, when Calvin was present—and he was always present!

To take the China trip would not mean that she was doing anything definite in the matter of a divorce. It would merely mean a vacation, a thrilling, enchanting vacation, an escape

(Continued on page 46)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Not infrequently a Mohammedan woman, wishing to lessen the burdens of housework and childbearing, will beg her husband to marry a second wife. In one such family recently, when the husband refused, the wife took the matter to court—and won her case.

Kidnapping has a broad meaning in criminal law and many who have committed this crime unknowingly have been sent to prison. In most states "intent" is not necessary and, secondly, the offense includes "keeping or detaining" anyone against his will. One odd case on record is that of a man who was convicted of kidnapping his wife because he forced her to accompany him on a journey.

A recent scientific study has proved that the skin of one person cannot be grafted successfully upon another individual. On the other hand, skin which has been properly transplanted from one part of the body to another almost invariably adheres, grows and remains viable. —*By G. C. Evanson, McIntosh, South Dakota.*

Much doubt and controversy clouds a large number of historic spots of Biblical interest in the Holy Land. There is one, however, whose authenticity is unquestioned—the Virgin's Well in Nazareth, where the mother of Jesus drew the water for her family. This well has been the one source of water in this village for more than 2,000 years.

The largest amount of money that can be won by chance at one time is believed to be the first prize in the annual Christmas lottery of the government of Spain. This winning ticket draws $2,100,000.—*By Mrs. William Gordon, New York City.*

American labor does not manufacture everything labeled "Made in America." There are clothing houses in New York City that have their garments cut and sewed in the West Indies, Mexico, the Philippines and even Japan, having found that the cost of this method, including shipping charges both ways, is less than production costs in their own factories.

At 4 P. M. on August 1, 1936, the eleventh Olympiad will be opened in the Olympia Stadium in Berlin by the lighting of a fire on the great tower. The flame will be carried from Olympia, Greece, in a relay race that will take 3,000 runners about 11 days to make the 2,000-mile run across seven countries: Greece, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Germany.—*By Lee Robinson, Petersburg, Virginia.*

The Chinese buy millions of dollars' worth of "protection" annually, not only from worldly racketeers but also from ghosts. Each August billions of spirits are released from heaven and hell for a month's vacation on earth and unless a man constantly burns incense, candles and joss money and contributes to the special religious ceremonies, the good ghosts will not protect his family from the bad ghosts.—*By O. W. Cargile, San Diego, California.*

The principal island of the Juan Fernandez group, which lies 300 miles west of Chile and is famous as the locale of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," is a botanical phenomenon. Although only 13 miles long and four miles wide, it possesses 142 species of indigenous plants, about two-thirds of which have never been found in any other country.

When the Christian Bible was translated into the chief Eskimo dialects, the words "baby seal' were substituted every time "lamb" was mentioned as these people have never seen a lamb or sheep and have no word for this animal.—*By R. W. Mayfield, Chicago, Illinois.*

Up to 122 years ago Newgate Prison in London was about the worst institution of its kind in the world. Not only were its 800 men and women prisoners living under indescribable conditions, but a large number of them spent most of their days and nights in the large saloon in the basement in a state of constant intoxication.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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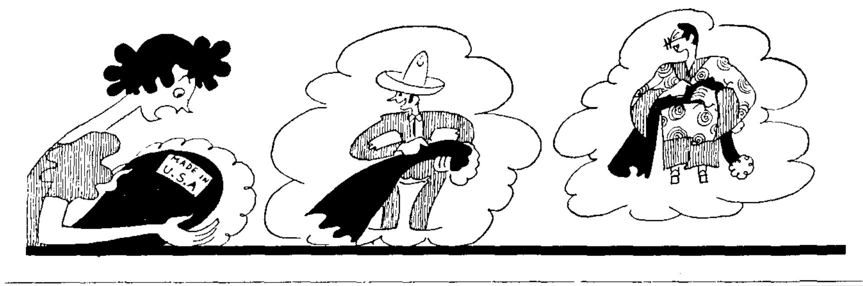


INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Golfing royalty talks it over informally in a locker-room chat. Left, Lawson Little, who hopes to repeat in the 1935 Amateur, with Gene Sarazen

That Little Man

After Lawson Little had won the British Amateur golf championship recently he was very gloomy. His game had been terrible, he moaned. But the I'll-bet-you boys say he will retain his American Amateur title next week in Cleveland, despite the heavy competition

By Quentin Reynolds

LAWSON LITTLE looked at the ball and he knew that he was in a tough spot. It was after his drive on the eighteenth hole during the final match of the British Amateur championship. The other finalist was Doctor William Tweddell, and Tweddell had lathered a nice straight drive down the fairway. Little's effort had been an eased-up slice that had landed among the crowd. The little ball had bounced gayly from the head of one spectator to the shoulder of another and had then disappeared among the feet of the crowd. Some playful lad had stepped on the ball and now Little looked at it and saw that it was three-quarters buried in the very heavy turf. Only its pretty white head protruded above the stubby, sun-tanned grass.

Yes, Little was in a tough spot all right. If he won this hole he would be the British Amateur champion. If he lost it the match would be all even and Tweddell, who was very hot, would be even hotter. Little looked at that half-buried ball and wondered what to do about getting it out of its cave. Then he plucked a club from his bag and the golf-wise spectators looked at the club with interest.

"What kind of a club is that?" one of them asked.

"That's a dynamiter," Little said calmly. It was a heavy, 23-ounce niblick with a half-sole, a variation of Horton Smith's famous sand-wedge. The edge was supposed to blast right through that heavy turf and dynamite the ball out of its nesting place. It was a club Little had never used in a major tournament. It was a club with which he had practiced hour after hour thinking that some day just such a contingency would arise and he would need it. Just as Gene Tunney used to practice running backward, knowing that some day he'd be hurt and would have to back away for a while.

Anyhow, Little took his stance and bent his broad shoulders to the task of blasting that ball. He swang, as the ball players say, and he swang right lustily. The edge of the club crashed through the hard turf and exploded against the ball and the ball cried, "Hold your hats, here we go," and danced high into the air to fall a scant forty feet from the cup.

Ready for Anything

Little stuck that dynamiter back in his bag. He knew he probably wouldn't have to use it again for a year. Then he walked up to his ball and two minutes later the match was over and Lawson Little was again king of British Amateur golfers.

Now if you were to talk or write for several hours about Little and his career and the secret of his success you couldn't tell more than we've told already. That incident shows why Little is a great competitive golfer. Just as the incident of Tunney practicing running backward shows why he was a great fighter.

Right now Little is on the verge of beginning the defense of his American amateur championship. Ordinarily the odds against a golf champion retaining his title are quite large but this year the I'll-bet-you boys are making Little a favorite. They like his style. He is a great money player and is very good in an emergency, which is something the I'll-bet-you boys like.

Little is a very honest golfer. Not that all other golfers are pickpockets, forgers, second-story men or bank robbers—in fact the proportion of such among golfers is probably fairly small. But Little is an honest golfer in the same way that Omaha is an honest horse and Tony Canzoneri is an honest fighter. Sometimes these honest competitors get licked but you can always depend upon them to put up a consistent performance. That is why Little is favored to retain his Amateur crown, which the boys will be shooting at next week on the course of the Country Club of Cleveland.

Little, as we have mentioned, won that British Amateur crown, all right, but he did not play really championship golf during the tournament. When he came back to the clubhouse after that eighteenth hole he was greeted by his friend Dan Topping, who had reached the round of eight in the tournament.

"Nice work, kid," Topping said; "I am proud of you and to show you how proud of you I am I will buy you a bottle of beer."

"You are proud of me?" Little asked gloomily. "I was lousy all through this tournament. I was terrible. I was overdriving all the way and I wasn't putting at all and if I hadn't had plenty of luck I would have been licked badly. Still," he added, "as long as you're buying I will have a bottle of beer."

"You won, didn't you?" Topping said. "That's what they pay off on."

He won all right, but he was dissatisfied. Some friends in London gave him a party and he sat around gloomily. A newspaperman, John McClain, said to him, "You won that tournament—you didn't lose it. Cheer up!"

"But I was so terrible," Little moaned. "I'll never win that U. S. Amateur. You know what I think I'll do? I think I'll stop off at Chicago on my way home and ask Tommy Armour to work with me for a couple of weeks. Maybe he can show me how to control my drives better, as he did last year before Brookline."

Then he cheered up a bit and hopped the next boat for home and Tommy Armour. During the past few weeks he has been working with Armour on that part of his game which seemed weak in the British Amateur. He is a very resourceful and conscientious golfer—this Lawson Little. You can depend on him never to crack wide open and you know that if he gets into some unforeseen difficulty he will know the answer. That is why the I'll-bet-you boys are making him the favorite to retain that crown in Cleveland. He disagrees with them.

Many Against One

"I have had a great streak of luck lately," Little says. "You need plenty of luck to win two British crowns and one American title. I imagine some of the other boys will now get a share of the luck that I've had. If they do I haven't a chance. In fact, anyone who bets on me to win at Cleveland is crazy.

"There are so many good golfers in that tournament," he went on. "There's Dave Goldman—my runner-upper last year in the Amateur. There's Maurice McCarthy, who is great on that Cleveland course. There's Johnny Goodman, a very tough player at all times. There's . . . oh, any one of thirty or forty who can knock me off with a little luck."

Let's look at some of these threats against the peace and quiet of the Little reign. Maurice McCarthy, they tell me, is very hot these days and he is expected to be even hotter on the Country Club of Cleveland course.

(Continued on page 30)

She Met a Diver

By Frank Leon Smith

"You," said Mr. Dillingham to his daughter, "are always giving crazy parties for crazy people." After which she met a diver. And the fireworks began

ONE sparkling Monday morning in June an aristocratic commuter came bouncing down the East River, a big white mustache curling under its brass and mahogany bow.

In the rear cockpit, guys who were paid to serve direction to its bow, gas and oil to its motors, and drinks to its guests, were taking their ease without being too loud about it, for they wanted to hear what the pretty girl at the wheel was saying to the grouchy, gray little man who was her father and their boss.

This man, Mr. Clifford Dillingham, roosting on the edge of a settee, was frowning at the gold of sun, the blue of sky and the humbly happy glint of tin cans on the refuse barges they passed.

His daughter, Gloria, was sitting at the steering wheel, a horizontal one with bent spokes, and she steered by graceful, competent Hawaiian movements of her hips. The wind blew back short blond hair from a tanned and merry countenance, and it blew back a yellow jersey and navy slacks to reveal a charming arrangement of curves. The fingers resting on her knees were tipped with red. So were the nails at the fore of her small sandals.

She tooted twice to respond to two toots from a Providence freighter, and she said, "I don't see why you are so angry about Constance and Kathleen."

"Arrgh!" said her father, and then as his cigar ash flew back in his face, "Pfarrgh! Tpfui!" He threw the cigar overboard. "Lady Constance and Kathleen the Countess! Both at the old Reno sawmill at the same time! Why did your cousins marry those counterfeit dukes in the first place? I'll tell you why. Because they were bored!"

SOME little naked boys, bathing in a shoal place, thumbed their noses at the speeding boat. Gloria waved and tooted, and the boys, delighted, waved back and cheered.

Mr. Dillingham resumed: "The trouble with the young girl of today is—she has nothing to do. She is bored with everything, including herself. She is so bored she'll seize on anything for thrills and amusement."

"Does that include me, Papa?" Gloria asked, smiling.

"Sure. You haven't married a duke—or a lion tamer—yet. You take up the slack in your rope by—"

"How nautical, Papa. The seafaring ancestry showing through."

"—by giving crazy parties for crazy people. God knows where you get in touch with them."

"Mostly I meet them through you, Papa."

"And no sooner do you get your freaks assembled than you lose interest in them."

"What do you do to relieve your boredom, Papa?" She gave him a smile that was spuriously sweet.

"Me? I work! I'm at my office early and I stay late. I don't go rushing off to queer places just because—say, can't you get some speed out of this boat? I'm late even now."

"But aren't you going to stop at Dolphin House for a moment? You said there was something you wanted."

"Sure, I'm going to stop. By garrgh! Wharrgh! Look at that!"

THE Dillinghams had spent the week end at their Long Island estate. They had taken boat at Oyster Bay. Down the sound and along the East River they had come, planning to stop at Dolphin House, a fifteen-story gesture of Papa's, and then shove off for Wall Street.

Dolphin House, a vast and luxurious system of apartments, was a dream place. On the land side you could come in by automobile, cane, crutches, or with a doorman-detective's helping hand in your armpit. On the river side was a fine esplanade, with trees and flowers, and a huge landing float, for yachts.

Now you couldn't even see the float. A great dingy lighter, with a high red engine house, an enormous steel tripod and a big steel boom, was leaning over the float, like a disreputable drunk in a doorway, and, like a drunk, it was taking full charge. A name had been painted twice on the lighter. Faintly they could see, "Farra—" and in fresh letters, "Farragut." Mr. Dillingham leaped up and cried, "Get the —— out of there, Farragut!"

A big blond young man in soiled white coveralls was sitting astride the beam that went around the edge of the lighter. He turned a sunburned face and said, "Shove off, launch!"

Mr. Dillingham sputtered, and Gloria glared indignantly. Mr. Dillingham said between his teeth, "I'd only lose time, trying to get ashore now. Take me downtown!" Gloria speeded her motors, and sought to scorch the young man with a look. He winked at her and his teeth flashed in a smile, and she had to turn away quickly to keep from smiling back, because it did seem funny for him to be chasing away her millionaire father, who had built Dolphin House and had every right to use its float.

"Swear, swear, profane, swear, curse!" her father was rendering as he glared back at the lighter so savagely it made his neck and jaw muscles ache. "Somebody's going to hear from me about this! I'll have that fresh lout fired!"

He grumbled all the way to Wall Street and then he sprang ashore, saying, "Pick me up at four."

"Going back to Oyster Bay tonight?"

"No—Dolphin House. What about you?"

"Oh, I'm staying in town. I'm terribly busy. I have a thousand things—and I'm giving a big bridge and a cocktail party tomorrow afternoon for my friends who work—"

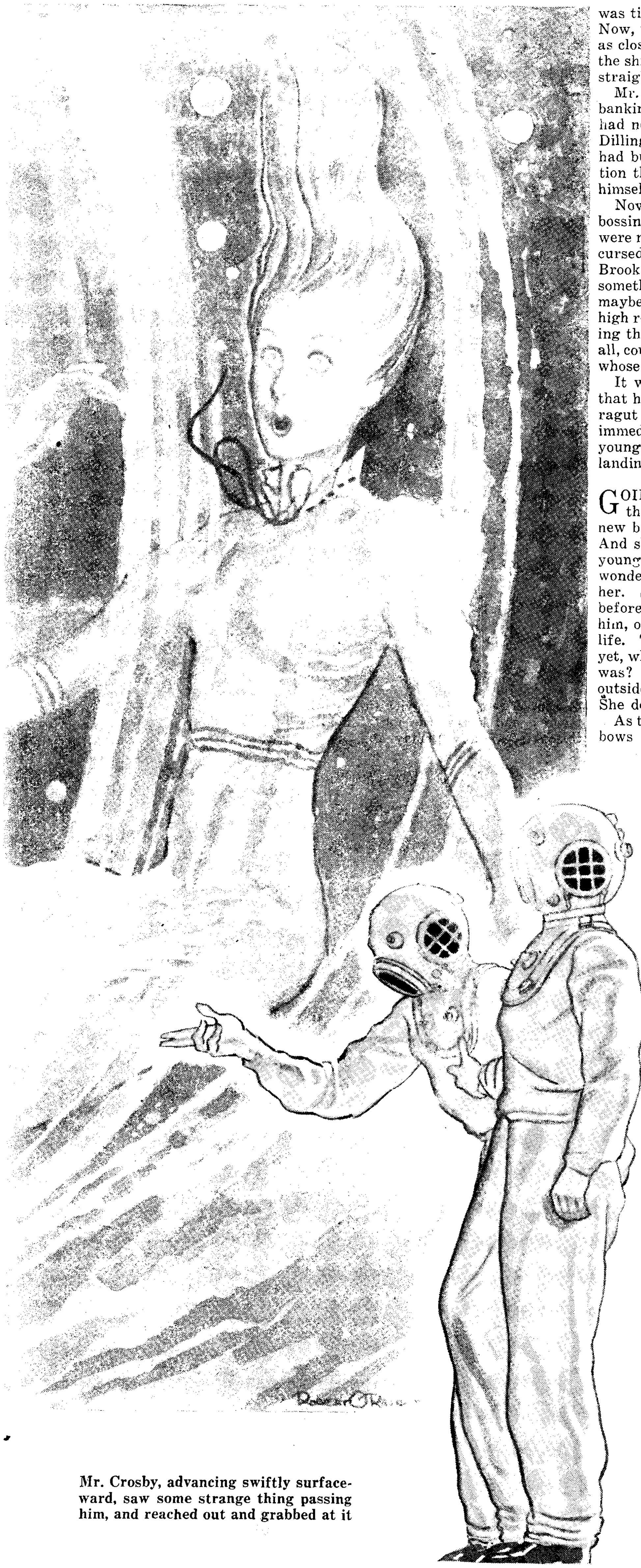
Her father turned and gave her a vast smile that was wholly derisive. "A big bridge and a cocktail party for my friends who work!" he mocked. "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but deliver me from jokes like that! Har, har, har!"

He strode purposefully through the precincts of finance, entered a great building, whose cornerstone he had laid, and went aloft in a private elevator. He got out at the top floor and let himself into an office that was made sacred to him by three secretary-tight compartments.

He threw off hat and coat, this busy man, glanced at some opened letters on his desk, slid them into a wastebasket, and then he went to the windows and took a covering from a high stand. The stand consisted of a huge pair of military binoculars, mounted on a tripod. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he settled down to a fine morning's work.

HE LEVELED and adjusted the binoculars—he looked, and then he yelped with rage. Friday morning a great liner had gone firmly aground, down the harbor. Mr. Dillingham, from his lofty perch and with his strong glasses, had bossed the job of floating this ship, all day Friday and until it

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



Mr. Crosby, advancing swiftly surfaceward, saw some strange thing passing him, and reached out and grabbed at it

was time for him to leave, on Saturday. Now, with the lenses bringing the liner as close as across the street, he saw that the ship had been floated, and tugs were straightening it into the channel.

Mr. Dillingham's enterprises involved banking, building and real estate. He had nothing to do with the liner. Mr. Dillingham's tragic story was that he had built up such an efficient organization that he had made a fifth wheel of himself.

Now he had to amuse himself by bossing—by remote control—jobs that were none of his business. So he sighed, cursed, pulled up a chair and swept the Brooklyn and Jersey horizons, seeking something interesting to superintend—maybe a flag-pole painting job, or some high roof work. He wound up by watching the busy harbor traffic, which, after all, could not fail to be fascinating to one whose forefathers had followed the sea.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon that he remembered to look up the Farragut Company so he could request the immediate discharge of the impertinent young fellow who blocked the way to his landing float.

GOING back up the river, Gloria was thinking about shopping, and about new bridge sets, and prizes and menus. And she was thinking about the daring young man on the dirty lighter. She wondered why he seemed so familiar to her. She knew she had never seen him before, yet, somehow, she had known him, or should have known him, all her life. That thought didn't make sense—yet, why did he not seem the stranger he was? And—what was the lighter doing outside aristocratic Dolphin House? She decided to ask him.

As the commuter slid along the square bows of the lighter, she saw him still sitting astride the beam. Now she noticed he was holding in his left hand a hose and a manila rope that went down into the water, near an iron ladder fastened to the lighter. She hailed him:

"I must get ashore. May I use that ladder?"

He turned and grinned at her over his shoulder. He had a lot of fine big teeth and his blue eyes could go from impudence to innocence with magic rapidity. "There's a coal barge sunk here. We've got a diver down. Sheer off for a minute. The barge anchor is coming up."

She backed into the stream, keeping her motors turning just enough to hold the boat against the current. Wire cables from the lighter's derrick boom fetched a rusty, streaming anchor from the sunken barge and landed it on the lighter. Then the young man beckoned.

Gloria directed her boat to the ladder and climbed out. "Go back to the yacht club," she told her crew. "Come back here at three." The commuter roared away.

She looked with interest about the great deck, littered with cables, clevises, pumps, Swedes, canvas, boards, pipes, tools. The young man looked at her and, turning, she caught him at it. "It may not be any of my business," she began, "but why is the barge sunk here?"

"That's right—it is none of your business."

She was indignant, but he said it with a smile, and she felt a smile on her face she didn't realize she had ordered up. "I mean—was there a collision?"

"Nope. Barge was just an old crate that got tired of floating."

He responded to some twitches on the manila rope. He said, "I'll have to ask you to get off the lighter. We're not insured against accidents to visitors."

Apparently she didn't hear him. She was looking at a patch of water near the lighter. "Is that where the diver is? Where those bubbles—"

HE STARED at the bubbles. He seemed startled. "So it is! George has a bad cough. That's what makes the bubbles. I told him not to go down without a helmet."

"Hasn't he a helmet? Oh—you imbecile!"

The young man hunched his shoulders as though to dodge missiles. He hauled in rapidly on the black air hose and the rope. A copper-headed monster broke the surface near the lighter and floundered in crude swimming motions to the ladder. The diver had blown up his suit and there was a big air hump between the shoulder straps that helped to support his leaden belt.

He clambered up the ladder and lay on his stomach on the beam. The young man dropped his lines, unhooked the air-hose from under the diver's left arm, gave the helmet a sharp twist and pulled it off, revealing a head with curly red hair.

Gloria found herself curious as to what divers talk about when they come up. This fellow, whose face she couldn't see, said briefly, "Cigarette me." And then, "Why did she have red toenails, Croz?"

The youth in white gave Gloria a startled look. He said gruffly, "Don't know what you're talking about."

The diver, resting on the beam—his head still bowed—said, "Hell, the queen, the beaut, the pippo with the jaunty shapo you was raving about, last time I was up."

Embarrassed, the youth in white stuck a lighted cigarette between the diver's lips. The diver puffed, raised his head and saw a pair of sandaled feet trying to hide themselves behind a coil of rope. He ruined the cigarette by removing it with a wet, rubber-mittened hand. He looked up with admiration at Gloria, and then he said aggrievedly to his tender, "As usual, you get all the breaks, Mr. Crosby."

"Will you shut up, Mr. Moss?"

"I will not, Mr. Crosby. Here I have to wander around on the river bottom while you hold converse with beautchuss damsels!"

"Your lip valve, Mr. Moss—button it!"

"I'll not do it, Mr. Crosby." He turned to Gloria: "I ask you, is it fair? It was his turn to go down, but would he go? He would not. He figured you'd be back in your boat."

YOUNG Crosby picked up the helmet with its trailing hose and clapped it over Mr. Moss's head, with no great regard for Mr. Moss's nose. Mr. Moss grasped the helmet and kept Crosby from turning it to tighten it. Mr. Crosby sighed and removed the helmet. Mr. Moss said quickly to Gloria, "Will you go to the Divers' Ball with me tonight?"

Gloria reddened, laughed. Moss insisted, "Will you? Big affair, and—"

"There is no Divers' Ball," said Crosby. "Besides, Mr. Moss is a married man with a very large family of children."

Mr. Moss turned on him. "I'm not married, and you know it!"

Mr. Crosby made reproving noises. "How sad, then, for the children, some of which are only in their first year in reform school!"

Gloria laughed. She liked these chaps. Especially she liked Mr. Crosby. A sudden idea smote her. Why, this could top any party her friends had ever given. She said eagerly, "I can't come to your party—but will you come to mine?"

Mr. Crosby flushed. Mr. Moss blurted, "Sure thing! Where? When?"

She gestured toward Dolphin House. "Any time after nine."

"But—we have nothing to wear," said Mr. Crosby doubtfully.

"Why—wear your diving suits—of course!"

She turned away. Mr. Crosby called, "But—who shall we ask for?"

"Dillingham," she called over her shoulder. "Gloria Dillingham."

THE Dillingham apartment went from the eighth to the eleventh floor. The ballroom went from the ninth to the tenth, and a couple score of people who had hurried to show they were available to a Dillingham invitation on short notice were milling around to orchestra music and the rhythm of subtle Dillingham beverages. It was a costume party—costumes pertaining to the sea.

Gloria, now, was a little sorry she had organized the party. She was wearing a costume that pertained—not to the sea, but to her own curves and contours; an exaggerated maid's costume, the short-skirted, low-bodiced, high-stockinged attire that maids serving French people were supposed to wear.

Presently there were screams from delighted guests, and Gloria, in her maid's costume, hurried to greet two copper-headed, gray bears. Messrs. Crosby and Moss had left off hose, lead weights and face plates, and here they were, in cleanly scrubbed suits, doing soft-footed capers on the Dillingham floor.

"How are we?" asked Mr. Moss, grinning behind the small round aperture in his helmet.

"Wonderful! So nice of you to come."

"Oh, we had to cancel a lot of dates—Say, you look nifty in that suit!"

Gloria blushed. She wished she didn't reveal legs to mid-thigh, and that her blouse wasn't cut so low, front and back. She turned to Mr. Crosby, who was blushing in his helmet. "I didn't want to come—I mean this way," he put in hastily, "but George made me. I—I wouldn't want to spoil your party."

"Spoil it? You're making it," she said, very red, for again she had that odd feeling of having known him a long time—when she didn't know him at all.

"Hi, divers! Room service!" cried a tall, blond-mustached admiral with a tray of cocktails. Mr. Moss accepted a glass for each hand, and began pouring their contents through his front window.

"Shall we?" said a girl with collar bones and fisher-girl garb, as she took the feminine dance stance before Mr. Crosby.

"Ours," said Gloria, and moved away with him. "You must tell me all about diving. You are the first diver I ever met, and I think your work is the most wonderful—"

So they talked about diving—and presently she was worried. Her father had telephoned not to meet him with the boat. She hadn't seen him. She recalled he was going to make trouble for this young man from the Farragut lighter. She said, "Don't get excited, but my father was—well, indignant—about this morning, when you wouldn't let us dock and I wouldn't want him to make trouble for you with your company."

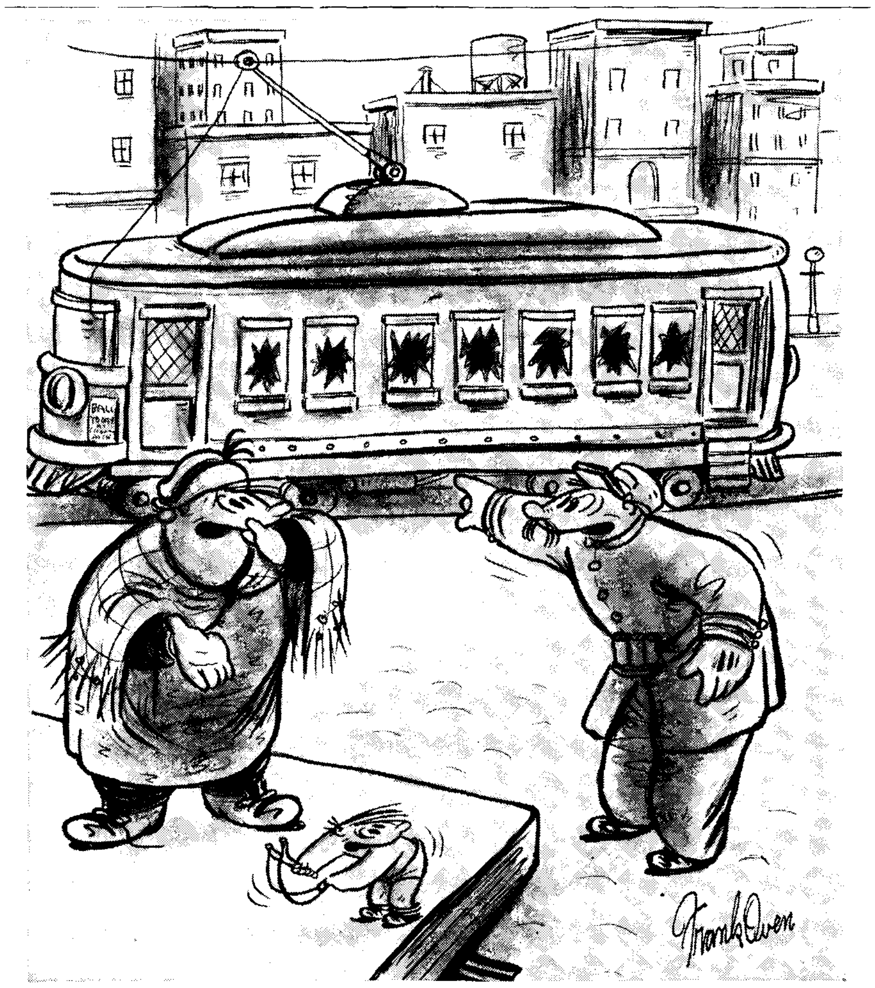
"He can't," said Joe Crosby easily. "I am the company."

Dancers they passed were finding it very funny to rap on Joe's helmet with ringed fingers, and one persistent fellow followed them, trying to blow cigarette smoke into the air connection at the back. Joe said good-naturedly, "Too many echoes here. Can't we go some place—?"

They could. They walked out on a balcony overlooking the river and the big wrecking lighter, which now had an empty barge tied alongside. Joe explained that the sunken barge was loaded with four hundred tons of coal screenings, that in the morning they would begin pumping the coal into the floating barge from the sunken one. He said that the sunken barge was a leaky old box, of no great value, but it and its contents were insured, so the underwriters had hired the Farragut to salvage it. For the first time in longer than she could remember, Gloria found herself deeply interested. She wanted to know how Joe Crosby got into this strange business.

Philbert — By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Oh, you know, Conductor. She loves me; she loves me not. Only he didn't have a daisy!"

"Well," Joe said, "my father was a sailor, rigger, diver, and one thing and another. I went to engineering school, and when I came out I worked with my father. When he died, I was elected to take over the Farragut and our two tugs and run the salvage business. I'm going to stick at it—and," he finished shyly, "build it into something big, if I can."

THERE was a diversion. A jolly lady guest who knew the Dillingham butler used snuff had obtained some from him, and now she introduced it into Mr. Moss's helmet. Attracted by shouts, cheers, screams, Joe Crosby looked into the ballroom. Mr. Moss was sneezing in his helmet, doubling, straightening, knocking his head against its metal prison, while the orchestra played lugubriously, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and the guests clustered around Mr. Moss.

Joe looked sharply. He saw the lady blow some more snuff from her palm into Mr. Moss's front porthole, and he was angered that Mr. Moss, by his gestures and antics, was taking it so good-naturedly. He looked at Gloria—who didn't know what it all meant, but who was smiling because her guests seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Before she realized what he was doing, he had twisted off his helmet. He glared at her. He took her arm in a grip that hurt.

"Why, Joe!"

"Don't Joe me! I don't know you and I don't want to! I told George Moss beforehand that this was just a gag—that you just invited us for what fun you could get out of us!"

"Why—why, Mr. Crosby! That isn't true, and you let go my arm!"

"Sure, I'll let go! I'm ashamed of myself for being such a fathead as to come here—and talk to you about things that are sacred to me! You and your Reno and your bum dukes! Anything for a thrill! I'll give you a thrill!"

He put his left arm suddenly around her, drew her to him and kissed her so hard it hurt. Then he let her go. She was furious, but she managed to say quietly, "Do you think you can get back to your boat all right—or shall I have the butler—"

"You call your butler and I'll spin him for a top!" he said, but she was gone.

He stalked into the ballroom, clapping on his helmet as he would an angry hat. "Coming, George?" he said to Moss.

Laughing, sneezing, George Moss waved him away. "Never had so much fun—atch-chew—hurrah-koo—whah! —fun in my—whrrh-chee!"

Joe Crosby departed in what he thought was the direction of the elevator that had brought him. In a hall he encountered a short, gray-mustached, grinning man. A man who beckoned and said, "Hi, diver! You're Crosby, of the Farragut, aren't you? Come on—this way. We'll go down to my library for a nice chat!"

So while Gloria, so full of rage, disappointment, humiliation, and the kind of anguish peculiar to important misunderstandings that she could only sob, was doing so in the nearest convenient sobbing room, her father was beaming at a young man who sat across the library table from him and was plying this fellow with eager questions.

The young man's round copper hat was on the library table, alongside decanters, highballs, and cigars, and presently the young man had to shove everything out of the way so he could draw diagrams for Mr. Dillingham, diagrams showing a sunken barge and a wrecking lighter.

GLORIA'S waking thought next day was the same one as her last thought of the night before, viz., she never wanted to see Joe Crosby again. But—the salvage operations were fascinating. When she got ready for her bridge party she had her tables placed so there was a good view of the lighter from every one of them.

Gloria's sharpshooting bridge guests did not partake of the view, but Gloria did—and so did her father, in his library on the floor above. Mr. Dillingham had mentioned a touch of liver as his reason for not rushing off to the office. He was curing this touch with his telescope, a great brass affair on a tripod, well back in the room, so he couldn't be seen from outside.

Now a thick tube of rubber and metal which came up from the river and crossed the lighter via a pump was discharging into the empty barge a dense column of coal and sea water. The engine house and derrick on the lighter blocked Gloria's view of diver and tender, but she became absorbed in watching the big siphon. She was exultant when it discharged into the floating barge a column that was black, because that meant that coal was coming up fast. She was exasperated when only sea water gushed out, because that showed the diver was having trouble with the suction nozzle, and didn't have it in a good place.

"Oh, shoot!" she said. "Nothing but water, when it should be coal!"

"How disagreeable!" said the damsel at her left. "Five diamonds."

"Hell!" said Mr. Dillingham to himself in his library. "Get that siphon into the coal, boy! We'll never raise that barge at this rate!"

"But aren't any of you interested at all?" Gloria asked of their table.

"Not any, darling," said her partner. "I'm interested only in coal-black cards. Six spades—wait, just to be nasty, make it a slam."

AS DUMMY, Gloria glanced about at two rooms full of her prosperous friends, all intent on making a few more bucks at cards. She got up and went to a window. She saw residents and servants of Dolphin House watching from the esplanade below. She thought, "If they can watch, so can I."

So she went down and presently clambered aboard the lighter. The big man in dungarees, handling the life line and air hose, sneezed and grinned at her. He was Mr. Moss. Mr. Crosby, then, must be below. "Just as well," she reflected, "for of course I don't want to lay eyes on the man."

"What the devil is Gloria doing down there?" asked Mr. Dillingham of his telescope. "If she's trying to make a fool of that nice young fellow, I'll put a stop to it."

At the moment, Gloria was being

(Continued on page 44)

For Whom the Glory?

Out of the blue Italian sky sweeps an airplane; from its cockpit steps Il Duce. He bestrides a cannon and addresses the troops. "For whom is the glory?" he shouts. "For us!" thunder his soldiers. Mr. Ybarra, Collier's European correspondent, takes you to see them starting on their way

By T. R. Ybarra

ABOVE it all, as if in supreme control of the whole ant heap of men and mules and munitions, military equipment and military supplies, war material and war songs and war frenzy, broods Mount Vesuvius, with his plume of deathly white smoke. The glowering old volcano dominates everything on the docks of Naples, where, all through the summer, Mussolini has been massing, and shipping to East Africa, thousands of Italian regular soldiers, and thousands of his Black Shirts, in order to strike (as almost everybody in Italy believes) a death-blow at the independence of the ancient empire of Abyssinia.

Ragged Neapolitan laborers, pushing boxes of machine-gun cartridges over the cobblestones, look up a moment as they pass grimy hands over dripping foreheads, and—there is Vesuvius. Young soldiers, in sweat-streaked khaki and broad-brimmed sun helmets, turn for a moment from the turmoil of departure, from deafening brass bands and jostling crowds of stay-at-homes, and—there is Vesuvius.

The deadly volcano gazes complacently on guns and gun carriages, as they are hauled from flatcars to army transports tied up along the waterfront; on stacks of steel rods for reinforcing concrete; on coils of barbed wire for stringing in front of Italy's African front; on airplane parts, boxed and wadded for their journey across the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; on big containers filled with that most precious of all adjuncts to African campaigning—drinking water; on collapsible barracks, to be set up at blazing-hot outposts; on crates of food for feeding Italy's fighters, and crates of medicines to keep them from perishing in the pestilential air of Africa.

All these signs of coming destruction and disease and death Vesuvius complacently surveys; indeed, the grim old fellow, apparently under the impression that Mussolini's warlike preparations were being staged for his special benefit, put on a sideshow of his own a little while ago, as a sort of volcanic compliment, with awful rumblings and streams of lava and flashes of hell-fire—a fitting overture to the campaign of conquest upon which Mussolinian Italy seems bent on embarking.

Naples is the place to go nowadays if you want to get the taste and smell of imminent war. There it is that you get the feel of that new militaristic Italy which Mussolini has created. There, more than anywhere else, you are thrown right up against the results of thirteen years of Mussolini's teaching; thirteen years throughout which Il Duce, by burning oratory and ruthless acts, has pounded into the Italian mind a belief in the beauty of war and the glory of dying in battle for the aggrandizement of Italy.

There, better than anywhere else, you sense the conviction instilled by him into millions of young Italians, that they are the heirs of the ancient Romans, that their armies are lineal descendants of those indomitable legions which, breaking resistance wherever they encountered it, brought huge slices of Europe and Asia and Africa under the stern rule of Rome.

Yes, to realize what has come over Italy, go to Naples! Read "Long live war!" scrawled on her houses. Hear young warriors, marching through her streets, howl "Death to the Emperor of Abyssinia!" See, in the fanatical eyes of young army officers, the soul of that new Italian nation which visions, in its dreams, not Titian and Raphael, but Julius Caesar and Scipio Africanus; which stamps upon its coins those martial words of the most martial of its poets: "Better to live one day as a lion than one hundred years as a lamb!"

Believe, Obey and Fight

All over Naples big placards are posted in honor of the regular regiments and Fascist militiamen who, almost daily, parade through the city on their way to the docks. "Long live the army!" they proclaim in fat black lettering—or "Long live the Black Shirts." Sometimes they are more specific, worded as greetings to some one or other of the military outfits which make Neapolitan life nowadays one long series of processions and acclamations—"Long live the machine-gunners!" for instance, or "Long live the Sixth Group of Black-Shirt battalions!"

Everywhere are pictures of Mussolini, always frowning and martial; everywhere are excerpts from the speeches with which he constantly seeks to whip

© KEYSTONE

Three rousing cheers for Mussolini from an Italian Air Force detachment ready for embarkation

KEYSTONE

Dockside scenes recall memories of Europe's darkest days as Italy prepares for a new war

Italians to militaristic frenzy. "Our frontiers at home and in our colonies are sacred and must be defended against all perils!" is blazoned on big posters, plastered on house walls fringing the harbor of Naples, where the thousands of soldiers may read them as they trudge toward the waiting transports. And, on all sides, in enormous capital letters, Mussolini's imperious command to all Italians flames forth: *"Believe, obey, fight!"*

On their way to the docks, soldiers and militiamen tramp behind brass bands, to the strains of military music, amid the cheers of multitudes packing the sidewalks and leaning excitedly from windows and balconies. Boys and girls, belonging to the junior Fascist organizations, clad in uniform, march proudly beside the mobilized grown-ups. Again and again the soldiers burst into song, into the stirring hymns of Italy and the Fascist revolution, accompanied by the shrill voices of the marching children and by a roar of melody which leaps from one mass of onlookers to the next, and to the next, all the way to the waterfront, in the shadow of smoke-plumed Vesuvius.

There, as the departing soldiers pick their way among bales and crates and boxes, toward the gangplanks of their ships, the crowd surges along with them, shakes their hands, sticks flowers in the ends of their rifles.

Progress up the gangplank is repeatedly stopped while relatives or friends press forward with farewell messages or gifts.

"Ah, please, just one moment!" protests a peasant woman to a policeman trying to push her away as, wriggling herself free from his grasp, she stumbles breathlessly against the gangplank. "Here, Giuseppe!" she shouts to a boy in khaki, halfway between dock and deck. "Here! From me! For you!" And, just before the policeman seizes her again, she presses into Giuseppe's outstretched hand a bunch of bananas.

The decks of the ship become lined with yelling, gesticulating soldiers. Over their heads is unfurled a big square of cloth bearing a frowning picture of Mussolini; beneath it grinning youths unroll and hold up another strip of cloth inscribed: "Wherever you lead, Duce, we will follow!" On the gangplank, the single files of regulars and Black Shirts crawl slowly forward. Farewell messages are exchanged between those going aboard and those staying behind.

There is much repetition of that Italian word for a small child—*"bimbo"*—which invariably brings a smile to American faces.

"Give my love to the *bimbo!*" shouts one young soldier, waving his sun helmet enthusiastically over his head; and another shrieks to a tearful young woman, on the very edge of the pier: "Write often, Carlotta; and don't forget my messages to the three *bimbos!*"

Too Much for the Boys

It is all very genuine, very human—but it doesn't reflect overmuch rigid discipline. An American World War veteran, who happens to be looking on, remarks: "Say, when I was shipped from Hoboken to France, my outfit had twice as many men in it as there are of these guys, yet we were loaded onto our ship in half the time!"

The warlike spirit of Italian youth because of Abyssinia (or Ethiopia, if you prefer the official and less-known name of the land) became such this summer that a number of boys too young for military service sneaked aboard transports at Naples in the hope of getting to Africa as stowaways. Most of them were discovered and escorted ashore before the ships got clear.

Italian newspapers this summer were one solid mass of denunciation of Abyssinia. They abounded with stories about the savagery of life there, of the cruelties practiced by the natives, of the prevalence of slavery despite the promises of the Negus, the Abyssinian Emperor, to do away with it.

The Negus was painted as an inhuman despot, who had thrown a rival into chains and was slowly torturing him to death; not an opportunity was missed to present everything said or done by the Abyssinian government, in the successive stages of its dispute with Italy, as a tissue of deceit. And every nation suspected of sympathy for the Abyssinians promptly became the target for journalistic attack. Especially England.

I doubt if any nation, not actually at war with the English, ever spoke to them in such insulting language as did Italy, through her government-controlled press, for week after week this summer. They were accused of coveting Abyssinia for themselves; of being afraid to have Italy as a neighbor in the Sudan and Kenya; of intriguing against the Italians at the Abyssinian capital, of clandestinely encouraging Abyssinian aggression against Italy; of sending secret emissaries to stir up the natives against Italian progress.

One story was to the effect that the famous Lawrence of Arabia, one of England's leading World War heroes, had not really died (as had just been reported) but had gone on a secret mission to the empire of the Negus for the purpose of stiffening the resistance of that potentate's subjects to Italian demands. This rumor aroused contemptuous hilarity in the Italian comic papers. One cartoon showed the arrival of Lawrence before a big Ethiopian chieftain—depicted, by the way, as a full-fledged cannibal, with a big fork stuck in his belt instead of a sword, and holding a carving knife in place of a spear.

"Not a word!" Lawrence was whispering to him. "I am supposed to be dead!"

"Good!" chuckled the cannibal. "In that case, when I have eaten you, nobody will come snooping around here in search of you!"

Reading Up on the Enemy

Bookshops of cities all over Italy are filled with volumes on Italy's East African possessions, or on Abyssinia's natives and customs. Their show windows also display big maps, showing Italian Africa in the foreground, and, in the background, the Abyssinian territory through which, it is confidently expected by those promoting such displays, Italy's soldiers will march on their way to the Abyssinian capital. During my stay in Italy this summer I must have seen hundreds of copies of a dozen different books about the region which, it was generally assumed, would soon be the scene of victorious Italian fighting; and the number of maps offered for sale suggested that schoolgirls and newsboys and babes-in-arms must be saving up their pennies in order to possess them.

In Rome and Milan and Genoa and Naples I used to play a little game. As I approached a bookshop, I would bet, with whomsoever I happened to be, that its show window would contain at least one book on East Africa or one map of it. It was almost like betting on a sure thing. Even when the shop involved in the bet made a specialty of frothy novels, or heavy scientific works, or anatomical charts, the chances were strong that, from some corner, pictures of woolly Africans would scowl at us from book covers, or maps of every color of the rainbow, telling at a glance all about the lowlands of Eritrea and the high-

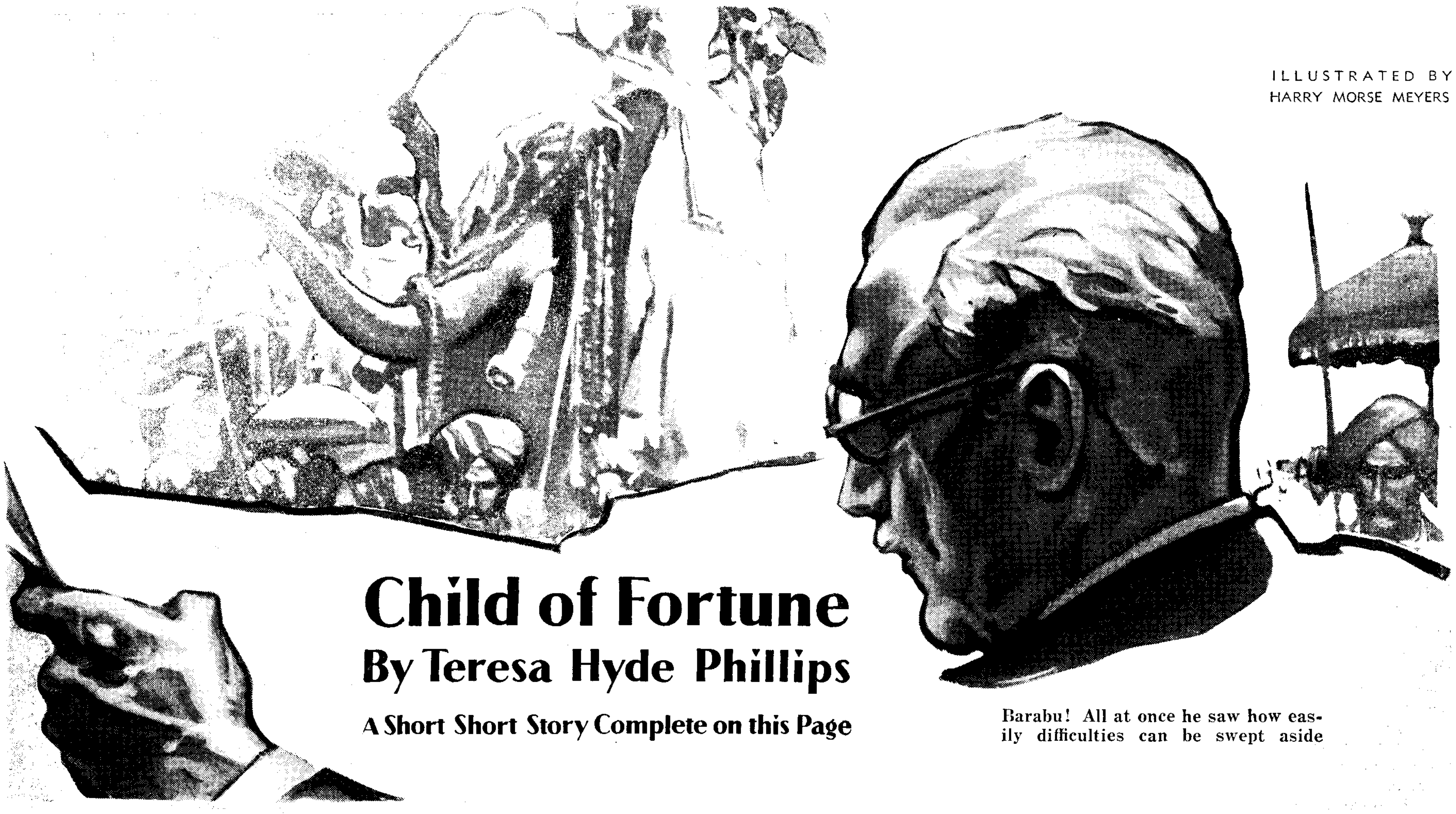
(*Continued on page 37*)

ACME
DUCE! anden in dou tou

A Blackshirt battalion en route for Africa, to follow, as banners cry, wherever Il Duce leads

At Rome, mountain artillery for the African campaign is loaded aboard army trains for Naples

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Barabu! All at once he saw how easily difficulties can be swept aside

Child of Fortune

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

OLD Seys was a man of virtue as well as of understanding. He tried to understand everything and to despise nothing and that was why, tonight, he was reading a New York paper. He thought he might even learn to like bank examiners if he could learn to like a city paper. He was an accommodating man but he was having a thin time.

Old, wise, tired, he read on his library sofa and tried to forget that he was president of a small mill-town bank. He had seen the town through bad times but now the mill was at last open again. Presently it would be on its feet once more. Then, reflected old Seys, perhaps he could rest; a rest that would last forever. It was, he felt, quite time.

He read. Read of hunger, relief, of war, disaster and crime. He regarded with raised brows a photograph of the Maharajah of Barabu, who was sailing, it seemed, from America for his own improbable land. He read of how that fabulous child of fortune scattered rubies like chicken-feed, of how he had American motorcars carried over his soaring mountains part by part to be reassembled in palace yards. He read about the royal nonchalance with regard to the crass affair of money and of the estimated yearly income of about one million and a half.

Well, perhaps that was all right, too, thought old Seys; for life had made him humble, sympathetic and wise. Perhaps it was right for a few to own fantastic riches while millions starved. He tried to think it was right, for wisdom helped him to face the world with resignation. It was only his honesty, his kindness, his love for his bank and the town, which made him suffer. Without that integrity, that kindness, old Seys would have been a happy man. He asked little of the world. Only peace.

But peace, it seemed, was not for him. The telegram which came from his son in the city was cryptic but it meant trouble for old Seys: FROG-FACE TOMORROW EIGHT THIRTY. That was bad. The bank examiner was coming in the morning and old Seys was not ready for him, for the mill on which the town depended, without which hundreds of Mr. Seys' neighbors would quietly starve, had overdrawn its account by about twenty-four thousand dollars.

"Humph!" said old Seys, getting up and lighting a cigar. This was a jam. It was too late at night to do anything. He couldn't arrange a transfer of credit; no use sending anyone to the city, for banks were not open at this hour; and there wasn't a thousand dollars to be raised in the town, let alone twenty-four. He thought of his own personal account, which was practically zero, and he knew that those of his friends were the same.

Why on earth did Frog-face come popping in at this time? Bank examiners were unpredictable, of course, but never in all history had one appeared in Denham at this time of year. Not that Frog-face would consider him a thief—no, Frog-face perfectly understood the situation. Knew that, during the three honorable generations in which the Seyses had owned the Denham Bank and the Boyds the mill, the mill had frequently required extra capital in the early fall and it had been the Seyses' custom to let it overdraw. By the time the examiner got around the regular collections of the mill balanced the overdraft and the bank went on its way, open and aboveboard, and welcoming any sort of investigation.

But how Frog-face, a man Seys despised, would gloat!

HE WALKED up and down, stopping here and there, thinking, but finding no way out. "If only Boyd could draw a draft on someone—" His mind kept going back to that, but who did Boyd know on whom he could draw? Seys yielded to the desperate thought that nowhere on earth was there money and at that thought he looked down and saw the photograph of the maharajah. He slapped the paper with a high impatience—the whole problem of modern life, perhaps of all human life, in a nutshell: untold wealth on one side, poverty on the other.

He swept the paper away as though it were an insect, moved off, then stopped suddenly. Barabu! Thousands of miles away. . . . All at once he saw how easily difficulties can be swept aside. He smiled gently down at that rajah who so unconsciously should be Denham's shield and its defense. His whole plan was preposterous but it would work; it was simple, it was far-fetched and simple, and that was why it would work.

Pride returned to Mr. Seys. He turned on his heel, took up his hat and walked out. He was going to Tom Boyd's house. All Tom had to do was to draw a draft on the rajah. Seys would credit that draft to the mill account, mail the draft for collection on the midnight train. It would take five—perhaps six—weeks for that draft to be returned. Frog-face would not appear again until Christmas and in the meantime the mill's collections would set the account right. He explained it all to Tom, later. Why, certainly, Tom could draw on *anyone* if the bank verified it—it was the other person's business if he paid or not. The rajah had nothing to do with this—he simply stayed there in Barabu and indignantly sent the draft back when it arrived.

So it was arranged and old Seys, almost beaming with relief, watched the examiner's arrival and departure the next day. "Goodby," said old Seys with that charm and formal courtesy which nothing could shake. Well, that was fine, the bank's reputation remained untarnished, and time would cure their ills.

But weeks before the examiner was expected again, old Seys, arriving at the bank one morning, saw him in the lobby. The old man stiffened and paled. Then proudly he walked into his own office; such pride might have been seen in a tumbril. "He knows," old Seys thought, with certainty. "Someone has talked."

And then he saw the letter from Barabu. So the draft, in this black moment, in this worst of all possible moments, had returned like a boomerang! And the mill collections were not yet in. Old Seys' hands, however, opening that missive, did not shake, or only a very little.

Unannounced, the examiner walked in, despising lax ways, old-time sentiment and this old banker. Furious because he had been fooled. "Mr. Seys," he said, "I understand that you included last month in the deposits of this bank a piece of paper which could not conceivably be paid, which you knew could not be paid, and which you included to deceive me."

Old Seys' eyes closed, so tired. So tired. "I can't think I would do that," he said gently. He seemed to have only a very vague idea of what he was saying.

"What!" roared the examiner. "You didn't permit Boyd to draw a worthless draft on some Indian rajah who never even heard of Boyd?"

"He drew a draft." Old Seys moved a little as if he had some idea of standing up to Frog-face physically as well as morally, even if he were to die for it. But that movement let the examiner see the huge, unmistakable parchment envelope with its seals and its emblazoned golden elephant. "I *see!*" said the examiner, his eyes blazing, and snatching the evidence, shook it in old Seys' face.

SEYS did not flinch. The examiner did not seem to be bothering him any more. Perhaps because he was very old, Mr. Seys was thinking in that moment about customs, old and new, about magnificence and pettiness and about the qualities of kings. About, especially, that royal, that high, that disdainful message which had come in the envelope from Barabu, like a repudiation of all the pedestrian facts of a vulgar western world:

"His Illumination, the Maharajah of Barabu, requests that hereafter all bills sent him from America shall be itemized."

Old Seys went on thinking about that admonition while he watched the examiner jerk from its envelope the check for twenty-four thousand dollars to which the memorandum had been but was no longer attached.

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN the Barrier Ranch in Nevada comes to him young Tom Sebastian falls heir to the cattle war that has flared sporadically for years. One night when he returns from Reno, with a party of guests, he finds his ranch-house being attacked. The unseen gunmen gallop away when Buffalo Galt, one of Sebastian's guests, orders them off. Galt refuses to explain his connection with the night-riders and Sebastian orders him off the ranch.

Among the guests at Barrier is Lily Tennant, a beautiful girl who is a rising screen star. Sebastian is strongly attracted to her, and she shows an interest in him, despite the fact that she is supposed to be engaged to Jay Stuart, a power in the movie colony. Kit Christopher, who is with Lily, sends for Stuart because of Lily's growing interest in Sebastian.

At a dance one evening Buffalo Galt forces his attentions on Lily and Sebastian thrashes him soundly. And that night rustlers make a raid on one of the Barrier herds. In the melee Sebastian hears the names of Ben and Duke DePard called out—brothers long suspected of being allied with the mysterious power fighting the Barrier. Sebastian takes the trail alone after the raid and almost loses his life when a renegade puncher named Humboldt fires on him. Sebastian's gun is the quicker. . . .

Back at the ranch Sebastian finds the air electric. Living in the house is a beautiful young girl named Charm Michelet. Although unmarried, she has a child. Matt Strang, Sebastian's foreman, is in love with Charm; and he believes, like the rest of the countryside, that the child's father is Tom Sebastian. Matt is brooding over the fancied injustice, and his mood has touched the rest of the company—Lily Tennant, Kit Christopher and Jay Stuart. . . . Then comes a telephone call from Judge Sillavan, in Reno, who tells Tom that it is imperative that he see him at once. Tom hangs up the phone and announces his departure, and—

"Fine," cries Lily Tennant. "We'll all go—and I'll throw a party!"

V

MATT STRANG stood at the corner of the house, smoking a cigarette under the sultry sunlight, and watched the machine die behind the dust it ripped up. Presently he threw the cigarette away from him with a somewhat nervous gesture and went into the living-room. Charm was on her hands and knees, violently scrubbing the fireplace stones.

"That's no work for you to do," grumbled Matt. "What's Gath for? Quit it, Charm."

"Let me alone."

He went over and touched her shoulder. His talk was more irritable. "I won't have it. You weren't made to scrub up other people's boot tracks."

The force of his arm stopped her. She rose and showed him a flushed, disturbed face. "Let me alone, Matt. What are you doing in the house in the middle of the morning when there's plenty to keep you busy outside?"

"How can I work," he muttered, "with all this going on?"

"Whatever goes on is none of your concern."

"Isn't it?" he asked dully.

"Why should you care what the California people do, or where they go? They're Tom's guests. Tom loves company. If you don't like it, stay away."

"I'm not thinking of the California people."

She stepped back, hand touching the house keys at her waist. Her manner turned remotely imperious. "What are you thinking of, then?"

"You. You and Tom."

Her voice cut at him. "What is in your mind, Matt?"

He said, "Well," and then the turmoil of this man's reckless, badgered soul spilled out: "Good God, Charm! I can't stand it! You and Tom in the same house—nothing but a wall between your bedroom and his! All the country thinks that boy belongs to Tom. You know what the talk is. Tom knows what the talk is. But you still live here! You fool girl—don't you want to spike that dirty lie?"

"That's my affair—and Tom's. It isn't yours."

His raw, tough face was indescribably bitter. "Well, then," he snapped, "maybe it ain't a lie."

Even that failed to break her aloof reserve. She stared at him with a risen chin, with the same impenetrable mystery covering her slim, oval face. "I made one mistake in my life, and so you're calling me a common woman. Maybe I am. You've thrown that at me before. If I told Tom he'd cut your tongue out for it. You don't know what's in my heart. Nobody does and nobody ever will. Tom is the greatest man in the world—and you have troubled me enough."

"It's driving me crazy!" he ground out.

Her voice punished him. "It was my mistake and I have to live with it. It is none of your business and never will be. You have made me miserable with your mad mind, with your scenes, with your foolish tongue. I do not belong to you. I am not related to you. I don't owe you sympathy or explanation—I don't owe you anything. When will you see that? When will you let me alone? I think you had better leave Barrier and never come back."

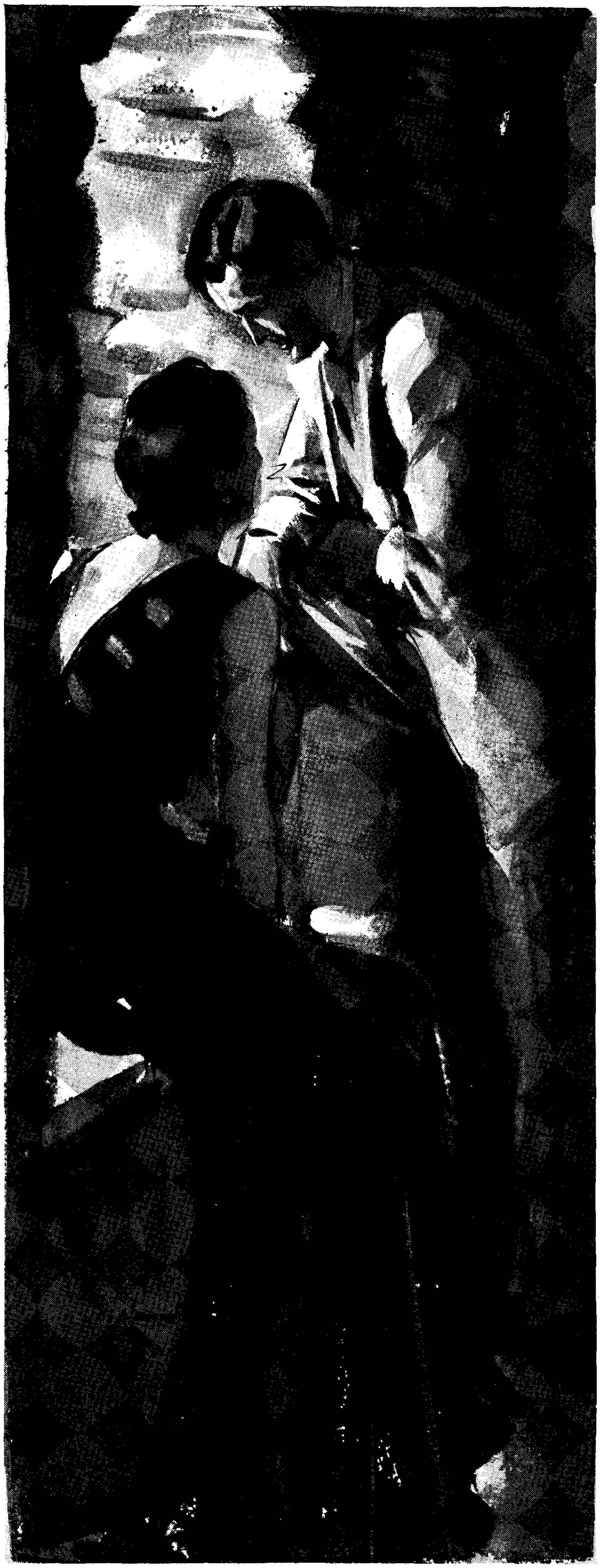
"I'll never leave Barrier while you're here."

"Then you will keep out of my way! I am tired of listening to you!"

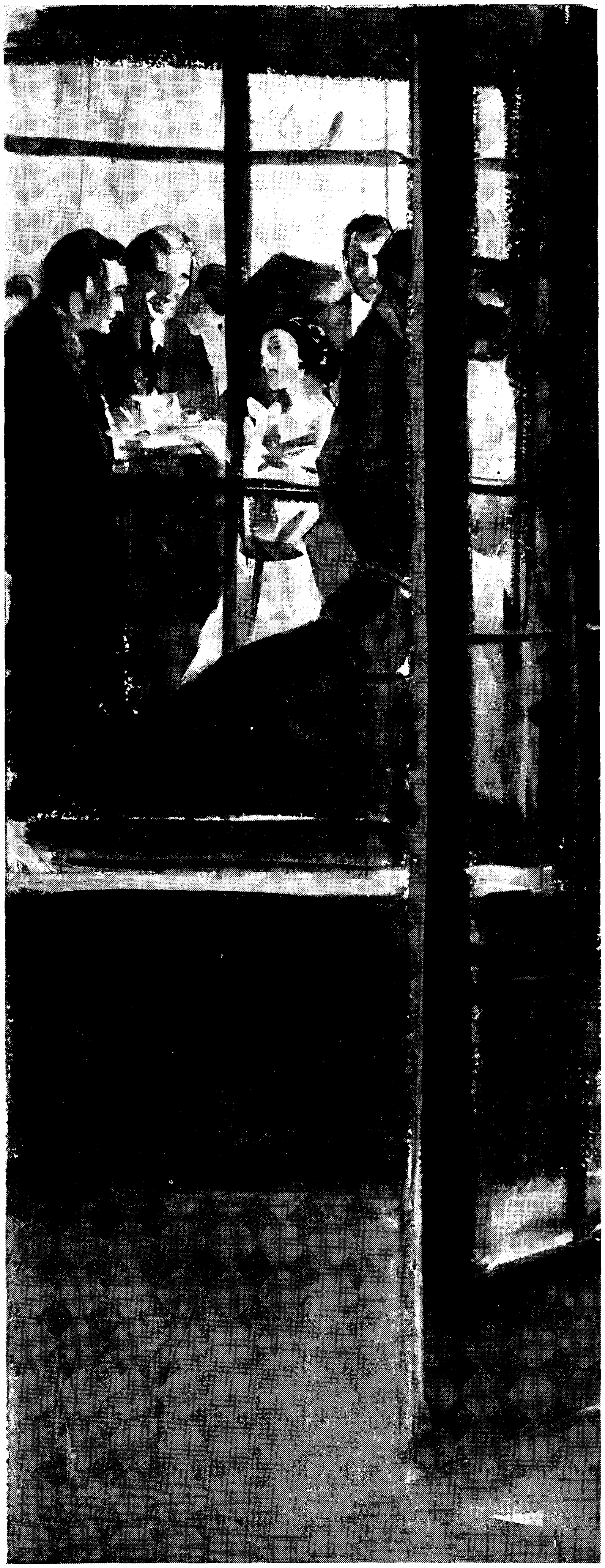
HE SAT down in a chair and bent his head, rubbing his thick palm across his eyes. "Charm," he muttered, "it hurts me like hell. If I could ride away and forget I would. But I can't. I can't ever forget you. That's what sets me crazy."

Her voice was kinder, it was sadder. "If you think you love me, you shouldn't make me unhappy. You ought to be patient. You ought to understand."

He had control of himself. He spoke more quietly: "My name don't mean anything, Charm, but you can have it and the boy can have it any time you say. That's been my offer for three



"Lily is free and she has the courage to dare," said Kit



Judge Sillavan was bent over the phone, listening carefully

years. It will always be my offer. But it's hard to see you living under the roof without book or bell with a man that makes no attempt to set the gossip aside. Every added day makes it worse. I know you want Tom and I know you're waiting for him. But I don't think you'll ever get him. Well, you'll break your heart and Tommy's growing up under a shadow, and meanwhile here I am, wanting you and seeing you get hurt."

She came over to him and the light touch of her hand brought him to his feet. She said, quietly: "You're a good man, Matt. I know that."

"Charm," he said gutturally, "is there any chance for me?"

Her small, obscure smile softened her answer. "You can't stop women from hoping, Matt. Now go away."

Matt Strang plunged his hands into his pockets, and jerked them out again. He drew a long breath, lines cutting deeply around his mouth. He started to speak, but changed his mind and wheeled away from her. Out on the porch he stopped to roll a smoke with fingers unsteady enough to spill tobacco out of the cigarette paper.

TOM dropped his passengers at the bungalow and listened to Lily's command. "Don't," she said, "forget the party. And if you see the judge, bring him along."

He turned the block and drove back to the center of town and left his car at a garage for a grease and oil job; and went straight to Sillavan's office. The old man was in a characteristic attitude, feet on the desk and frail body sunk deeply into the swivel chair. Cigar ashes lay generously on his vest; the room was blue with smoke.

"What's the mystery you couldn't tell me over the phone?" inquired Tom.

"Hell of a hot day, ain't it?"

"I drove through it to hark to your pearls of wisdom, so I ought to know. You'll kill yourself smoking those stogies."

"So my father said, forty-five years ago. I'm afraid I won't."

"A fake statement," grunted Sebastian. "You're too interested in the contemporary scene to want to die short of a hundred."

Sillavan rolled his white head around the chair's rim and grinned wistfully. "Growing old's not so simple, Tom. The contemporary scene is for the young. It's your world, not mine. Men like me live in the bright past—when we cut a high, wide and proud trail; when things were lively and we ran the world to our liking. Once upon a time we were strong enough to swing our fists. We scrapped and we drank and we did a fine job of laughing and hating. But we're just spectators now, pushed aside by fellows like you. Pretty lonesome business to see the old things and old comrades go. I regret seeing even my bitterest enemies die. They were part of the past, too. I guess a little bit of me gets buried with every old-timer. When one of them does pass on it pushes my world farther back into the mist."

"You're gloomy as hell."

"Comes from sittin' here and watchin' old faces look down from the wall. The men and women of my time were big-hearted, wide-handed people. We had a lot of fun out of living. More, I think, than your generation does. We weren't afraid of our emotions."

Sebastian curled himself a smoke, sly wrinkles of humor creeping about his eyes. Sillavan was being indirect, which was merely a way of indicating he didn't wish to come to the issue. There was something here to be said, else Sillavan wouldn't have pulled him off Barrier. But Sillavan would tell him in proper time. Realizing that, Sebastian made no attempt to force the talk around. He said: "Lily Tennant is staging a party tonight. Herewith is your invitation."

"I'll be there, to watch the antics of a generation that would like to be tough and can't quite cut the mustard," chuckled Sillavan.

Sebastian strolled out. Down the stairs he stepped aside to keep from being struck by a woman swinging out of the street like a grenadier. Her old cheeks were robust vermilion and her hat was something of a caricature, being a Merry Widow with a full-bosomed stuffed dove nestling against the crown. Seeing Sebastian, she halted decisively and threw back her big shoulders.

"SEBASTIAN," she said in a big voice, "you're a hard man with your fists. You like to killed Buffalo."

"The time of the day to you, Madame, and how's Tumpah?"

"Dead, of course," boomed Madame Belle Gilson. "Usually you're clever, Tom. When you knocked Buffalo all over the lot you were not clever. Don't you know he's an Indian for remembering injuries? That boy is your mortal enemy."

"Always was."

Madame waved her beringed fingers. "You watch out for him," she adjured, and went on up the stairs. She walked into Sillavan's office as a battleship floats into harbor, majestically and irresistibly.

The judge rose out of his chair with more than ordinary alacrity. He said, "Why, Madame," and made a distinct bow.

Madame keened the smoke-fogged air and simply said, "Good God," and fell into the nearest chair.

"I know the answer to that," countered Sillavan. "Stop me if it isn't the right one." He went to a wall cupboard and found therein a decanter and two glasses which he brought to the desk. He poured both glasses full; and gallantry came to his manner as he handed the drink to her and lifted his own.

"John," said Madame, "you're a benevolent old pirate and the milk of kindness never went sour in you. But in your salad days you were a fire-eating dandy everybody was a little bit scared of."

THEY drank on that, Madame imbibing with an audible relish. She coughed and her cheeks got redder than they had been. Sillavan went back to his swivel chair. "I was a skinny little man in a country of bruisers," he mused. "So I had to swagger. I was, I'm afraid, very vain."

"And you slapped the face of George Ryan in the Crystal Room at Virginia City because he made some remarks about the size of my slippers."

The judge's voice was quite low. "Many echoes come out of the long past —all of them soft and gentle."

"God rest George Ryan," said Madame, "and all those fine souls we knew. We made some big mistakes in those days, John, but the days were very full and I regret nothing."

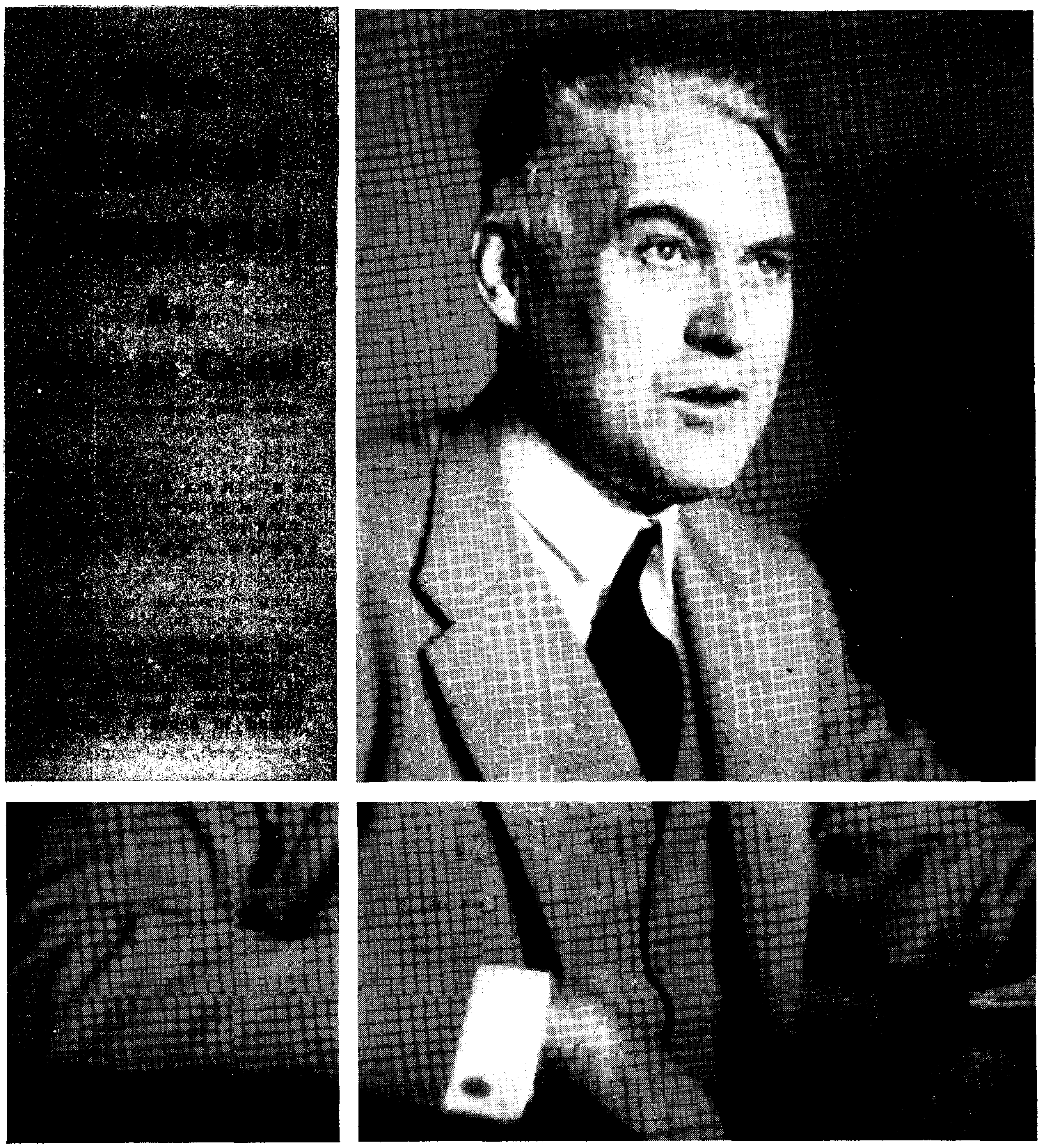
"Old people," said Sillavan, "don't think of mistakes or victories. When you live in memory there is little distinction between black and white."

Silence came to the hot room. These two sat quietly lost in the past while the sounds of the street came tossing through the window. Sillavan pulled up his head. "Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I was a rash one and bowed my neck to but one man in Nevada."

"King Henry the Great—Henry Sebastian," said the Madame and was smiling.

"I think we'd better have a drink on that," suggested the judge, and made a movement to rise.

(Continued on page 58)



SENATOR HENRIK SHIPSTEAD not so very long ago addressed the Breakfast Club of Los Angeles, an organization that works hard at being gay and witty. Solemn to the point of gloom, he apologized for his inability to speak in sprightly fashion, explaining that he was a very serious man, only at home with serious subjects. What he desired to discuss, even at the risk of boring them, was their failure to capitalize a great natural asset.

Why, he demanded, did no Californian ever say anything about the climate? Surely they could not be blind to its wonder-working values? Of his own knowledge he could testify to amazing benefits. At the time of his arrival, two days before, he had been suffering from asthma, angina, baldness, dropsy, falling arches, neuritis, ringbone and spavin. All cured in forty-eight hours. A return to almost giant strength, together with a luxuriant growth of hair.

Deciding to make such an Eden his permanent home, he had made inquiries about a house and lot. And what happened? He could not find a single realtor in the whole of Los Angeles! And so on, until the tall Minnesotan sat down as mournful and unsmiling as when he arose.

Next to his incredible Irish brogue, the strangest thing about Henrik Shipstead is an equally incredible sense of humor. Nothing about the man betrays its existence. The craggy, full-moon face looks as if it had never known a smile, the Norse blue eyes are still and chill, and the slow, measured speech has the austere quality of a Supreme Court decision. It is without warning that his powerful bulk shakes with silent laughter, and there is no greater shock than to realize that the Scandinavian Buddha has been indulging in the most extravagant sort of josh.

You Don't Have to be Crazy

It is to this gift of gaiety that the big Norwegian owes his salvation. The first and only man to be elected to the Senate by the Farmer-Labor party, both his colleagues and the press were waiting for the usual crusading "nut," full to the brim with crack-brain idealism unsupported by anything except ignorance, hysteria and good intentions. Instead of that they saw a man of calm poise and natural dignity who never talked except when he had something to say. True, this say was not marked by brilliance or sparkle, but all of his speeches had a bedrock of common sense and a supporting mass of figures.

Once, in the course of private conversation, he rumbled this rather profound remark: "It doesn't necessarily follow that a radical has *got* to be a damned fool." He has proved it.

Just as he fought the policies of Coolidge and Hoover with grim Norse tenacity, so has he proved a tower of strength for the New Deal. Even so, he has never hesitated to declare that he thinks most of the Roosevelt measures are purely palliative in their nature. He sees no hope of any real or lasting recovery in the expenditure of millions for public works and relief, remarking laconically that a population cannot live forever by sucking its own blood. Lending vast sums to railroads and corporations already smothered under debt appeals to him as on a par with pouring water into a reservoir to help a man who is drowning.

The remedy, as he sees it, lies in lightening the burden of private, municipal and corporate debt, and that, he insists, can only be done by lowering interest rates. If the national income has been cut in half in the last five years, dropping from eighty billions in 1929 to forty billions in 1934, Senator Shipstead sees no reason why the government should not decree a fifty per cent cut in interest. Not a confiscationist himself, he holds that confiscation is not the thought or desire of the American people. What he urges is not a reduction in the principal, but such surrender of income as will permit agriculture and industry to pay their just debts instead of being crushed by them.

The bigness of a business does not excite him. If there is no inclusion of false values in its capitalization and if it can prove economic efficiency, he doesn't care how great it grows. He believes in the government ownership of railroads and a unified transportation plan; rural electrification has long been one of his hobbies, and it is doubtful if any man in public life is any better authority on water resources. It was his study of the Mississippi basin, and his insistence that something must be done to prevent America from going back to desert, that paved the way for the Roosevelt conservation plan. Session after session he has fought the "pork barrel" method of financing river and harbor improvements, denouncing it as a waste of time and millions.

A tenacious man! During his first year in the Senate he attacked the employment of the State Department and the Navy as a "collection agency for bad debts," and went to Haiti at his own expense for a personal investigation. His report forced the withdrawal of the Marines. A consistent advocate of disarmament, his figures on the expenditures of European nations for war preparation were the most detailed and accurate yet gathered.

Adversity Makes the Man

The reason for his thoroughness lies in the fact that nothing ever came easy to Henrik Shipstead. It was back in 1865 that his parents came from Norway to Minnesota, settling on a virgin quarter-section of land seventy miles from a railroad. There young Henrik was born in 1881, and there he grew to manhood. He took up school-teaching at seventeen, and when a dental student visited the neighborhood, decided on dentistry as a life work.

The savings of a lifetime amounted to $300, but during his first year at Northwestern University he managed to win a scholarship, and also helped things along by waiting on tables in a restaurant at the noon hour for his meals.

It was not until he settled down to practice in the little town of Glenwood that he began to take an interest in public affairs. The people elected him mayor, and in 1917 he went to the state legislature. Slowly and painstakingly he took up the study of state and national questions, and although born and bred a Republican, he soon came to have as great a distaste for that party as for the Democrats. When a legislative investigation proved that his defeat for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1920 was due to a "slush fund" of $750,000, he walked over into the ranks of the Farmer-Labor party.

There were many things that his new friends had done and were doing that he didn't like, and he said so. Evidently the people of Minnesota liked his plain speech, for in 1922 he was sent to the Senate, beating no less an eminent figure than Frank B. Kellogg by 83,000 votes. In 1928 when he ran again, Hoover carried the state by 184,000, but Farmer-Labor Shipstead's plurality was 325,000. In 1934, with the Republicans throwing their strength to the Democratic candidate, the hardy Norseman won out by something over 200,000.

Strangely enough, neither Republicans nor Democrats in the Senate seemed to regret the outcome. Farmer-Labor maverick though he was, Norris, Costigan, Cutting, LaFollette, Wheeler and Hiram Johnson were for him without concealment, and even party leaders on both sides of the chamber sent him good wishes. All of which stamps the "wild-eyed radical" as a pretty fine and effective public servant, for the Senate has a way of judging its members, and makes a clear-cut distinction between honesty and demagoguery, between the sincere man and the "political skate."

"CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

FAMOUS SWIMMERS AGREE

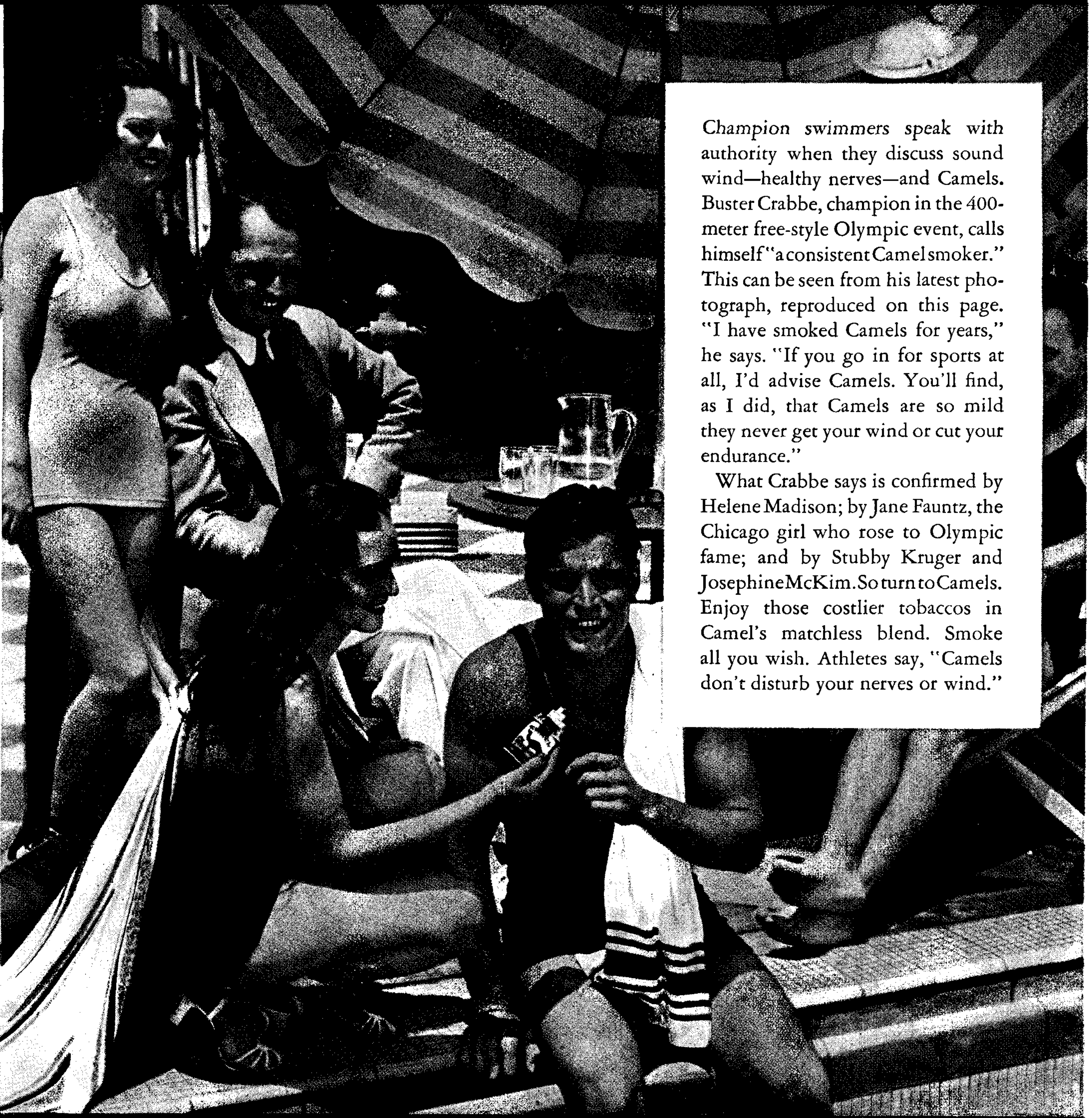
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
RKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND IGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic— than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



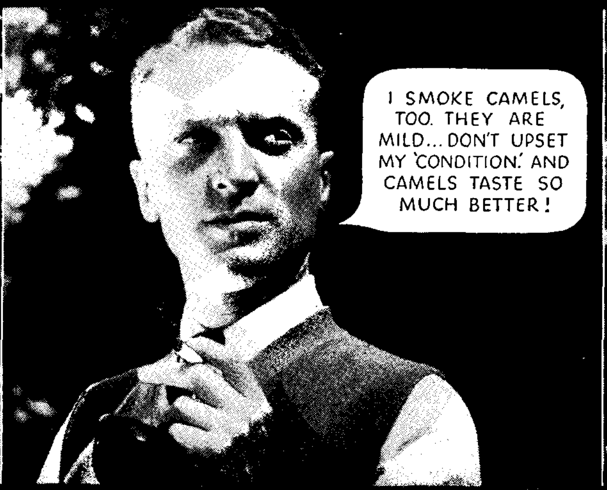
Champion swimmers speak with authority when they discuss sound wind—healthy nerves—and Camels. Buster Crabbe, champion in the 400-meter free-style Olympic event, calls himself "a consistent Camel smoker." This can be seen from his latest photograph, reproduced on this page. "I have smoked Camels for years," he says. "If you go in for sports at all, I'd advise Camels. You'll find, as I did, that Camels are so mild they never get your wind or cut your endurance."

What Crabbe says is confirmed by Helene Madison; by Jane Fauntz, the Chicago girl who rose to Olympic fame; and by Stubby Kruger and Josephine McKim. So turn to Camels. Enjoy those costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend. Smoke all you wish. Athletes say, "Camels don't disturb your nerves or wind."

SO MILD...YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

I'M FUSSY ABOUT MILDNESS. CAMELS ARE SO MILD THEY DON'T GET MY WIND. I LIKE THE 'LIFT' I GET WITH A CAMEL

STORE EXECUTIVE—Dorothy Smart Bill


I SMOKE CAMELS, TOO. THEY ARE MILD... DON'T UPSET MY 'CONDITION.' AND CAMELS TASTE SO MUCH BETTER!

OFFICE MANAGER—Malcolm Cameron

I FOLLOW THE CHAMPIONS' CHOICE AND SMOKE CAMELS. EVEN WHEN I SMOKE LOADS, CAMELS DON'T JANGLE MY NERVES OR IRRITATE MY THROAT

ILLUSTRATOR—Jean Miller Spadea

Picture Yourself

By Ruth Seinfel

Dig up your most suppressed desire — whether it's to be saint, or imp, dignified lady or a gal with dash—and you'll find a new fall hat to oblige. Here's how to don it knowingly

FULL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION MADE FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL A. HESSE

From Jacopa da Pontormo's sixteenth century portrait of Marcello Cervini, later Pope Marcellus II, came the inspiration for design and the rich coloring of this most modern of hats

HAVE you ever fancied yourself as a saint complete with halo, serene of brow and not excluding a touch of worldliness to make the boy friend a little more comfortable in your presence? Or is your personal ideal more like some subtly smiling sister of the Mona Lisa, or the playful Borgia, who knew so well how to mix her drinks?

If one of these pictures suits your case, now is your chance. Trot yourself and your suppressed desire around to your favorite milliner. If she's worth her pins, she will tell you what you're looking for before you can open your mouth. It's a lucky fall for girls who like to dress up, as far as hats are concerned.

The clue to the hat hunt this season is Follow the Master, and that doesn't mean just any master. We got the idea at once when we saw the little Parisian designer Lilly Daché stagger into her millinery salon under what looked like a load of art museum catalogues. To nobody's surprise but our own, it actually was a load of art museum catalogues.

"Madonnas and she-devils," she panted, and she was not using emphatic language but making a statement. "You know, fashion designers have a nose for news just like you journalists," she went on in her clipped French voice. "For every style there is—what do you say?—news peg. Why did the couturiers suddenly all come out with saris?" She waved eloquent hands in the air to sketch the Hindu woman's traditional veil. "Because the Maharaja of Kapurthala brought his beautiful daughter to Paris and wherever you went you saw that ravishing creature in her native dress—the most wonderful exotic fabrics, just beautiful."

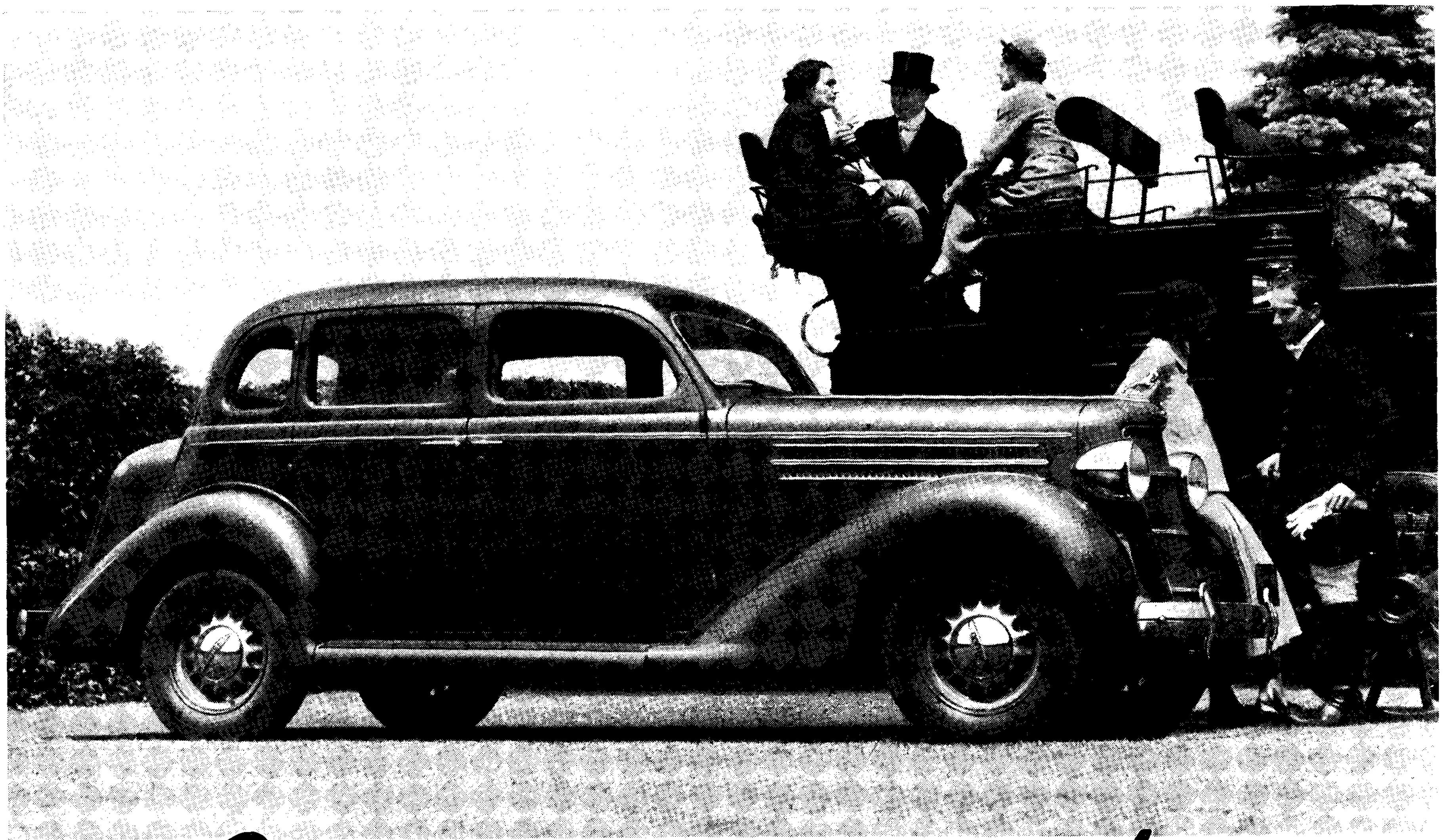
Now, as you know, there has been a Loan Art Exhibition by the Italian Government in Paris. So when Madame Daché, having got her breath, vigorously tore off her checked sports jacket and began handing out Raphael Madonnas, Da Vinci saints, popes and cardinals and de Medici ladies, she was not embarking on a discourse on Renaissance painting. She was really talking about hats.

And such has been the furor aroused by this Italian idea, that there is everywhere a hat straight from the canvas of an old master, or an adaptation of one, an enchanting Italian color or a rich fabric to launch you head-first into a brilliant fall. You may see yourself in a Titian red velvet cap, from just above the brow of which rises a glorifying black felt aureole. Or with a nunlike fluting to hug your modest forehead below the circle of sanctity, as Suzanne Talbot took it from the Italian primitives. Or with a delicate—and incidentally very flattering—net veil twisted beneath the aureole in front and coming out in a fluttery bow in back, according to Raphael via Louise Bourbon.

For the more worldly type, have a try at one of the three-cornered bonnets which used to hide the scheming brains of the female de Medicis, probably in striped velvet with a twisted halo wound about the brow for a spiritual touch which will deceive no one. Agnes, who seems to prefer the she-devil to the saint, went in heavily for these in her collection.

Lest this sound like a costume ball, there are adaptations by the score and plenty of versions of your favorite beret. A freebooting modern gal may prefer one of those dashing berets worn by Florentine swashbucklers, with a spirited bunch of red and blue ostrich plumes fluttering from the peak. From paintings of the Pope's guard comes another beret, a full-blown affair in rich blue velvet, draped largely over one ear with a trim tailored bow at the back. And what would the poor monastic brethren say if they could see their shaven polls reproduced in a maline cap with a thick fringe of ostrich

(Continued on page 51)



Thousands can afford a big Dodge and don't know it—

"My Dodge cost me $70.20 more than the small car I planned to buy," says R. C. Eisentrager, East Germantown, Pa. "But Dodge is giving me so many more miles per gallon than is claimed for the small car and saving so much on oil and upkeep, the total cost of my big, roomy Dodge will be less than the small car."

EVERY week new thousands switch to the big, luxurious Dodge to cut driving costs. But there are still thousands upon thousands of motorists who needlessly deprive themselves of the advantages of this big, comfortable car.

In all parts of the country Dodge owners tell how they get from 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline with oil savings up to 20%. They report the big Dodge is cheaper to run—that it actually costs less to own than small cars of competitive makes. They say that savings on gasoline, oil and upkeep quickly wipe out the slight difference in first cost. They prove that if a motorist can afford a small car he can afford a big, spacious Dodge.

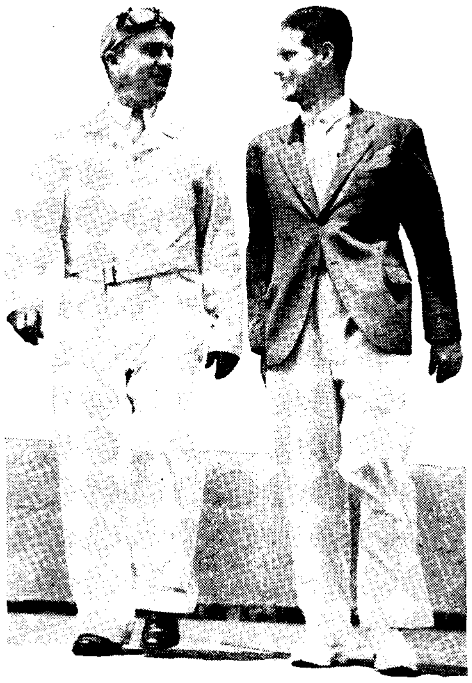
Remember, Dodge gives you the "Airglide Ride" . . . Synchromatic driving control . . . patented Floating Power engine mountings . . . safety all-steel body . . . genuine hydraulic brakes . . . and built-in economy of operation. Drive a New-Value Dodge today.

"Imagine! 22 miles to the gallon! . . . And such a gorgeous looking car!" exclaims Claudia Morgan who carries on the Morgan family tradition both in society and on the stage. "No wonder smart, practical people are switching to the new Dodge."

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering — Chrysler Motors.

"In the first 12 months that I drive my Dodge, it's going to make up the small difference between its original cost and the original cost of a low-priced car," says Fred Grier of New York. "I have figured that I have averaged 23 miles to the gallon of gas consistently."



"I think I have congratulated myself a hundred times that I was smart enough to select a Dodge," says Harry S. Christie of New York (left). "I have driven my Dodge close to 12,000 miles and have averaged not less than 22 miles to the gallon. Oil and upkeep have cost practically nothing. There isn't any doubt in my mind that Dodge will save me over $100 this year alone."

New Value DODGE now only $645*

NEW-VALUE DODGE: *Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

SANDRA SAVES HER JOB!
DON'T EVER SEND MISS LEE AGAIN TO TAKE MY DICTATION! HER WORK IS GOOD, BUT HER BREATH..!
CAN HE MEAN ME?
SORRY YOU OVERHEARD, SANDRA...COULD IT BE YOUR TEETH?
MY TEETH? CAN TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?
SO SHE SAW HER DENTIST...
YES, MISS LEE, MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. IT IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH.
FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE-
HE SAID COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS AT THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH - THOSE HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS. AND MY MOUTH DOES FEEL CLEAN AND FRESH!
AND THEN..
NOBODY HERE BUT THAT MISS LEE...? WELL-SEND HER IN!
VERY GOOD, MISS LEE! I'M SORRY - I - ER-THAT IS I'M GOING TO WANT YOU TO DO A LOT MORE OF MY WORK IN THE FUTURE!
WELL, I GUESS THAT PROVES THAT COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS ENDED MY BAD BREATH - AND MY TEETH HAVE NEVER BEEN SO BRIGHT!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

DON'T be too sure that you are free from bad breath! Dentists say most of it comes from decaying food deposits in the hidden crevices between the teeth—from teeth that are really only "*half*-clean"!

Colgate Dental Cream has a special, penetrating foam which thoroughly cleans all hidden crevices. Odor-breeding deposits are washed away! At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes enamel, restoring natural brilliance to teeth.

Get Colgate Dental Cream today. If you are not satisfied after using one tube—send the empty tube to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

PREFER POWDER? *Colgate Dental Powder gives the same results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

That Little Man

Continued from page 17

Last year at this time McCarthy, who won the intercollegiate title as a Georgetown student, waltzed off with the Ohio State title. The event was played on the same Cleveland course and during the tournament McCarthy hovered about the 67 and 68 mark on a golf course that hadn't seen 70 beaten before. On the basis of this, plus the fact that McCarthy, always brilliant, has apparently added a mellowness and maturity to his game that were lacking before, he must be considered by Little as his Public Enemy Number One.

A Tough Scrapper

Then there is Johnny Goodman, the blond boy from the other side of the tracks in Omaha. Johnny is the toughest scrapper in golf today. Sometimes Johnny gets real mad and then he is bad news indeed. He got real mad in 1932 when they left him off the Walker Cup team—so mad that he subsequently beat three of the men who had been chosen ahead of him. It was the following year that he showed his contempt for golfing officialdom by battering the field to win the National Open, no less. Then they had to put him on the 1934 Walker Cup team.

Quiet, straight-shooting Ross Somerville of London, Ontario, is another who is apt to sneak in if the door isn't closed. The golfers say that a long, straight shooter should win any tournament on the Cleveland course. Well, that's Somerville.

David Goldman, the Dallas plasterer, haunts the dreams of King Little these nights. This smiling, freckle-faced Texan was runner-up to Little a year ago and, to make it more impressive, it was the Texan's first national championship. Goldman is a very great putter, one of the best in the land, and he was death on the short-length Brookline course a year ago—a course which paid big premiums on putting. Cleveland is longer and the experts say that Goldman hasn't enough length to get up there in time to show his great putting. But he's a great place bet and many a short-ender has walked off with the Amateur title before this.

There is always—and golf should thank its lucky stars—Francis Ouimet. Ouimet is perhaps the greatest shotmaker in American Amateur golf. He is a master of every type of shot from the drive to the delicate little pitches which mean so much. A real stylist and a fighter from way back, the New Englander has to be considered.

Will Experience Tell?

The new system of match play from start to finish, involving six eighteen-hole matches and two thirty-six-hole battles, may be too much of a physical burden for a golfer over forty—and Ouimet, who was once a boy wonder, is now over forty.

He crashed through to a national title in 1931 when he was on the verge of forty and maybe he can kid old Pop Time along for one more year. His wide knowledge of shots, his great competitive spirit and his vast experience make him very dangerous.

A young Atlantan, Charley Yates, must be considered. He is the real wildcat of the links. They like his game even in Atlanta, where it is considered sacrilege to admit that there ever lived another golfer besides one Bobby Jones.

Yates recently won the Western Amateur, generally considered to be the second most important Amateur tourney in the land. He has also held the intercollegiate title and was runner-up this year, losing to Fred Haas, who put forth a bit of miracle golf to beat him.

A year ago in the Amateur, Yates lost a heart-breaking duel to Willie Turnesa in the fifth round. They were fighting for the right to meet Little. It was a very tough match; so tough that Turnesa had nothing left to offer against Little the same afternoon. Little was very glad that it was Turnesa and not Yates whom he met at the crucial point of his successful quest.

Zell Eaton, former Western titleholder, is a great "hunch" bet to win this year. Eaton has a magnificent game, well grounded and well rounded, and he has a putting touch that never leaves him under pressure, which is a test of golfing greatness.

Eaton is especially deadly against a rival who is inclined to deviate from the fairway line.

Charley Kocsis, husky Michigan student and Detroit's best golfer, is about due to fulfill the rosy predictions that golfers, especially the professionals he beats consistently around Detroit, have been making about him these past few years. With the title event so close to home and being played on a course which he knows well, Kocsis will be dangerous for anyone.

Well, there they are: Maurice McCarthy, Johnny Goodman, Ross Somerville, David Goldman, Francis Ouimet, Charley Yates, Zell Eaton and Charley Kocsis.

They're the shock troops, the first line of attack against Little. Any one of them is almost an even-money bet to dethrone the Stanford student in a personal duel, especially in the early 18-hole matches, where a twig may change the entire aspect of a close match. But if they were all Little had to cope with, he wouldn't worry so much.

When the Chips are Down

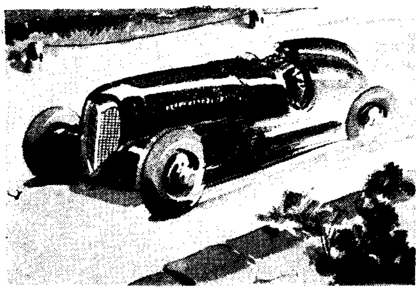
There is always the old guard, very dangerous especially in the early rounds before knotted leg muscles begin to cry out in protest. Men like Max Marston, Chick Evans, Eddie Driggs, Chandler Egan, Jack Westland and George Voight. And of course there's Don Armstrong, who was a semifinalist last year.

Then there are the kids, any one of whom is apt to go berserk suddenly. There's quiet Bobby Jones, no relative to The Bobby, but a golfer who was good enough to oust Ouimet in the first round last year.

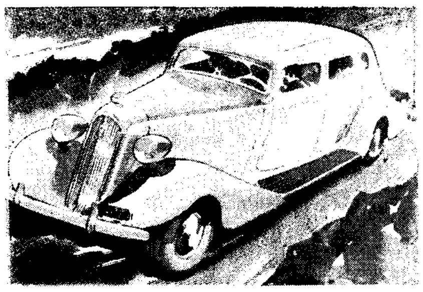
Ray Billow, that amazing kid who drove to the New York State Amateur championship tourney in a seven-dollar, fourth-hand car but who played million-dollar golf to win the crown, has to be considered. So have Jack Creavy, kid brother of the better-known Tom; Don Edwards, the Stanford golfer who was good enough to beat Little out for the Number One place on the college team; T. Suffern Tailer, Willie Turnesa, Tommy Goodwin, Jack Munger, Fred Haas and a host of others.

We've mentioned only the most prominent possibilities. The chances are that some lad none of us ever heard of will waltz in ahead of the golfing greats whose praises we've been singing. But if you've got to bet—don't overlook Lawson Little.

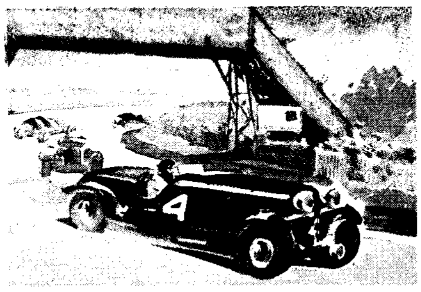
When the chips are down, when the heat is on and when one mistake means disaster, the Little man is usually at his best. And when he's at his best there is no living amateur who has a chance against him.



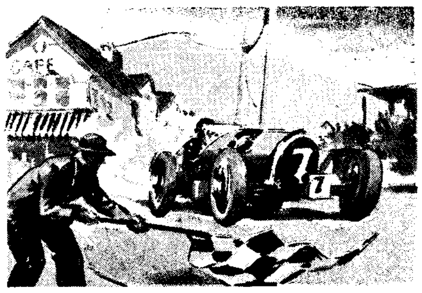
ITALY—*Nuvolari, in his sensational Champion-equipped twin-engined Alfa-Romeo, recently set new world's records of 200.8 m.p.h. for the flying kilometer and 199.73 m.p.h. for the flying mile—highest speed records next to those set by Malcolm Campbell's special car.*



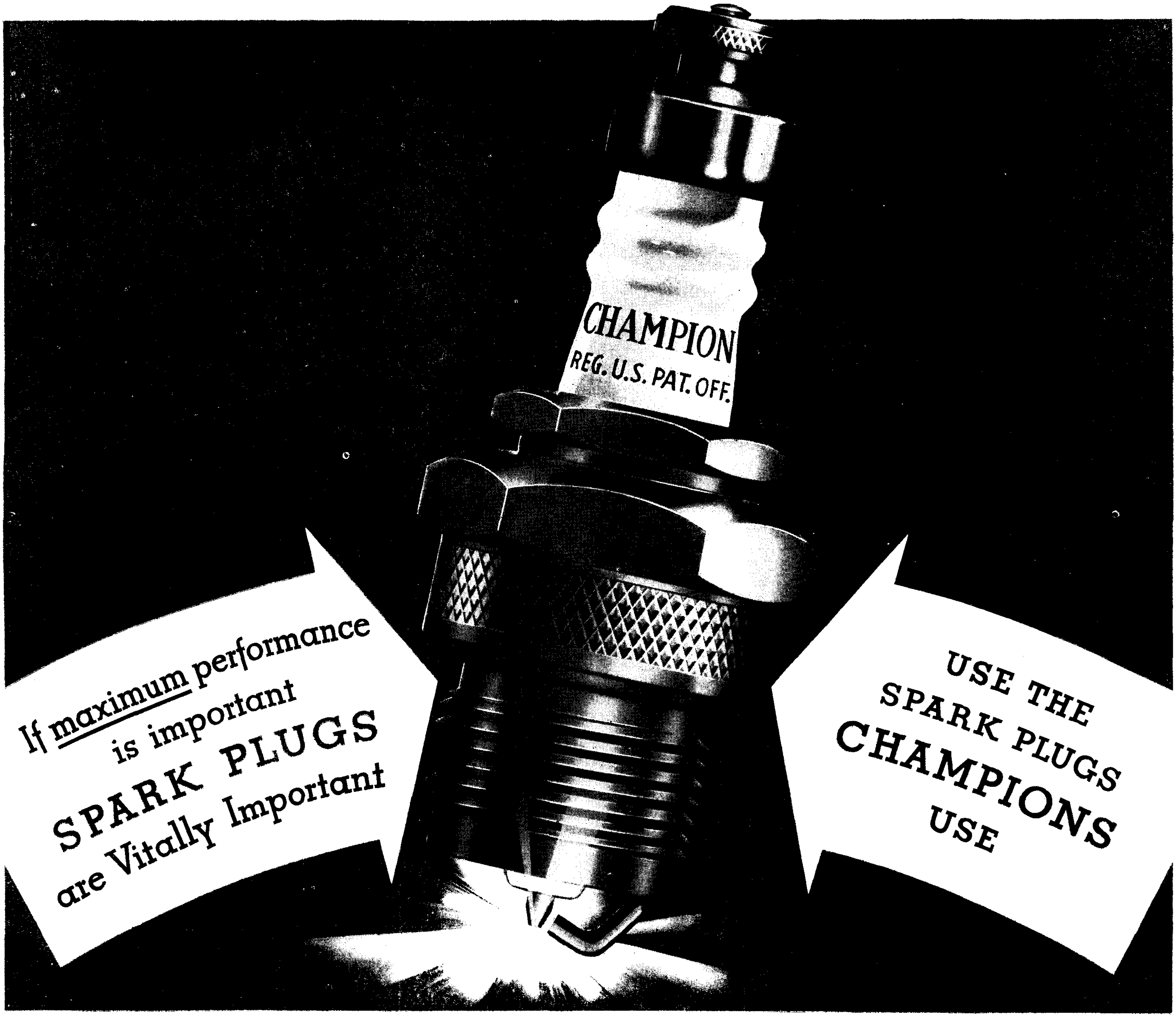
UNITED STATES—*Studebaker, builder of champions, has long held unchallenged every stock car speed and endurance record from 3,000 to 30,000 miles. All Studebakers, blood brothers of the record breaking Studebakers, come to their owners Champion-equipped.*



FRANCE—*The Le Mans 24-Hour Race was a sweeping victory for Champion-equipped cars. Fontes and Hindmarsh in a Lagonda, first; Helde and Stoffel, Alfa-Romeo, second; Martin and Brackenbury, in an Aston Martin finished third and won Rudge Whitworth Handicap event.*



ENGLAND—*Brian Lewis, driving a Champion-equipped Bugatti scored his third successive victory, was accredited the fastest lap in the Mannin Moar—"round the houses race" on the Isle of Man. Fontes, finishing third in an Alfa-Romeo, also used Champions.*



CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
If maximum performance is important SPARK PLUGS are Vitally Important
USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE

When all the evidence of better performance stacks up on the side of one spark plug, that spark plug must make every engine perform better. We feel that the use of Champion Spark Plugs by practically every victorious racing champion, for the last twelve years, nails that point down pretty firmly and makes the prevailing preference for Champions obvious and logical.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG . . . CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

Who minds the heat?

"Not I," says the girl. "Nor I," says Spud. For Spud's the cigarette that taught heat how to behave. And how many good things followed! Not only refreshing smoke. Not only a moist, clean, fresh-tasting mouth. But a new, *natural* tobacco fragrance unspoiled by high temperature irritants. *How about you and Spud getting acquainted?*

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

AMERICA'S MOST
REFRESHING CIGARETTE

SPUD
CIGARETTES
CORK TIP OR PLAIN
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Daniel the Red

Continued from page 9

general manager of the Red Funnel Line came up.

"The second mate, Mr. Harkness, has a master's ticket, Mr. Harley," he announced, "so he will assume command in the absence of Captain Gibbs."

"I greatly fear that is an error of judgment," said Mr. Harley sweetly. "I hold a master's ticket also and, unlike that of Mr. Harkness, it is an unlimited ticket. So I shall retain command."

"You're a Red," snapped Angus Boynton, to which Mr. Harley retorted, "Now that your business has been completed, please get off my bridge and do not come up again until you are invited. Remember, you're only a freight clerk at sea!"

TWO days later at luncheon he came into the dining saloon, where the passengers were already seated, and took his place in the captain's chair.

"Howdy, Skipper," Miss Dorothy saluted him amiably.

Mr. Harley was about to reply when he thought he felt something and bent his head in a listening attitude.

"I felt it and heard it," said Angus Boynton. "A slight shock, as if we had struck something."

"She faltered ever so slightly," Mr. Harley opined, and ran up to the bridge, where Mr. Harkness was on watch.

"What happened, Mr. Harkness?"

"Must have scraped over some submerged wreckage, sir."

"Sound the well and see if she's taking water," Harley ordered. "Sound it again in five minutes and send word of the result to me in the dining saloon."

He had not finished his soup before the quartermaster entered and handed him a slip of paper. Instantly he rose and left the table, and Angus Boynton followed him up into the enclosed bridge. Mr. Harley took down the engine-room howler and whistled up the chief engineer.

"We scraped over something, Chief," he said. "She's making a deal of water, so get the pumps on her immediately."

He turned and found Angus Boynton staring at him in considerable perturbation. "Is it bad, Mr. Harley?"

"I'm afraid it is, sir."

In about ten minutes the chief whistled the bridge. "She's been punctured aft the forward engine-room bulkhead," he reported. "I have four steam pumps going but not enough water going out to hold us level. And one pump isn't doing its job. Needs packing, I think."

"I'll put the crew on the deck pumps," said Mr. Harley, and dashed down on deck, his shrill whistle piping up the crew. When he returned to the enclosed bridge, Angus Boynton read worry in his eyes. "I've ordered the second officer to prepare the boats for launching, sir," he informed Boynton. "We may not need them, but if we do I want them ready. I think, sir, we had better go down and finish our luncheon. Miss Dorothy will be wondering. She shouldn't be told."

He was scarcely seated before the radio operator entered with a message. "Picked this up, sir, and knew you'd want to see it," he explained.

Mr. Harley read it calmly. "Very interesting, Sparks," he said. "If you should pick up any more information on the same subject bring it to me on the bridge."

"Is anything the matter?" Dorothy Boynton queried.

"Nothing," he lied glibly.

He attacked his luncheon, ate hurriedly and went back on the enclosed bridge in such a hurry he did not notice that the girl had followed him up the stairs from the dining saloon. She saw him take down the engine-room howler, heard him ask anxiously:

"How are we making it, Chief? . . . The government weather station in Panama is sending out warnings of a tornado that's coming up the Gulf of Tehuantepec. It's traveling about forty miles an hour—circular storm . . . you say the water gains at the rate of about a foot an hour? . . . then in seven or eight hours your engine-room will be flooded. . . . I figure the tornado will hit us about five-thirty, perhaps sooner . . . no, no, Chief, not a chance in life to run around it . . . why try? If we can't man-handle that leak we'll sink like an iron kettle anyhow . . . it's about a hundred miles to Corinto, and the tornado will be on us long before we can get there."

He hung up the howler and stood there a minute with his back to the girl, hand on chin, thinking desperate thoughts. Then he turned and saw her. "Poor darling," he murmured, and opened his arms as she came toward him. She crept into them.

"I'm not afraid—with you," she gasped.

He smoothed her shining hair with his hard, calloused sailor's hand, and his brown eyes, bleak with despair, grew tender. He looked past her and encountered the glance of her father.

"And you fired me to keep us apart, didn't you?" he gritted. "Well, now, damn you, stand by and watch us die together!"

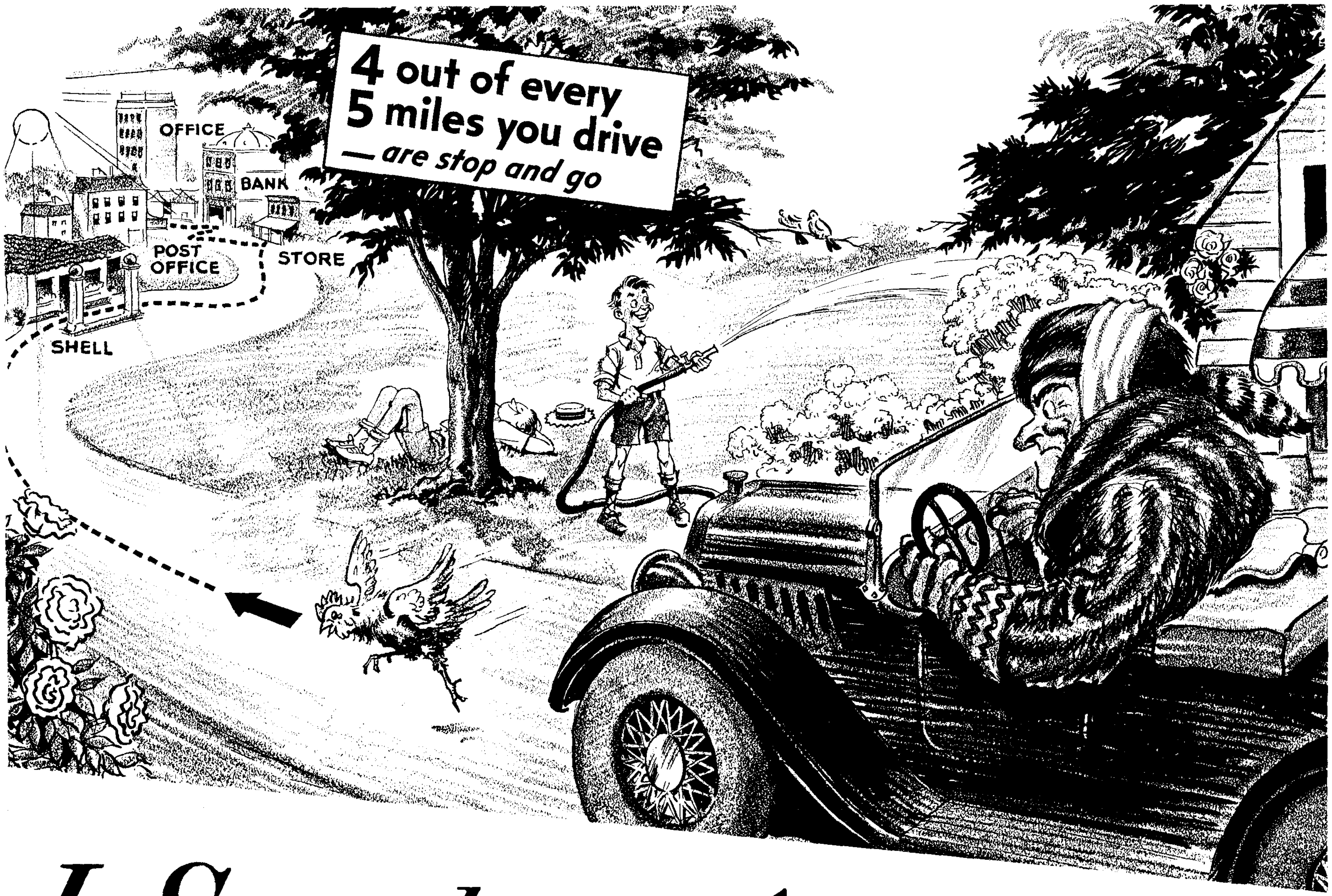
He almost flung the girl from him; again his lips were pressed to the engine-room howler as he whistled up the chief.

"Chief," he said, softly and without the hint of a tremor in his voice, "I think maybe I can, with your help, save the ship. We have a Diesel engine with pumping plant complete stored against the bulkhead on the after well deck. I've just remembered. It's freight. I took it on half an hour before we sailed from San Francisco and I had no room to stow it underdeck. I'll see the freight clerk and get the manifest—hi, yi! Of course, you hoary-headed old sweat rag, of course. Meet me in the freight clerk's office."

IN TEN minutes a cargo boom had been unshipped and rigged and the chief took his stand at the electric hoist, for in this emergency he would trust no man but himself to lift that cargo and set it gently down on the boat deck, just aft of the house where it would, to a great extent, be protected from the seas which he knew would, before sunset, be breaking over the Western Trader. Mr. Harley personally fastened the cable and raised his hand; slowly, gently the engine rose, swung outward to clear the bulkhead, rose again, swung in over the boat-deck rail and, steadied by some men as it descended, came to rest as lightly as a crate of eggs in the exact spot and in the exact position the chief desired it to be.

"Mr. Denny," the chief ordered his first assistant, "take these steel plate washers and the nuts, climb up on that ladder and bolt this Diesel engine home when the anchor bolts come through the deck. Mr. Carr"—to the second assistant—"go down on the well deck with your crew and when Chips knocks the crates off the rest of this unit, get out the pump rods and screw them together and put four bowls on the suction end. Then put forty feet of that eight-inch pipe together while Chips is cutting a hole in the deck for that pipe to go

(Continued on page 34)


4 out of every 5 miles you drive — are stop and go
OFFICE
BANK
POST OFFICE
STORE
SHELL

In September, you have as many "Cold" starts as in January

For economy in today's stop-and-go driving, your gasoline must have 3 Kinds of Power . . .

EVEN on the hottest day of September, your engine is relatively "cold" after it stops running. (The temperature under the hood when operating is about 150°.)

This is important because you often start your engine over 10 TIMES a day!

Just figure it out . . . think how often you make SHORT TRIPS . . . to the office, the store, the club, the school, the bank, the movies!

This stop-and-go driving, you know, accounts for 4 out of every 5 miles you drive each year.

It means your gasoline must have power for QUICK STARTING, to be sure. But it also means you must have two *additional kinds* of power as well:

You also need power for **HARD PULLING** . . . for every time you start your car from a dead stop, you move over a TON of dead weight.

You need power, too, for **STEADY RUNNING** . . . so you can save money on the long stretches as well as on the short runs.

Shell engineers have finally perfected a gasoline with these 3 different kinds of power . . . the first TRULY BALANCED gasoline!

SUPER-SHELL is on sale at NO EXTRA COST at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations spread from Coast to Coast. Start saving money with it today!

SAVES in 3 ways—

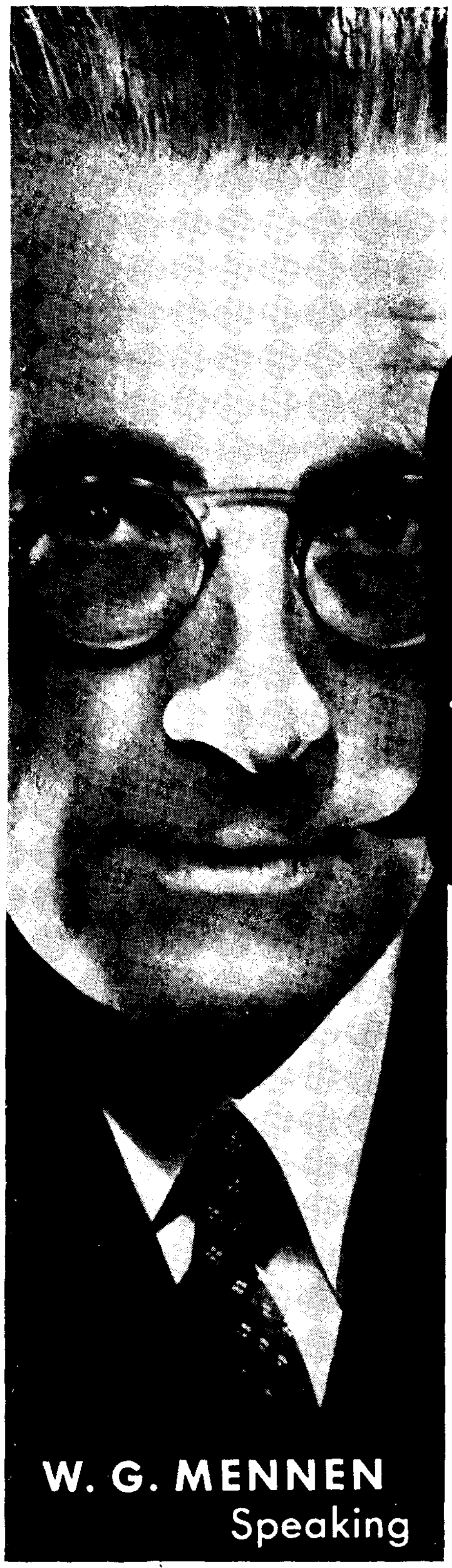
STARTING—This *balanced* Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start. Even on sizzling summer days, your engine is relatively "cold" after it has stopped running.

PULLING—It can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of rapid accelerating or hill climbing. And you avoid *knocking* which alone in a few minutes can waste 10% of your power.

RUNNING—It can save up to a cupful, motorists report, in an hour on the long stretch—thus saving on long runs as well as on short trips.

Super-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving



MISTER . . . WILL YOU RISK A DIME TO MAKE THIS TEST?

W. G. MENNEN
Speaking

"WILL you let me tell you just one little thing about yourself—that will make shaving easier for you all the rest of your days? You see, there are *two* types of skins. In one the oil glands are *busy* all the time, coating the skin and whiskers with a film of oil; this type of skin needs a shaving cream that will *remove* the oil from the skin and beard, so that the shaving cream and water can wilt the whiskers. But the other type of skin has *lazy* oil glands; it needs a shaving cream which *preserves* oil.

"If you want the best possible shave, the all-important question for you to answer is, which type of skin do *you* have? To find out, send for my Skin Tester Kit. In the first place, it's a bargain—5 Mennen products for 10c. Think of that! But more important . . . the Kit enables you to test *your* skin. You see, in the kit are two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream. One—Mennen LATHER Shave—is made for so-called *oily skins*; it removes the oil film from the beard, wilts whiskers, gives a grand shave; flushes out pores, makes your skin healthier, handsomer. The other cream—Mennen BRUSHLESS—is for *dry* skins; it preserves the skin-oil; does away with tautness, redness, irritation.

"Use each of these creams just once or twice, and know forever what kind of shaving cream *your* skin really needs. So, for better shaving all the rest of your days, send the coupon."

W. G. Mennen

After the shave . . . Mennen Skin Bracer, *a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle mannish odor—the girls like it, too* . . . also Mennen Talcum for Men—*doesn't show. Kills "face shine." The most popular men's powder.*

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-9-14.

Name..

Address..

MENNEN
LATHER SHAVE
Plain or Menthol-Iced
OR
brushless SHAVE

Daniel the Red

Continued from page 32

through into the engine-room. I'll draw the circle for you in chalk, at the exact spot, Chips. Dan, we'll set up the steel cradle that holds the fifty-gallon fuel tank here and bolt it to the deck. Snatch a couple of barrels of light lubricating oil out of my storeroom, and while you're at that job I'll hoist that heavy steel fuel tank up and bolt it into the cradle. Then we'll carry the fuel oil up in buckets and fill the tank."

"How soon can you have this auxiliary pumping unit set up, Chief?"

"Under four hours."

"And not a minute too soon, the way the glass is falling and the first of a southerly swell coming up."

He received no reply to this. Instead the chief was keening:

"Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn
is breaking—"

ANGUS BOYNTON and his daughter came down and stood watching the work. The afternoon was very sultry and the sweating men worked naked to the waist, oblivious of their presence.

It was four-thirty o'clock when the chief stood up, wiped his age-lined face with a sweat rag and said simply, "She'll do." Then to the first assistant, "Fill her crankcase with heavy lubricating oil, Mr. Denny, and hook up her starter, and when you've done that get a piece of new tarpaulin, wrap it around the electric starter and wire it home securely. No need to get that little electric motor wet. We might want to stop and start this Diesel again."

The third assistant came running up from the engine-room. "One pump's gone out, sir," he shouted, "and the water's four inches from the engine-room floor plates."

"Pull it, you numbskull, repack it and set it back again."

Mr. Harley had now, for the first time, an opportunity to look about him. Off to the south the sky was a sickly copper color with cirrus clouds and a long, oily swell was making. A warm wind was coming in little puffs and the Western Trader was rising and falling rhythmically, and rolling a little now, so he sent the bosun down on the well decks to unlock the freeing ports; presently their regular clanging, as they opened and shut with each roll of the vessel, echoed through the ship like bells of doom.

While the carpenter was driving in wooden wedges in the small space where the pipe went through the hole in the deck, in order that no water might escape below, the chief touched the button on the electric starter, the Diesel engine turned over four or five times and commenced firing. Slowly the chief stepped her up, as the black, oily water from below mounted through the pipe and was discharged on deck, where it ran into the scuppers and cascaded down onto the after well deck and overboard through the clanging freeing ports. When the engine was warm the chief stepped it up to its maximum of twelve hundred revolutions per minute.

"Sixteen hundred gallons per minute," he announced. "I'll be going below with all my crew now, sir, because topside will be no place for us within the hour. God grant we come up again."

"Bosun," Mr. Harley ordered, "take your men up into the dining saloon, else they'll be drowned like rats in their quarters aft. Mr. Boynton, sir, and you, Dorothy, come up into the enclosed bridge with me. You, Dorothy, will occupy Captain Gibbs' stateroom. You, sir, will occupy mine. The cook will get coffee and sandwiches up to us for dinner."

"It seems to me, Chief, that if we ride out this tornado we will have you to thank for our lives," said Angus Boynton to the chief engineer. His fright had in a great measure departed and he was pompous and pontifical again.

"To hell with you and your oily tongue," the chief rasped back at him. "Thank the man you fired and broke and put hungry on the beach. He remembered he had this pumping plant in the down freight." He shook a smutty, greasy index finger under the owner's nose. "Remember this, mister, if you ever get back into your swivel chair again and are tempted to destroy a man dependent on your bounty: The man worth while is the man that keeps his head and remembers to think. And now that I've lost my job I'll go down into my nice hot engine-room to avoid an odor of owner on deck."

"Come," Daniel A. Harley commanded his passengers.

Obediently the Boyntons followed him up into the enclosed bridge, entering just as a sudden fierce gust of wind slammed the door behind them, and a wailing, banshee-like sound echoed around the ship. The Western Trader rose wearily, plunged and took a mountain of white water over her forecastle head; the forward well deck was full to the rails. Then the heavens opened and the light was gone.

Mr. Harley stepped to the marine telegraph and set it to half speed ahead. Then he stood listening to the driven rain and spray rattling like shrapnel against the heavy plate-glass windows of the bridge; he felt the Western Trader quivering under him, sensed her wild wallowing, her deep dives and slow recovery. He sighed deeply and led the girl into the master's quarters, which opened off the enclosed bridge. She was frightened, but strove hard not to show it. He patted her shoulder approvingly. "Will we survive?" she whispered.

"Of course—provided that auxiliary pumping plant we installed does not go out."

"How long will this last?"

"Most of the night, I imagine. It hasn't really started yet. I've ridden out hurricanes in less able ships."

THE lights went out, leaving the enclosed bridge in darkness save for a thin glow upward from the binnacle. Indeed, Dan Harley had turned them off. The girl came close to him and placed her hands on his shoulders. "Dan," she whispered, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid it was all my fault. I'll talk to Father—he *must* realize how unjust his action has been—and I'm not afraid—while you are with me."

He gathered her hungrily in his brawny young arms. "I couldn't help loving you, darling," he whispered, his lips close to her ear. "Impudence on my part—so I had to go. But I love you still. Guess I always will—and I have no business to—yet. Merely want to tell you now—while there's time."

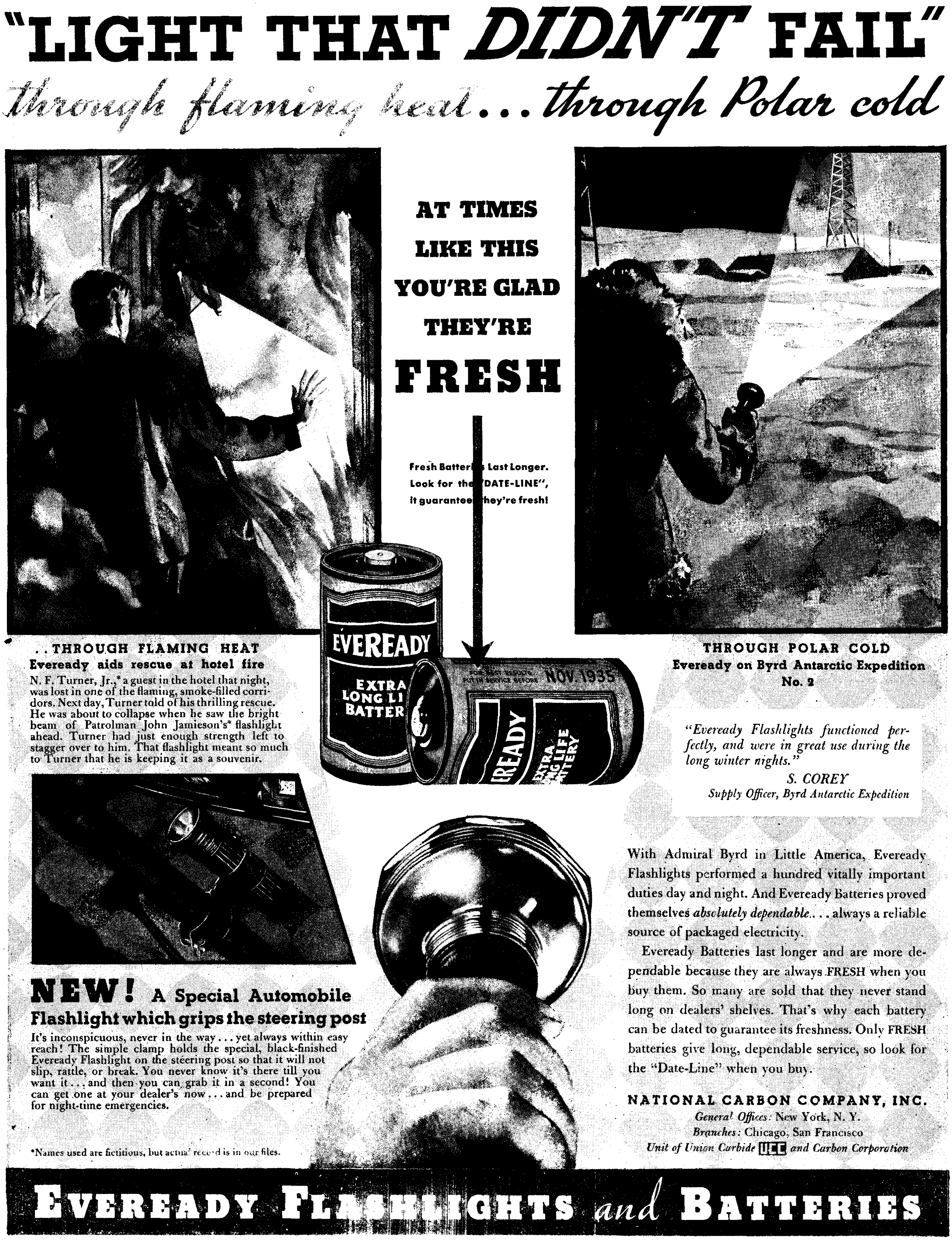
In the darkness she lifted her face to his and kissed him. "I understand, Dan. And I love you, too."

He locked her in and switched on the light. "Uncommonly dirty weather, sir," he remarked casually to Angus Boynton.

"I wonder if the hatch coverings will hold," Boynton quavered.

"Naturally," came the answer imperturbably. "I saw to it that they were battened down properly."

(Continued on page 36)



"LIGHT THAT *DIDN'T* FAIL"

through flaming heat . . . through Polar cold

AT TIMES LIKE THIS YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH

Fresh Batteries Last Longer. Look for the "DATE-LINE", it guarantees they're fresh!

. . THROUGH FLAMING HEAT

Eveready aids rescue at hotel fire

N. F. Turner, Jr.,* a guest in the hotel that night, was lost in one of the flaming, smoke-filled corridors. Next day, Turner told of his thrilling rescue. He was about to collapse when he saw the bright beam of Patrolman John Jamieson's* flashlight ahead. Turner had just enough strength left to stagger over to him. That flashlight meant so much to Turner that he is keeping it as a souvenir.

THROUGH POLAR COLD

Eveready on Byrd Antarctic Expedition No. 2

> *"Eveready Flashlights functioned perfectly, and were in great use during the long winter nights."*
>
> S. COREY
>
> *Supply Officer, Byrd Antarctic Expedition*

NEW! A Special Automobile Flashlight which grips the steering post

It's inconspicuous, never in the way . . . yet always within easy reach! The simple clamp holds the special, black-finished Eveready Flashlight on the steering post so that it will not slip, rattle, or break. You never know it's there till you want it . . . and then you can grab it in a second! You can get one at your dealer's now . . . and be prepared for night-time emergencies.

With Admiral Byrd in Little America, Eveready Flashlights performed a hundred vitally important duties day and night. And Eveready Batteries proved themselves *absolutely dependable* . . . always a reliable source of packaged electricity.

Eveready Batteries last longer and are more dependable because they are always FRESH when you buy them. So many are sold that they never stand long on dealers' shelves. That's why each battery can be dated to guarantee its freshness. Only FRESH batteries give long, dependable service, so look for the "Date-Line" when you buy.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

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*Names used are fictitious, but actual record is in our files.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS *and* BATTERIES

WHEN DEPRESSION DESTROYS VALUES

PAYING claims is what we expect from an insurance company, but a real test of an institution's strength and stability is applied when financial upheavals disrupt business, for then extraordinary strains must be resisted—business shrinks in volume, while usually there is an increase in losses resulting from fire and many other causes.

There have been 14 depressions or panics in the United States since the Hartford Fire Insurance Company was chartered in 1810.

1837, 1848, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907, these are dates that recall the more desperate periods successfully survived by the Hartford, times that contributed much to the reputation of the Hartford.

Wars, conflagrations and financial depressions are tests which prove strength and stability. The Hartford's record is one of successful survival. Protection in the Hartford carries with it a sense of security—peace of mind.

If you want Hartford nation-wide insurance, or if you are insured in the Hartford and while away from home suffer a loss, call any Western Union office in the United States, or the Canadian National Telegraphs, in Canada, and you will be given the name of the nearest Hartford Agent. If a broker handles your insurance, ask him to procure for you a Hartford policy.

HARTFORD
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT and INDEMNITY CO.
HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT
Write practically every form of insurance except life insurance

Daniel the Red

Continued from page 34

Throughout the longest night of a career fairly filled with dirty weather, Mr. Harley sat, watching his men fight the wheel and wondering which jump would be the last. At eight o'clock the first assistant called him on the howler to inform him that the jammed steam pump was back on the job again and that the water was going out faster than it was coming in, that the level in the bilges had dropped six inches. Mr. Harley wondered if the Diesel fuel tank would run dry before the tornado abated sufficiently to permit men to venture out on deck and refill it, and put more lubricating oil in the crankcase.

At midnight there was a distinct lull in the storm but Mr. Harley knew that in a little while it would resume again with increased fury.

"First round, five hours," he told Angus Boynton. "The second will be somewhat less. The old packet's riding easier and I begin to feel lucky." He called the engine-room, reported the lull and was informed by the chief that the water in the bilge had receded another foot. Whereupon Mr. Harley thrust his head into Captain Gibbs' stateroom, where the girl was lying in the berth, fully dressed.

"We'll ride it out, darling," he said, and closed the door.

AS THEY slipped into the bay of Panama, Angus Boynton came up on the deck uninvited. "My daughter and I will leave you at Colon, Captain," he announced. "You understand, of course, that I know nothing whatsoever about the ship striking something and springing a leak."

Daniel A. Harley grinned. "I do not like you, sir," he replied, "but you can safely trust my loyalty to my owners. The Western Trader is, undoubtedly, unseaworthy and should be berthed in Colon, her cargo unloaded, a new plate put in the ship's bottom, the cargo reloaded and the voyage continued, for, of course, if you permit her to continue her voyage when you have knowledge that she is unseaworthy, and she should be lost, the insurance on hull and cargo will not hold and the Red Funnel Line will be stuck for the value of the cargo. However, not to take that risk would cost the Red Funnel Line about a hundred thousand dollars; while I draw master's pay it's my job to take risks for my owners. I'm not worried. She hasn't more than a foot of water in her now and I can keep her pumped out until we get to New York and the cargo out of her. Cheaper to dry-dock her there, anyhow. The minute she's safe in dry dock, you'll be rid of me."

Angus Boynton blushed painfully. "I do not think the Red Funnel Line is remotely anxious to get rid of you, Captain Harley. If you have no objection and are willing to let bygones be bygones, I'll radio the home office to register you in the Custom House as the new master. I should like to have you skipper her until Captain Gibbs gets back on the job; after that you can come ashore and be port captain. Our present port captain is pretty old and is about to retire on pension."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Boynton, and I'm grateful. You seem to take it for granted that I'll accept your job as port captain."

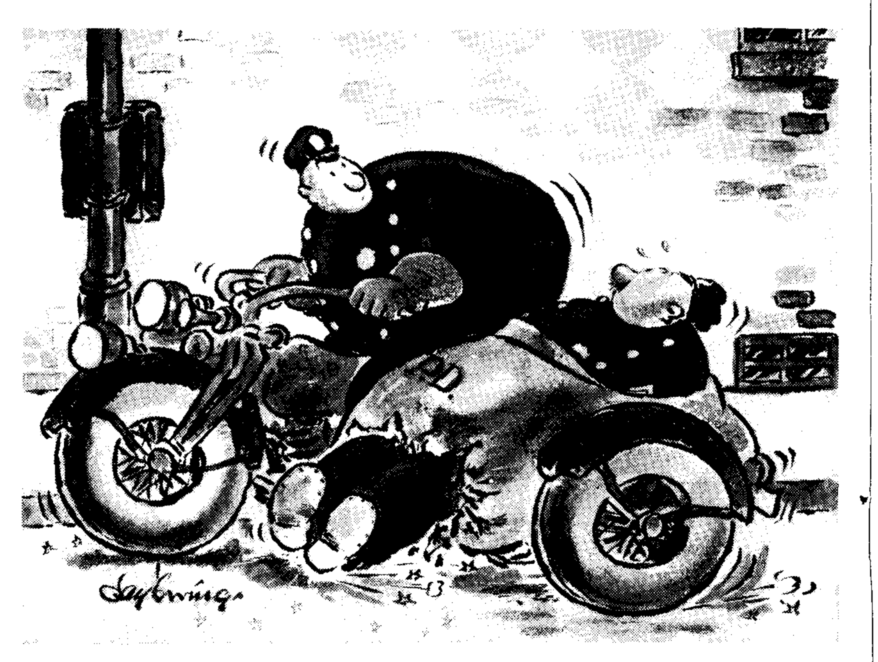
"It would please me very much if you would," came the answer, very humbly. "My original objection to you in the family was that you were a seafaring man, and I know seafaring men. They make poor husbands. My father skippered a clipper ship while my mother stayed at home and saw him twice a year. I—I figured that if I got rid of you and pushed you off the Pacific Coast my daughter would soon forget you and marry some good man who stayed home nights. I think you'll always be a damned impudent, rebellious son-in-law, but Dorothy seems to admire you for those very qualities. However, if we both pipe down a little, perhaps in time we can learn to like each other."

"I AM willing to accept your job and your daughter," Mr. Harley replied, smilingly, "because I know I can take care of both very handily. However, there's a string to my acceptance of the job."

"I knew it, you infernal Red. I give you my word of honor I'll not dismiss the chief engineer, although he's more than a pale pink, too. But, like you, he knows his job and he can think."

"You've cut the string, Mr. Boynton. But there's one small detail remaining. I am not aware that Dorothy will marry me."

"Oh, don't be an ass," Angus Boynton replied irritably. "She's waiting in the skipper's room to be asked."



"Ohhhh—you had the brakes fixed—"

JAY IRVING

For Whom the Glory?

Continued from page 22

lands of Ethiopia, press themselves upon our attention as indispensable to our daily life.

If one took the constant stream of anti-Abyssinian articles, editorials and news items appearing in the Italian newspapers as a faithful reflection of public opinion in Italy, one would conclude that the great majority of Italians believed it to be the duty of their country, by conquering Abyssinia, to free the world from one of the last strongholds of slavery and other relics of barbarism. This, however, is not the case.

The average Italian until quite recently scarcely gave a thought to Abyssinia. Some of Mussolini's fellow-countrymen are undoubtedly sincere in their belief that, if Italy should embark on a war against Abyssinia, she would be conducting a crusade for civilization against barbarism; and others, taking the newspapers at their face value, have been led to think that they think that way. But most of those now marching and countermarching in various stages of martial frenzy up and down the Italian peninsula are actuated principally by other motives.

The Same Old Story

First among the pro-war elements are Mussolini's Black-Shirt Fascists. They are now ardently anti-Abyssinian because, many of them being young and all of them thoroughly imbued with Fascist doctrines, they are especially susceptible to the warlike propaganda of Il Duce. To them an African campaign means a step forward in their Black-Shirt career; if it is one hundred per cent successful, it will enhance enormously their importance; and, even at the worst, it will bring, to those of them who go to the front, added pay, and, even to those who stay at home, a considerable degree of added prominence.

Then there is Italian youth in general. Like young men all over the world, young Italians are inclined to leave to their elders the task of weighing consequences, assaying right and wrong, figuring out the chances of victory. For them, war is primarily adventure; all they need, at this stage in Italy, is what their own hot blood, in league with newspapers and brass bands, tells them.

As for the army, there also pro-war enthusiasm outweighs all else—most especially among the officers. War, to the average officer—even when he has not been worked into a bellicose frenzy by Mussolinian speeches about the rebirth of ancient Roman military virtues—means the chance of rapid promotion the exchange of monotonous garrison life for thrilling action, the possibility of winning medals and decorations and soldierly glory, instead of frittering away life in the humdrum pursuits of peace.

Also, among the Italian military element (though it is by no means confined to them) there is the belief that a victorious Italian campaign against Abyssinia will mean sweet revenge. Thirty-nine years ago, on the bloody field of Adowa, the Abyssinians inflicted on an Italian division one of the most serious reverses ever suffered by white men at the hands of Africans. If the Italy of 1935 should conquer Abyssinia it would mean wiping from Italian military annals the stain of 1896.

Though so long a time has elapsed since that defeat, its memory is bitter in Italy; in fact, it is said that, in the plan of campaign evolved by Mussolini and his military collaborators in the event of war, the Italian line of advance has been so arranged as to avoid passing over the field of the fatal battle.

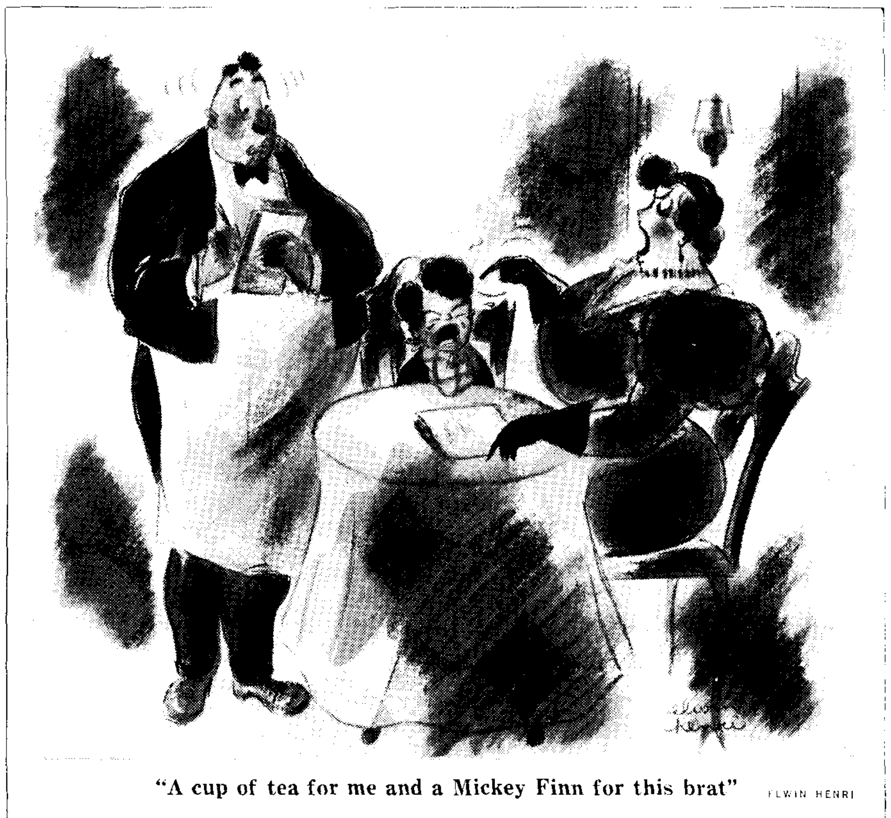
Adowa and everything connected with it are anathema to Italians, who cannot forget. I remember particularly an Italian friend of mine with whom I got on the subject of the Abyssinian campaign of 1896. Wishing merely to make conversation, I remarked:

"Let me see, the name of the general who commanded your troops in that campaign was Baratieri, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said gloomily. And then, through clenched teeth, in poisonous accents: "Curse him!"

Many Italians have still another reason for favoring drastic action by their government in Africa: Italy's need for

(Continued on page 38)



"A cup of tea for me and a Mickey Finn for this brat" ELWIN HENRI

SAVE 50%! AMAZING NEW OVERHAUL MAKES YOUR CAR RUN LIKE NEW FOR ONLY $18 UP!

Would you like to win back "first year" gas and oil mileage...bring back "new car" pep, power? You'll be amazed at the saving of revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with RAMCO Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders, compared with old overhaul costs.

LOOK, DAD—WERE OUT OF OIL AGAIN ! THAT'S WHY IT'S KNOCKING
OUT OF OIL AGAIN ! THAT SETTLES IT—I'VE EITHER GOT TO GET RID OF THIS CAR OR FIND THE $75 FOR AN OVERHAUL
THEN HE GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL
DAD—WEVE TRAVELED 800 MILES WITHOUT ADDING OIL—DON'T YOU THINK WE NEED SOME?
NOT SINCE WE GOT THE RAMCO OVERHAUL SON, NOW I NEVER HAVE TO ADD OIL BETWEEN CHANGES —AND THINK OF IT, THE RAMCO OVERHAUL COST NEXT TO NOTHING

New car performance for only $18 up! Sounds almost unbelievable, doesn't it? Yet motorists everywhere can show you cars that have gone 20,000—30,000—50,000 miles that today *perform* like new—*sound* like new—and use no more oil and gas than when new!

They couldn't afford the $40 to $150 costs of old-type overhauls—so they got the same benefits (new car speed, pep, power and oil economy) for only $18 up with an amazing RAMCO OVERHAUL!

Car Owners Tell Results With Ramco

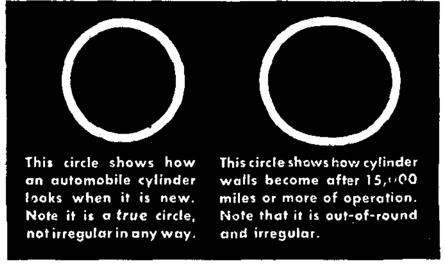
Chevrolet-driver C. S. of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. writes: "After 103,000 miles my car began to creak, lost its pep and pumped two quarts of oil every thousand miles. Actually it was in terrible condition. But instead of a rebore, I got a Ramco Overhaul. Now after 13,000 miles of driving, it is peppy as new and I never add oil between changes."

Ford-driver R.P.S. of Toledo, Ohio says: "Before getting a Ramco Overhaul, I used an average of a quart of oil every 80 miles. Now I never add oil, driving 1200 to 1500 miles between oil changes."

Easy Now to Get New Car Pep

Don't keep on running a noisy, pepless, oil-pumping car—when you can get savings like these! Savings in oil and gas that pay for your new car performance in no time!

Around the corner from you is a Ramco repair shop. Drive in. Ask for a free Ramco estimate. And don't forget—write *now* for our valuable free booklet.



This circle shows how an automobile cylinder looks when it is new. Note it is a *true* circle, not irregular in any way.

This circle shows how cylinder walls become after 15,000 miles or more of operation. Note that it is out-of-round and irregular.

Common sense is enough to tell us that only a piston ring that *expands* can fit both the new cylinder and the out-of-round cylinder. Ramco Piston Rings do precisely that. The "inner cushion ring" expands the Ramco Ring to conform to the cylinder wall surface . . . making reboring unnecessary in cases where the cylinder is worn. Thus Ramcos end oil pumping, increase compression and control piston rock, the basic cause of motor depreciation. Remember: Ramcos are the result of 16 years concentration on spring ring design. Avoid substitutes.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings"

FREE! WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK "HOW TO ANALYZE YOUR MOTOR"

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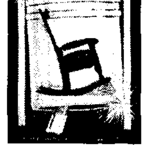
CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION



RAMCO

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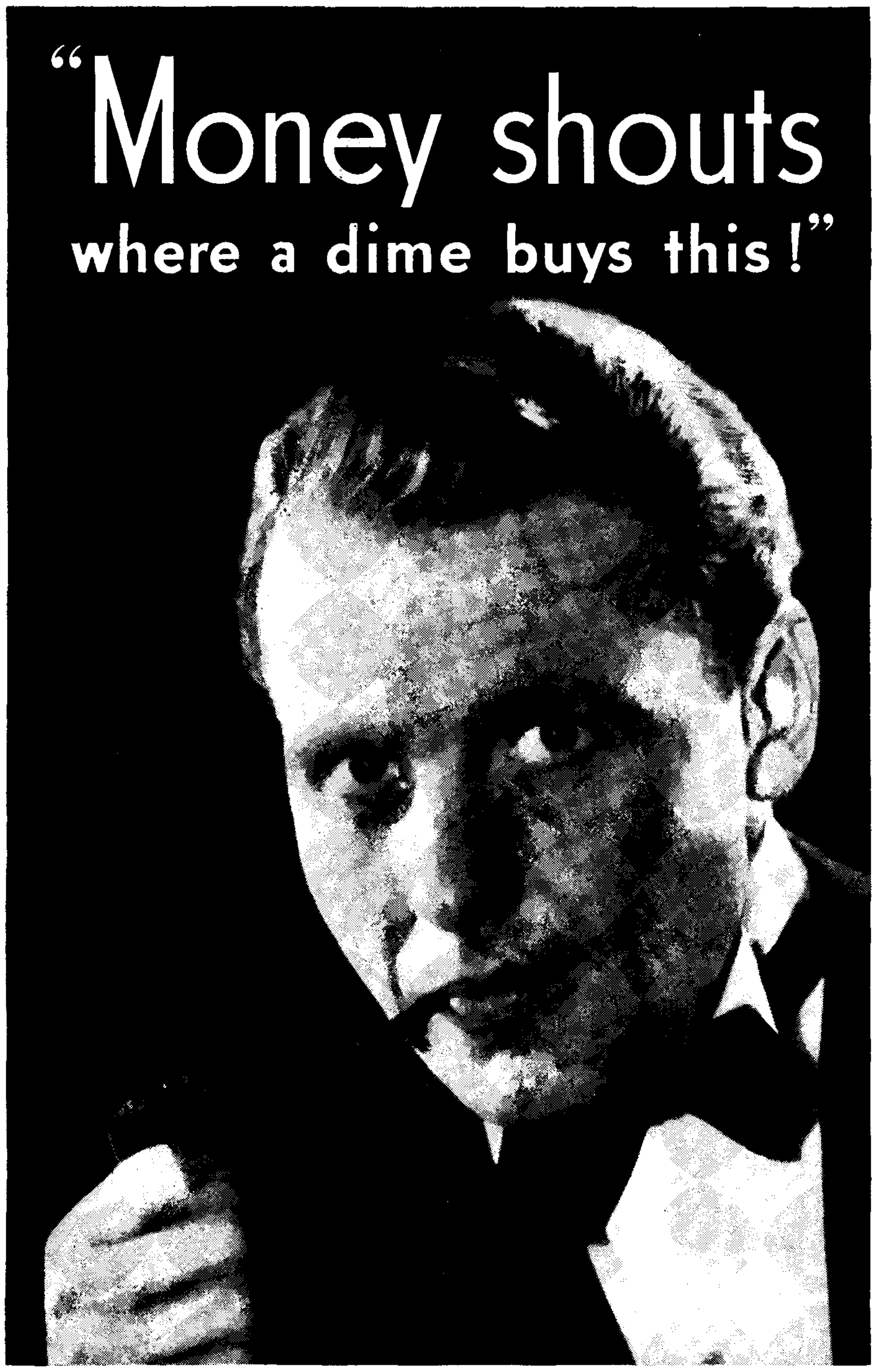
MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Authorized Service Stock Proposition

"Money shouts where a dime buys this!"



RALPH BELLAMY, well-known motion picture star, Union Leader smoker since 1932

I USED to buy tobacco on the theory that the more you pay, the more you get. Then I learned that my arithmetic was all wet. Because the mellow, sun-ripened, *old* Kentucky Burley in Union Leader packs more downright smoking enjoyment than any fancy-priced pipe mixture I've ever smoked—and it costs me one little dime.

When you can halve your tobacco expense and double your pipe pleasure—that's the kind of arithmetic I'm fond of. (Great in cigarettes, too.)

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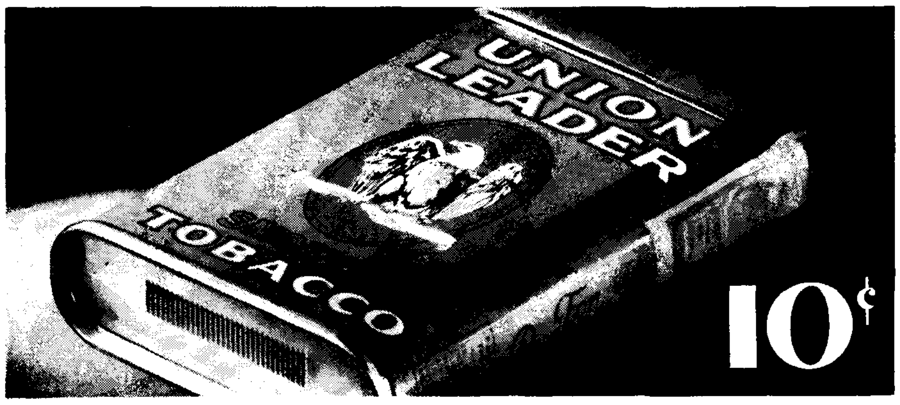
UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

(Continued from page 37)

expansion. Their talk today is exactly like that of German expansionists before 1914; in fact, Mussolini makes certain speeches about Italy's right to acquire a colonial empire, about how unjust it is that other nations (especially England) should have long ago snapped up all the choice tid-bits in Africa, which sounds as if none other than Kaiser Wilhelm II, champion saber rattler of prewar days, were making them. Mussolini, however, would appear to be showing more common sense than Wilhelm. Whereas the latter, in his endeavor to get Germany her "place in the sun," finally found himself fighting most of the nations of the world, the Italian apostle of expansion—assuming that things go as he expects—will merely take on one weak and backward nation, in what may not even merit the name of a real war.

These pro-war elements, taken together, account for quite a high percentage of the Italian nation; but it must not be assumed, for this reason, that the anti-war elements are not important.

First among the latter is a considerable section of Italian business men. They look upon the probability of an Abyssinian campaign with a gloomy and bilious eye; to them it means further disruption in the Italian economic field, which already is in a deplorable state. It means still more taxes on enterprises already nearly crushed to the ground by taxation. It means, above all, digging down into their pockets for contributions to the Italian war chest.

"For you can be sure of one thing," one of these prophets of gloom told me, "and that is that no foreign money is going to be placed at Italy's disposal for financing any African war. She will have to pay for it herself. And that will mean—" He made an expressive sign with his fingers—as of money going away hurriedly, in large quantities, for unknown destinations.

Others who are not cheering loudly in Italy nowadays are a large number of mothers and fathers whose sons must go to East Africa. One Italian mother remarked: "It would be different if some enemy were invading Italy, if our country were in danger. But for my boy to go all the way to Africa! . . ." A gesture of disgust completed the sentence. And a peasant father of two sons of military age exclaimed:

"Why should my boys fight? Is anybody trying to break into our house?"

No Place for White Men

There are some Italians, also, who have a vivid idea of the difficulties and sufferings and horrors which campaigning in Africa may include. They talk (not loudly or openly, but none the less with conviction) of the infernal climate in the regions through which Italian soldiers must toil on their way into Abyssinia; of deserts which are like furnaces, whose scorching breezes, blowing from the Red Sea, incrust human faces with salt and inflict on all venturing into them agonies of thirst.

Thirst! That, of all the terrors of East Africa, is the most terrible! Official statements from Rome constantly insist that, if there is to be an Abyssinian war, there will be plenty of water for all Italy's fighters—but skeptics shake their heads doubtfully. Already the Italian government has bought big quantities of water, at exorbitant prices, and transported it from ports in the Sudan and elsewhere to Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, where it has been stored against the arrival of still more thousands of Italian soldiers to swell the big army already on the spot.

Italians who have campaigned in the tropics are the most concerned about the water question. One veteran of fighting in the Italian colony of Libya spoke feelingly about what it meant to be on the march, in hellish heat, with only a quart of water daily for each man.

"Did we use any of it for washing?" he snorted, in answer to an inquiry. "*We did not.* Every drop of it was reserved for drinking. We either did not wash at all, or else, when we did, we used sand—Arab fashion."

But whispers of misgivings are drowned in the blare of Mussolini's brass bands. War frenzy has the right of way in Italy. Doubters are contemptuously thrust aside by those who believe themselves the heirs of Ancient Rome.

As you travel nowadays from one Italian city to another, you pass camp after camp of the men about to depart for East Africa, there to find glory and victory (according to some)—thirst and horror and pestilence (according to others). Young soldiers, in rough khaki, wave cheerily to you; mules, tethered in long rows, munch lazily, or toss their heads to scare away flies.

And, when you look out of your train window at night, you see, fastened to flatcars, big guns headed for some port of embarkation, their cruel mouths pointed wickedly at the stars.

An Unmartial Picture

Mussolini himself, daringly piloting his own plane, swoops down from the skies on those encamped in preparation for Africa. In burning speeches, often delivered on a gun-carriage or astride a cannon, he works them up to war frenzy.

"For whom is the glory?" he shouts.

"For us!" thunder his soldiers.

"For whom the victory?"

"For us!"

Military excitement—martial fervor—warlike frenzy—all these are rampant in the Italy of 1935.

But from one departure which I witnessed in Naples the martial note was conspicuously lacking.

There was no brass band. Hundreds of young soldiers, sweating and wilting in the heat which was only a foretaste of what was to come in East Africa, sat about dejectedly on the pier, or straggled listlessly up the gangplank. Each, in addition to his heavy kit, was allowed to take along a suitcase, which, carried aboard in one hand, detracted considerably from the martial air of the rifle carried in the other. A knot of youths, gathered at the stern of the ship, tried to dispel the gloom by joining in a chorus—but it lacked snap.

On the dock, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, their faces wet from weeping, were giving the last fervent kisses and murmuring the last incoherent words of affection to lads in khaki who, divested of every shred of soldierly stoicism, blubbered like babies. Two pictures from that scene stand out unforgettably in my memory: a big handsome "carabiniero," of the crack Italian national police force, trying to speak roughly to women and children, while tears splashed into his martial mustaches and over the white cross-belts of his martial chest; and a typical Neapolitan ragamuffin, with his bare feet and matted hair, wearing unbelievably ragged and stained shirt and trousers, upon whose dirt-incrusted features big tears were making little rivulets of cleanliness.

Behind the departing soldiers, as if to remind them grimly of what lay ahead, was a train of a dozen big freight cars, waiting to be unloaded, every one of them filled with medical and surgical supplies—solid tons of them.

And, above, under his plume of deathly white smoke—looking like some cruel war-god of antiquity complacently gazing upon altars heaped with human sacrifices—brooded Vesuvius.

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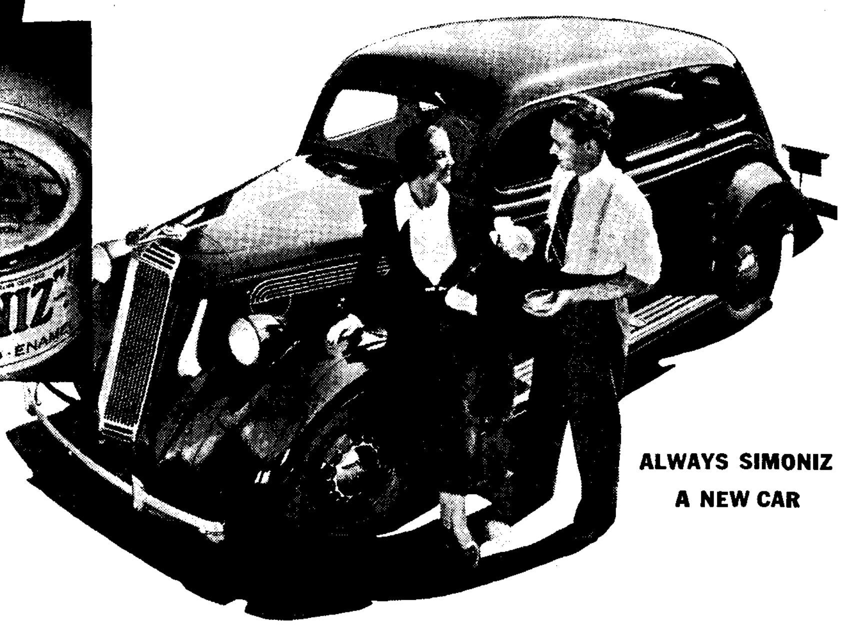

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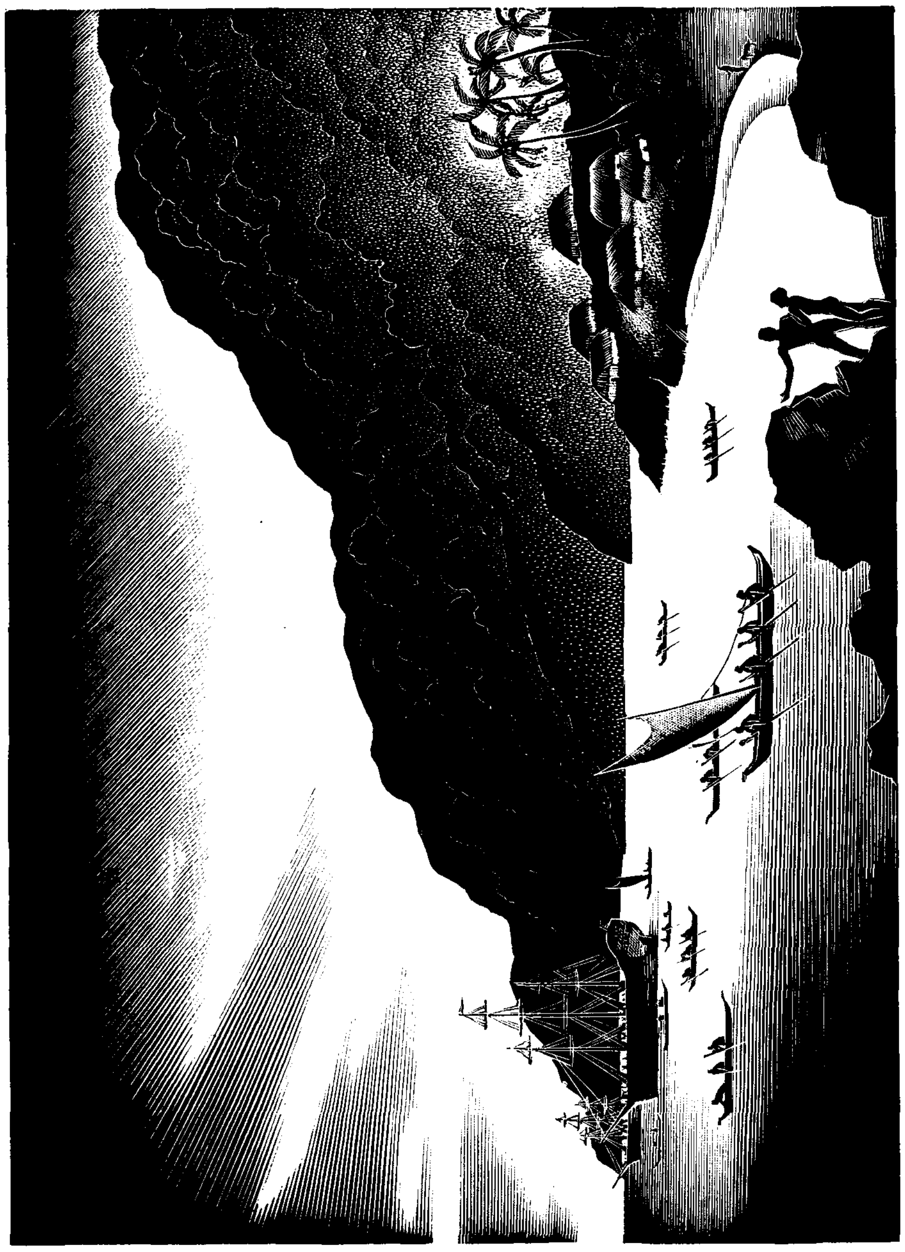


Dole Pineapple Juice

FROM HOSPITABLE HAWAII

From the time when sailing vessels brought the first mainlanders to these exotic isles, Hawaii has been famous for its hospitality. Now pure, unsweetened DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice adds a note of *real* Hawaiian hospitality to mainland menus . . . morning, noon and night! Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Wood-block adaptation by Paul Landacre from an early oil painting depicting hospitable Hawaiians greeting mainland sailing vessels arriving in Kealakekua Bay on the Kona Coast, Hawaii.

DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE

Scorned Woman

Continued from page 14

dangling collection on Gat Mow's key ring fitted the lock. The heavy door swung inward. In the obscurity of the unlighted room James Lee saw the figure of the slim American girl lying inert on a couch in the corner. He called to her, "Miss Irwin!"

There was no reply.

Intervening to calm James Lee's fears, "She is unharmed," Lily Fang assured him. "She is not hurt—but Fang Yut drugged her tea. She will wake up after the first hour of daylight."

At nine o'clock, fully conscious after her perilous sleeping, "I can never thank you, Mr. Lee, for what you've done!" Rose Irwin said.

James Lee smiled at the girl. "You can do two things for me," he began. "As the first expression of your gratitude I would like to have you resign from the state narcotic bureau as soon as we get to San Francisco."

Rose Irwin frowned at her companion. "But I love the work," she protested. "It is fascinating. You will forgive me if I boast a bit—I broke the Headland case single-handed. I rounded up the Revell outfit after your people had let them escape. I trailed Walter Crow from Sacramento to Honduras—and brought him back alive. There was the—"

Interrupting the recital, James Lee lifted his hand. "Permit me to make my second request. After you resign your state narcotic job I want you to make one quick jump to the Department of Justice. You're the smartest woman I ever knew. We need you in our business."

"I'll give the department the best I have," Rose Irwin answered in delighted acceptance. . . .

In the Cave of Harmony twenty feet under Grant Avenue, with old Sung Kong beside him, James Lee faced seven of the elder governors of San Francisco's Chinatown. "I have decided to give the Nanking government the funds which you derived from your unworthy enterprise," he announced. "The United States government holds Gat Mow a prisoner. The opium that went to the burial place in Fang Yut's coffin has been destroyed. Any further participation on your part in the opium traffic will mean that all of you will end your lives in a federal prison. Finally, in the interests of justice I shall surrender Fang Yut to you. He has confessed to me that he killed Gin Chow."

"He probably killed the man that lay dead in his house when the coroner came," old Sung Kong interrupted.

"Perhaps that is true," James Lee answered. "Fang Yut did not confess to that. . . . I have one favor to ask of you—when the moment comes for Fang Yut to bid farewell to life—"

"One thousand slices of his flesh—slow with a small knife so that he may suffer ten thousand years of torture," a kindly-faced ancient of Chinatown suggested.

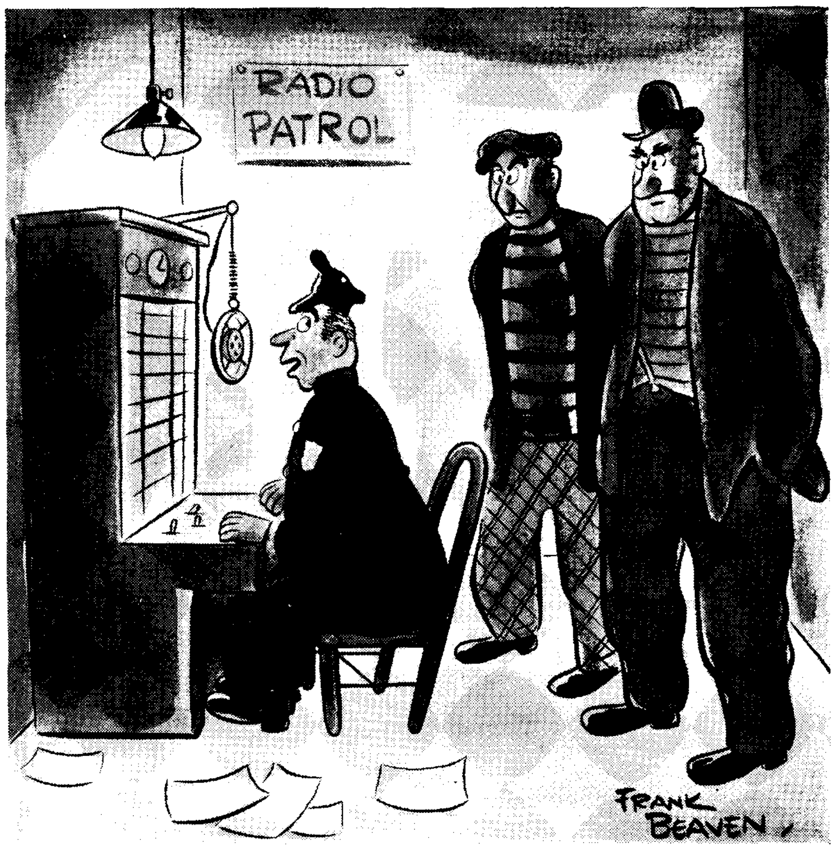
"A quick death with the drug of sleep," James Lee countered. "I demand that you do not use the ancient methods of torture."

AFTER a moment's deliberation old Sung Kong nodded slowly. "It shall be as you desire."

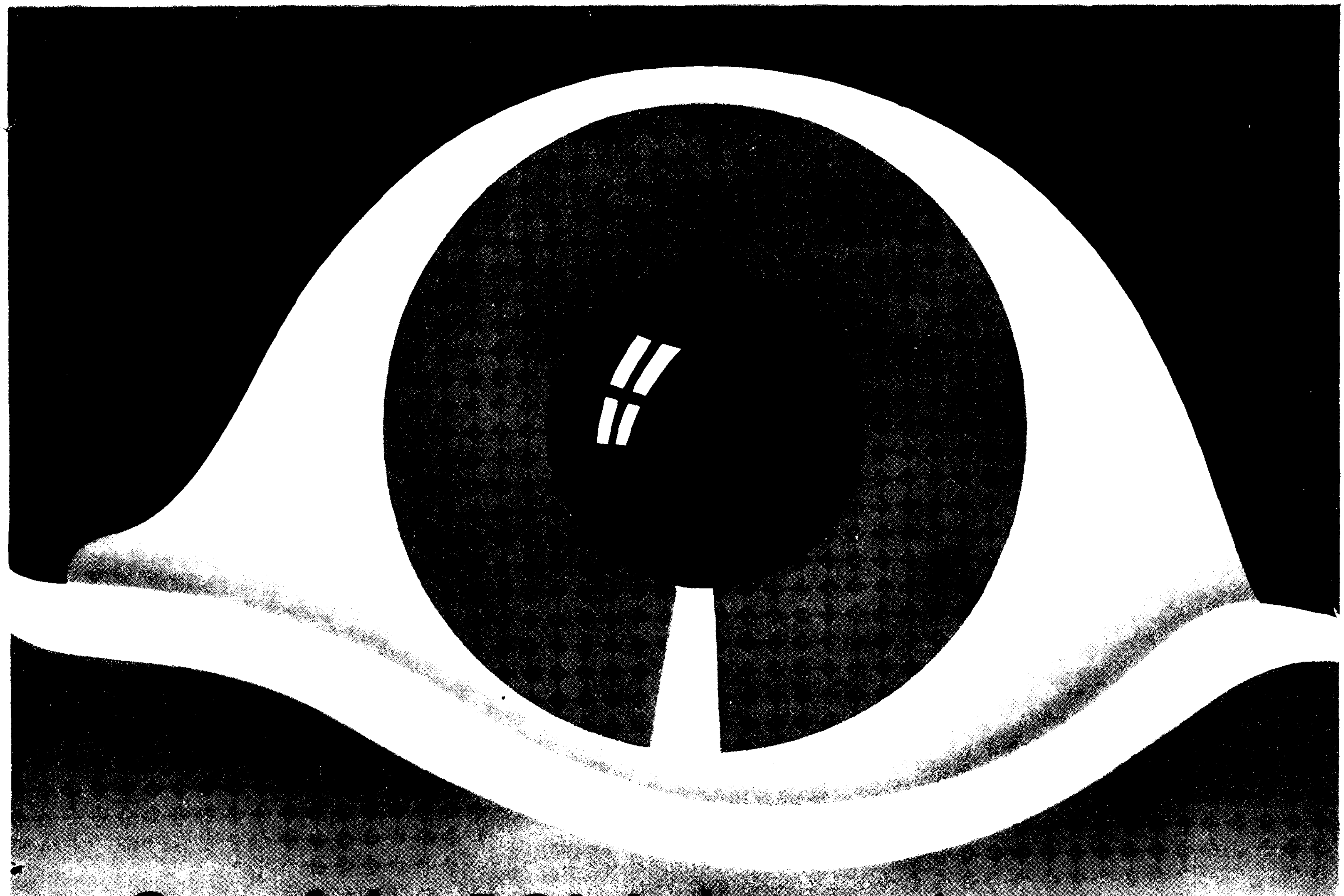
There was another longer period of silence broken finally by the thin, rasping voice of the fragile old Wang Lin. "The American painter girl?" Wang Lin asked. "Is she still to be numbered with the annoying insects of this region?"

"She has resigned her job with the state narcotic bureau," James Lee announced, ornamenting the gold of truth with the brass of fact.

Old Wang Lin smiled thinly. "She has attained wisdom at an early age," he commented. "Hola! Now that the storm has passed let us enjoy a cup of wine."



"Calling car 63—car 63—there's a couple of suspicious-looking gentlemen here in the studio!" FRANK BEAVEN



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It seems incredible that any radio could offer more than this—but the 1936 "Magic Brain" sets pile feature on feature. The famous "Magic Brain" itself, that amazed the world a year ago, has been improved for even better performance! And, still another wonder—RCA Metal Tubes! 1936 RCA Victor sets feature these, the greatest radio tube advance in 28 years.

Be the first to see the new marvels of radio as revealed by RCA Victor—see the new sets—watch the "Magic Eye", mighty triumph of RCA engineers, flash its miraculous story to your own astonished eyes! . . . RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America.

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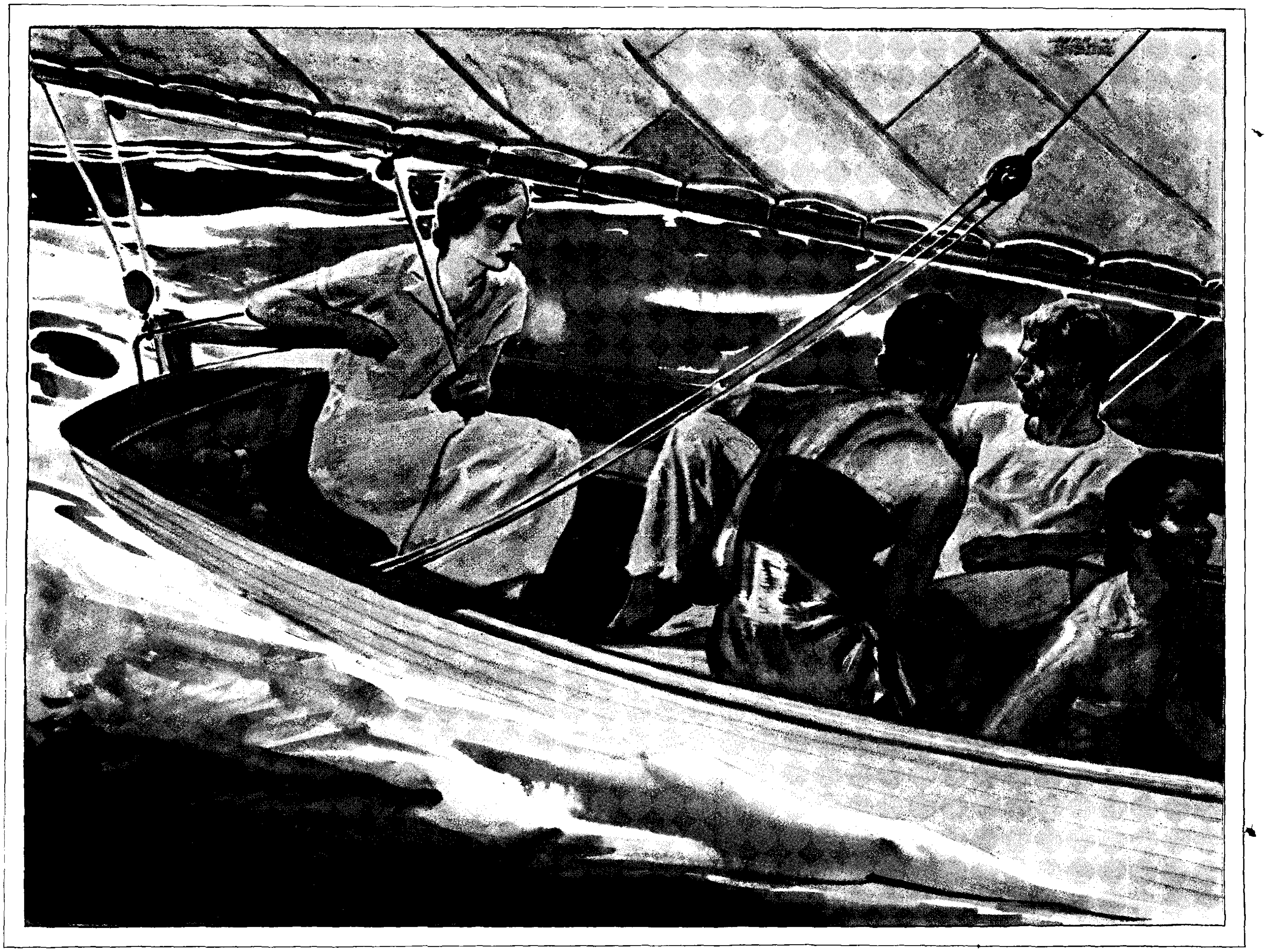

"I suppose"—she eyed him steadily, even if a little nervously—"I suppose you're from the Kestrel"

Trapped

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Another adventure of Wallaby Jim, who meets a girl, a problem, and a scoundrel in a spot where the best shot wins

CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS, better known through all the Islands as Wallaby Jim, was smoking a final cheroot on the poop deck of his bark Kestrel when it happened. It was late; the night was very dark, and it was uncomfortably hot. The Kestrel, under all plain sail, was slipping languidly round the southern tip of the Louisade Archipelago, with the loom of Rossel Island to starboard, heading for the greater Sudest Island where Wallaby had to make a final call before heading back to Brisbane. It was Wallaby's habit every six months or so to make a tour of his many trading posts and plantations, not only as an inspection trip but also to pick up the more valuable items his men had garnered from half the South Pacific, and which his schooner captains did not care to have on board while they combed the islands, sometimes for a year or more.

This present cruise had been even more satisfactory than usual, Wallaby was reflecting, as he leaned back against his weather taffrail, clad only in duck pants and a cotton singlet; and he smoked his cheroot with the calm satisfaction of a man at peace with the world and whose affairs are going well. He had the cheroot about half finished when his mate came on deck, a lean, sallow-faced man, almost as tall as Wallaby himself, and wiry enough, but without the master's spread of shoulder and the deliberate grace that always reminded men of a panther.

"You needn't have bothered to turn out, Walters," said Wallaby pleasantly. "I'll keep the watch until dawn. I don't feel like sleep."

Walters coughed and ran the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Yeah, I know," he said harshly. "It's too infernally hot."

THE mate stooped, then, as if to adjust one of his rope-soled canvas shoes, and the next thing Wallaby knew was that savage hands had gripped his ankles, jerked him up and back, and he was falling head-first into the water. He was too astonished to call out. He even retained hold of his cheroot as he went under, and he went deep. By the time he had instinctively fought to the surface again the stern light of the Kestrel was a hundred feet away and receding every moment. He choked out salt water and shouted, and even as he did so he heard, faint against the wind, the voice of Walters shouting too, or rather roaring some order for'ard. Obviously to drown any sound Wallaby might make.

Another few minutes and the Kestrel was too far away for Wallaby to be heard, and he subsided with a strangled oath. It would be a joke if the Islands knew, except it wasn't a joke. Wallaby Jim being caught off guard. The straightest and fastest shot in the South, the cool adventurer of a score of desperate undertakings, the man who had

(Continued on page 52)

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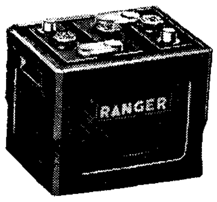
USL BATTERY THRIFT CHART

USL (Copyrighted) Thrift Chart takes the guesswork out of battery buying.



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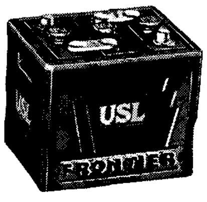
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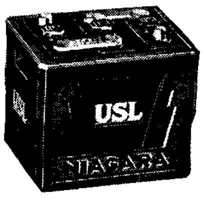
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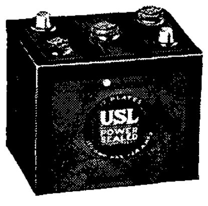
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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

She Met a Diver

Continued from page 20

amused by the activities, not of the diver, but of a blond viking boy, an eager young apprentice who was trying to handle himself in the manner of a man much bigger than he'd be for ten years, and when she gave him a smile he hopped around more briskly than ever. Presently she went over to Mr. Moss.

He said cheerfully: "That snuff started me sneezing. Can't seem to stop, and you can't do much about that, downstairs, so Croz is doing all the bubble-blowing today."

She wanted to know where the air came from to supply Mr. Crosby. Mr. Moss indicated the air line, about the size of a garden hose, that came up from the water and lay in loops on the lighter's deck. "Connects with a pump in the engine house," he explained.

"You mean to say that all the air he has to depend upon goes through that hose—with men walking around on it and dropping things?"

Mr. Moss smiled. "They don't really walk on it, and we get, you know, kind of careful-careless. But, after all, Croz is not down very deep."

THE blond boy, more fascinated by Gloria than by his work, passed her with an axe. She heard a man call, "Just a short piece, Nelse. Just long enough to draw a little gasoline from this drum."

She looked. The boy picked up a coil of hose, straightened a portion of it and, looking at Gloria, he came down with his axe. Then he yelled and leaped back, horrified.

"Cripes—he's cut Crosby's air line!" cried Mr. Dillingham, almost blackening his eye on his telescope.

Dust and dirt were blowing along the deck in a current of air from the severed end of the hose. Mr. Moss didn't see, for he was responding to signals twitched on the life line. Gloria screeched and rushed to pick up the two ends of the hose. She clapped them together, air spurting over her wrists, and then she screamed again.

"Thata-boy!" shouted Mr. Dillingham. "That's my Gloria for you!"

A big deckhand snatched the hose ends from her and held them strongly together. Gloria raced to Mr. Moss, who now was heaving on his lines.

She was going so fast that she tripped on the rail beam and went overboard. Mr. Crosby, advancing swiftly surfaceward, saw some strange thing passing him, and reached out and grabbed. Behind his little round window his eyebrows shot up as he saw the astonished face of Gloria, with a big bubble coming from her lips.

A moment later, encircling her with one arm, he reached his ladder. Moss and the deckhands lifted Gloria, who was glad, for she could swim beautifully, but she had been crushed by Mr. Crosby's astonishingly powerful grip—the second time in twenty-four hours.

"My gracious!" said Mr. Dillingham as he reached for a decanter with a nervous hand. "Now, wait a minute! Was that an accident—or is she making a play for young Crosby? If she is, I won't stand for it!"

They had landed her, bedraggled, on deck and, when Mr. Moss had yanked off Joe Crosby's helmet, Joe looked up, bewildered, anxious. He was relieved to see that she was laughing. He turned to George Moss. "What transpires, Mr. Moss? First you drop an anvil or something on my air line, then you send our charming hostess down without a suit!"

George Moss blurted, "She's a peach, Croz! Minute Nelse cut your line, she grabbed it and held the ends together—like an old-timer!"

Joe Crosby frowned. He didn't like being under obligations to this girl. Just then the young Swedish boy came up, almost in tears. "I didn't mean to, Mr. Crosby. I was cutting a length of that old gas hose and your line got mixed up with it."

"Okay, Nelse. Skip it. Go back to work. It could happen to anyone."

The unhappy boy went away. Joe Crosby looked up at Gloria, and now they were conscious that people from Dolphin House were crying, "Gloria! Gloria Dillingham! Are you all right?"

Joe said, "It was nice of you—but I hope this doesn't get in the papers!"

Gloria stamped a squashy foot. "If that's the way you do business it's a wonder you don't all kill yourselves!"

"Is that so!" Now Joe was indignant. "Don't you worry about us!"

"I'm not going to!" she declared, marching away. "I wouldn't waste my time!"

"Now, why did you have to talk to a nice kid like that?" George Moss demanded.

"Oh, hell, I didn't mean to, George," said Joe Crosby miserably. "But these rich girls get me crazy—always looking for thrills."

"Gloria!" said her father when she came in. "That was splendid! Saw you from the window. Peel off and get right into bed. I'll have Hannah give you a good rub-down. You sure you're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right, and as soon as I've bathed and changed I must get back to my bridge party." She added bitterly, "I—I was just dummy at the time."

She had a dinner and theater engagement that night, and she made up her mind to go right back to Long Island the first thing in the morning. But—she didn't go in the morning.

When she came in—late—and looked for her father to say good night to him a well-built young man in blue serge was backing out of her father's library. Mr. Joseph Crosby, again, and she could hear her father talking at the telephone —and the racket of the pump on the lighter outside.

THE man didn't live who could dislike Gloria in her apricot evening gown and dark wrap. Mr. Crosby gaped at her like a small boy staring into a confectionery-store window. As she moved away, he said, "Miss Dillingham—I owe you an apology for my rudeness."

"Oh, were you rude?"

"Of course. You don't think I'm that way, naturally? But—but, you see," he blundered along, "I'm in a very serious business. No one would give me salvage jobs if they thought I was in touch with—well, it was my mistake but I thought you were one of those Reno ones and—"

For a moment she had been prepared to be friendly. Now she froze. "You have my permission to tell all your coal-barge friends that you are not *in touch* with me," she said icily.

"Oh, Miss Dillingham—please don't misunderstand. I didn't mean to sound snobbish, but—"

Her father bustled out. "'Lo, Gloria. Well, I fixed it, Joe. You can pump all night. There have been complaints about the noise, but I guess I still have a little influence around here."

"Thank you very much, sir. Good night. Good night, Miss Dillingham."

Joe stepped into an elevator. Gloria

turned to her father. "Papa! What is this? Have you gone into the salvage business?"

Mr. Dillingham fidgeted. "Now don't be silly. Of course not—but, after all, this thing happened right in our front yard, as you might say—and of course I take a kind of—kind of neighborly interest, 'specially since Joe Crosby is such a fine type of young American."

"Good night, Papa."

"Wait a minute, Gloria. I'm thinking of staying home from the office tomorrow. Joe's got slings attached to crossbeams in the sunken barge, and in the morning, when the coal is out—"

"I wouldn't be interested," said Gloria, and went to her room.

IN THE morning she watched from her window. She saw her father watching from the esplanade below. Joe was on the lighter, directing the hoisting engineer. Up came the broken cabin of the barge, and two huge beams that had pulled loose. Then heavy planks, studded with spikes, up-ended mysteriously from the depths and floated down the river.

"I got to get slings under her!" Joe called to Mr. Dillingham. "This way I'm only pulling her apart."

From her window, Gloria cried, "He shouldn't go under that barge, Papa! He might get stuck in the mud!"

Joe on the lighter and Mr. Dillingham on shore stared up at her. Joe explained something to Mr. Dillingham, and Mr. Dillingham called up to her, "He just has to shove a light board under, with a line attached, pull the line through, then pull through a wire cable fastened to the line."

Now Gloria was fiery red. "Why did I have to call out?" she asked herself. "What do I care what he does or how he does it?"

After a time Joe got his slings rigged, the derrick heaved, the Farragut listed over, and up came the sunken barge. The barge was patched and pumped out, and toward evening the Farragut was towed down the river, leaning protectingly over the barge fastened alongside. Messrs. Moss and Crosby stood on the engine house and waved to Mr. Dillingham, and the little Swedish boy in the engine-room door, spying Gloria, waved to her. She waved back—hoping Mr. Crosby wouldn't think she was waving to him.

Mr. Dillingham stayed in town, pleading heavy business. Gloria went back to Long Island. She mooned around for days, booting things, tearing up invitations, saying "*No!*" on the telephone, smashing tennis balls into the nets, and slicing golf balls she used to hook.

A week of this, then she telephoned her father to see if he knew where the Farragut Company was located. One of his secretaries said, "This is breaking a confidence, Miss Gloria—and I don't know where the company has its headquarters—but every morning your father goes down to Sandy Hook in a Farragut tug. The wrecking lighter is at work down there."

"Gracious!" thought Gloria. "Has this family gone salvage-crazy?"

She ordered out the commuter and went away alone. She speeded down sound, river and bay. Presently she recognized the high tripod and rusty red engine house and hull of the Farragut. The masts and stack of a sunken vessel broke the surface close by, and a hundred sea gulls with discordant voices circled above.

The little Swedish boy, Nelse, made her boat fast and helped her aboard, his face a maze of cracked teeth and smile lines. The deckhands nodded to her and smiled. Mr. Crosby was astride the beam, holding divers' lines. Thank heaven, then, Mr. Moss was below—for she didn't know just what she was going to say or do. As she approached Mr. Crosby, he saw her—and then things took care of themselves.

Still holding the lines, he leaped up. Gloria had no realization of crossing the deck. She only knew that once more she was in that powerful embrace of Joe Crosby, and this time she was delighted. "Oh, Gloria, darling—I've missed you so," said Joe.

"I've missed you, Joe, darn it all—but it's the truth."

Joe made a violent motion with his head. The deckhands marched away reluctantly, as people pushed away from a fine fire by the police. Joe kissed her and she kissed him.

"Joe, you old dear—I've missed you, and I've worried so about you because you are awfully careless, aboard the Farragut, you know!"

"What? Now you look here, sweetheart, we are not careless! We know just what we're doing every minute of the time."

"Yes—look at you now—with poor George Moss down below, and you paying no attention to his air line or signals! Turn me loose, Joe, and pay attention to George."

Joe looked at her, adoration in his eyes. He said softly, "I'll turn you loose—but not for long."

He twitched the life line, responded to some twitches from below, argued back with more twitches, then hauled in. As he hauled he said to Gloria, "I love you. May as well admit it right now. Any chance you'd marry a poor, dumb diver?"

She nodded and he started for her but she pushed him back and looked over the side. A small, brightly polished helmet appeared, then a small figure in a white diving suit climbed the ladder. Joe twisted off the helmet as the diver bent over the rail, and—Mr. Dillingham's head appeared. "Cigarette me," he said nonchalantly. "What was the rush, Joe? I was having a fine time. Got some good ideas about patching this vessel."

"Papa!" cried Gloria.

He looked up at her and beamed, "'Lo, Gloria. This is a swell job. Little Swedish steamer—rammed by a freighter. Not badly hurt. Little Nelse—his uncle is agent for the ship and got Joe this job. Boat's loaded with little fish in kegs. Some got busted. Hence the sea gulls."

"Papa! Where'd you get that cute little diving suit?"

"Joe's father had it made for him when he was a boy, and it just fits me."

"Well, you come right up and take it off. It should belong to me by rights. Joe, if you don't give me that suit for a wedding present I—I won't marry you!"

"What?" said Mr. Dillingham.

JOE smiled. Gloria bent and kissed her father. "If you don't say yes to it, Papa, I'll—I'll push you overboard with no hat on!"

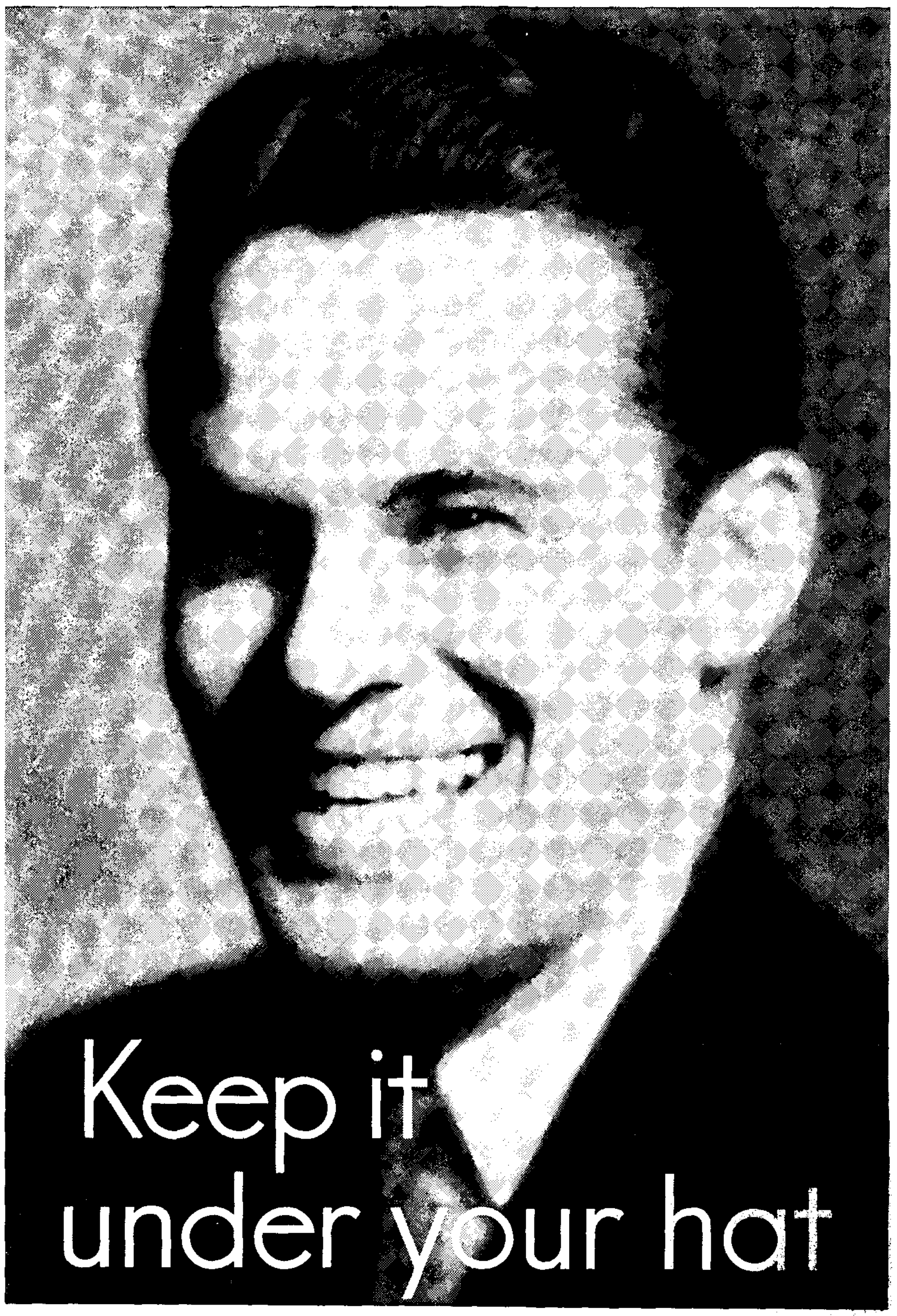
Mr. Dillingham's mustache rode high on a grin. "Guess a diver's better'n a duke, any day. Shake, Joe—only I'm sorry for you, boy, having to marry the whole damned family!"

"Oh, I'll survive, sir," said Joe, happily, his free arm around Gloria.

"Just what did you mean by that 'whole family' remark, sir?" Gloria demanded with mock fierceness.

"Why—why, Joe and me, we know about a treasure ship, sunk off Dry Tortugas. We were sort of planning to recondition the Farragut and tow her down there—"

"Not without me!" said Gloria. "Papa, will you climb out here and take off that suit? If it's all right for you to go down, it's all right for me! Joe, darling, what do I wear underneath? If I'm going to be a diver, it's time to start learning!"



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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 16

into beauty and sunshine; it would mean white clothes and white steamer decks, the flower-scented streets of Hawaii, the Orient, crowded, scented with strange opiate odors, packed with exotic sights.

It would mean Jeffery beside her, Jeffery with the responsibility of his convalescent old chief, Mary with little Betsey always in her charge. But they two together none the less, they two drinking still of the heady wine that was intoxicating her now, that had given her so complete a disrelish for the sober taste of ordinary living.

They had talked of her going as a compromise; it would not mean that she broke with Calvin at once, although it might some day mean that. It would not mean scenes, scandals, the pleadings of Lindsay, the admonishments of Peter. It would only mean a holiday; Mary felt that when she came from it she would be willing to face anything.

SHE had never traveled. She had never known the thrill of hearing the dinner bugle sound along twilighted passages; she had never gone from the softly lighted music-drenched atmosphere of a great steamer salon to the dark rail outside, to feel the soft breathing of the great sea beneath her, to lean on a rail and watch the tumbling train of the wake glimmering away into the blackness behind her, to look at the brilliant pageant of the stars overhead. And all the while to know, as she would know, that the man who meant all the world to her was somewhere on the same vessel, meeting her and Betsey a dozen times a day, sharing lunch and dinner with her, turning life to magic.

"Why not take happiness like that, if it comes up and throws itself at you?" Jeffery had said. "Why, there are women's lives, Mary, millions of them, that never come within sight of what one hour of it would mean! Technically of course you're married. Actually you've never been married, you've never done anything you wanted to do!"

Now, going soberly home with Chris to Las Palomas, she thought of the new suitcase that had somehow been smuggled into her closet. It was enormous, it was almost like a trunk, it would carry half a dozen of her dresses, all she would want, to start with, and twice that many of Betsey's brief frocks. She could pack it tonight after dinner, after everyone else had gone to bed. Tomorrow, right after breakfast, going to market as usual, with Peter departed for his office and Calvin still asleep, she could quietly button Betsey into her best blue sailor suit, put on the round blue hat with the gold ribbon, above the child's small pleased face, slip into her own rough trim top-coat and brown traveling hat, and leave the house without rousing the interest, much less the suspicion of anybody.

She knew she dared not do it. She could think of nothing else but that she must do it. So little was left in her life if she might not have this!

The little towns, the railway stations slipped by. Daylight was still strong upon Las Palomas when Chris and Mary arrived there at half past five, and took a station taxi for home. The ugliest light of a summer afternoon was glittering hotly on the cheap restaurants and magazine stands and beauty parlors. The day had been warm on the Peninsula; everything and everybody looked jaded and wilted now that working hours were over.

The house, when finally she reached it, smelled close. Peter passed her on the way upstairs and asked at once if she were going to be at home for dinner. She was? Good! Maybe Mary Sarah was coming. Barty asked her if she would write an excuse for last week end; he had stayed out of school on Friday to go on a camping trip. Agnes waylaid her in the upper hallway to show her what ravages laundry acids had made in the napkins.

Lindsay, into whose life at twenty-two romance had suddenly come flooding and who could think and speak of little else but Lieutenant-Commander Kerry White, was singing like a lark in her bedroom adjoining Mary's.

"What's the program for tonight, Lin?"

"Dan-n-n-cing! There's a dance on board. I'm dressing no-o-o-ow!" Lindsay sang, above the rushing of bath water.

Mary changed her clothing in the dim, uninteresting duskiness of the room. Hot, lifeless day, dreary twilight. She hung up her black and gray suit, and saw the big new suitcase inconspicuously placed on the floor behind her dresses. Her heart gave an excited jump.

"Lin, know where Betsey is?"

"Calvin has her, I think."

Mary went across the upper hall and peeped into the sitting-room; it was empty. She stood at the window for a moment looking down at the drive, wondering if all this would be far away from her at this time tomorrow. Would she be on a ship tomorrow? Why not, why not, why not?

"Mary," Peter said behind her. She turned and saw him dressed and smart in white summer trousers and dark blue coat. His buckskin shoes were immaculate and he had a Panama hat in his hand. "Look," he said, "I'm going now to get Mary Sarah. Look—she's got poison oak and she feels rotten. Her mother's in the East and there's nobody home but her father—and he's never there—and the Chinese boy. Listen—could she come here and stay in bed for a few days?"

"Well, Pete, of *course!*"

"Lin may go to Santa Barbara with Vivian, you know. But it's all right for Mary Sarah."

"Tell her we'd love it!"

"Won't interfere with Barty's gang?"

"They're coming here for supper—but that isn't for a week. By that time Mary Sarah'll be used to us!"

"SHE'S got to get used to us," Peter predicted with a triumphant chuckle. "She says she thinks we're the most fascinating family she ever knew. She says the way you run us, and the way we all hang together—"

He was rushing off as he spoke. His voice died away with the slam of the door downstairs.

"I wonder where Betsey can be?" Mary said half aloud, following him down the stairs.

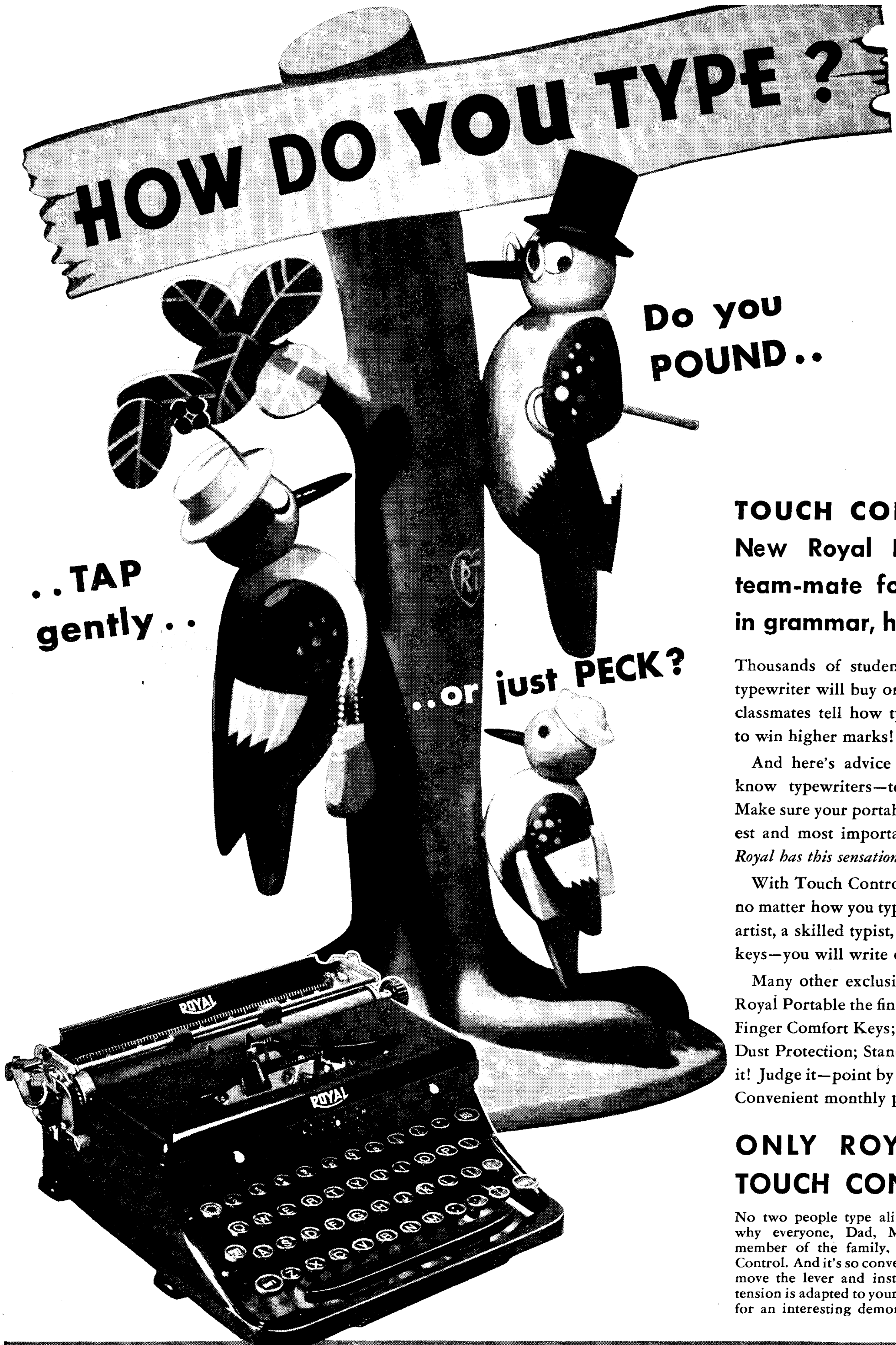
Betsey and Calvin were in the library. It was cool in there. The French windows that gave upon the shady west lawn were opened, and facing one of them, with its back to the door, was a big chair. In it sat Calvin, with Betsey in his lap.

They stirred when Mary came in, but as she took a near-by chair with a weary sigh and smiled at them they resumed their position. Calvin, she thought, looked tired and pale.

"What are you doing here?"

"Welcome home, mummy," Calvin said, in what was for him a quiet voice. "Betsey got a splinter in her thumb and

(Continued on page 48)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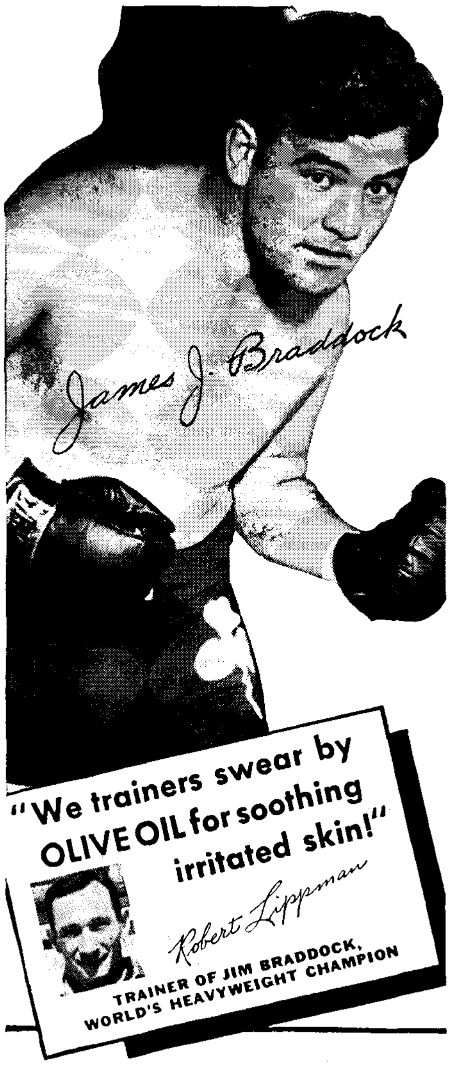
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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 46

she cried for her mummy, so I bandaged it up as well as I could, and we came down here. We've been watching the quail and the two rabbits."

"Wabbits," Betsey said. "Yook."

Mary was close enough to take the bandaged little thumb into her own fingers, studying it solicitously.

"Oh, poor baby!"

"We missed you," Calvin said simply. "Nice day in town?"

"Foggy."

"See Jeffery?"

"Yes; I had lunch with him. Chris met Freddy Potter and he took her to their beloved cafeteria in Post Street and to a movie. She met me at the train."

"How's Jeff feel about going?"

"I think he'll be glad to get away. We went down and saw the ship."

"Nice?"

"Oh, wonderful! There's a fascination about a ship. They were putting on stores and jerking ropes about—"

Mary fell silent, her eyes still upon her husband and upon Betsey, who was lying against Calvin's shoulder, her eyes moving dreamily about the room.

"Wish you were going, Mary?"

"I suppose you'd always feel that."

"I got—I got kind of blue today," Calvin said suddenly. "I wanted like hell to talk to you, but when I came in you weren't here. So Bets and I took a long walk, and when we came back here we watched the quail and Rajah out there on the lawn, and she was kind to her father."

"Wabbits," Betsey firmly added.

"Yes, the rabbits too."

"She's a great girl," Calvin said. "She hasn't got much of a father, poor kid!"

"Cal, why do you say that?" Mary asked, disturbed.

"It's true, isn't it?"

Mary spoke hesitantly, unconvincingly:

"It's not true at all."

"Well, it seemed to me true today. I got thinking—"

CALVIN stopped short, and there was a silence. Betsey was getting drowsy now, it was past her usual suppertime, and almost time to go to bed. The soft light in the homely, comfortable old room had dropped from the warmth of the late sunset to a warm glow that was in turn deepening to dusk. The last radiance of the day lingered on the lawn, but the shadows were gone, and for a moment the world seemed held in a still, crystal beauty, pellucid and motionless.

"I don't amount to much!" Calvin said, lightly bitter.

"I don't know why you say that."

He shrugged away her evasions; sighed, staring into space.

"Well," he said, "some day I suppose I'll get something to do. As it is, sometimes I feel—" He hesitated, found finally a word that was to her much more impressive than a stronger one would have been. "I feel blue," he finished simply. "You've lived up to your—well, your obligations, what you had to do, all these years; I guess everyone who knows anything about you at all admires you, Mary! I've let life lick me. I do nothing but talk!"

In all the years she had known him Mary had never seen him in this mood before. It was so completely new and unexpected that she did not know what to say.

"Don't get discouraged, Cal," she offered presently, in a tone almost timid.

"Don't *you* get discouraged," he said. "I was thinking today," he went on, "I was thinking today that I've got a lot more than most men! I've got you, and I've got this girl here, and while I'm hunting a job I don't have to worry about your eating and the rent. I don't treat you awfully well, Mary; I haven't been particularly decent to you since I came back. But it's because—

"Oh, well," he said miserably, after a silence that Mary, for sheer surprise, not knowing what to say, did not attempt to break, "I suppose it's partly because—well, once I could do everything for you, and I loved to do it. Remember your birthday night when we had Agnes serving our first dinner in La Crescenta Drive? Remember the blue dress and the hat with a feather down on your shoulder? I thought I could kind of—kind of bust through life—be successful and rich even though other men couldn't—

"You can't do that," he said. "You have to take the socks, not pretend they aren't there! I'm a rotten husband to you, Mary; I always will be. I'll always be show-off and dumb—"

"Maybe I'm show-off too," she said humbly, touched and embarrassed, as he paused. "I've liked—I've liked horribly being rich again. Perhaps I've been exacting with you."

CALVIN put Betsey down, got to his feet. He spoke steadily in a low voice, not looking at Mary.

"You've not been anything except what was fine," he said. "You've been an angel. The others all see it. He sees it, you can bet your life! He's successful, he's famous, he's got lots of money. D'you suppose I don't know what it means for you to let him go away? D'you suppose I don't know what he'd like you to do—kick me out and start over again with him? He'd be a fool if he didn't want you, Mary; every man who sees you wants you.

"Sitting here with Betsey," Calvin added, speaking over his shoulder now, stopping on his way to the library door, "sitting here with Betsey I've been imagining that you saw Maclean today, and that he told you what he'd like. And I knew what you said to him too, because I know you. And I want to say that I think you ought to have a break. When you want it, you tell me—I've stood enough in your way! You've tried to build up this family into something, Mary; I've done nothing to help you. But I see it. When Peter and Mary Sarah and Lindsay have their kids, they'll see it too. You'll still go on building the family, having Christmas trees and picnics and broken legs and measles. Here's Pete's girl coming to you now because she's got poison oak, and Chris wanting you to take her to the dentist because she was afraid he was going to hurt her—"

He walked out of the room, leaving his sentence unfinished. Mary remained immovable, stricken silent. Her heart was sick with pain.

Much later in the evening, when she was alone, she dialed the telegraph station; she wanted a night letter sent to a boat.

"We have regular forms for steamer farewells," the operator told her promptly.

"This isn't a regular form," Mary said. . . .

A man, obviously a traveling man, with a browned face and a Bond Street overcoat, stopped crossing the foyer of the big hotel by a woman's voice that said: "Jeffery!"

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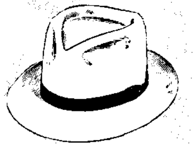

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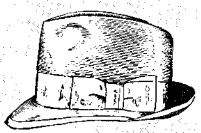

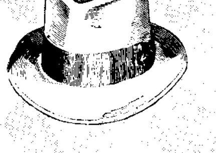

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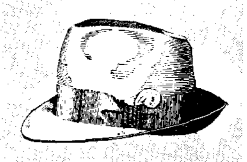

MALLORY HAT COMPANY
"Quality Hats For Over 100 Years"
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

He turned with a swift movement, looked at her, and as she put out both her hands took them in his own.

"Mary!" he said. And then, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, "Where can we go?"

"In to—to have lunch?" she suggested.

"You've not had yours? No; neither have I. I've had a lot of business to attend to—one thing and another. I sent you a wire half an hour ago."

"I saw your name, that you were arriving on the steamer this morning. You are now the 'distinguished writer and explorer,' are you?"

"Not so distinguished. I didn't see the paper. We docked at about seven and I was two hours getting Lewisohn's specimen cases on shore. No time for anything."

They were interrupted by luncheon cards; there was an interval for ordering. Then Mary said:

"Jeff, you look wonderfully well."

"I was thinking that you are more beautiful than ever."

"Oh, thank you," Mary said, flushing and dimpling.

"You mean it was just an accident your being here this morning?"

"Not quite. I telephoned two other hotels, found you'd registered here. I was just trying to get up my courage to send you up a note when I saw you."

"You should need courage to send a note to me, Mary," Jeffery said simply. And again her color rushed up youthfully, and she laughed.

"Well," he said, "where'll we begin? It'll take days."

"Let's begin there then. Have you days to spare?"

"Not now. I will have, coming back. I'm flying East tonight. Then back here to arrange for an exhibition next month, and then back to Peking. We've a fine base there now, you know, and I live in an old palace. You'd love it—courtyards and pines and red lacquer. Well, *you* start, Mary. How's it been going?"

"Well," she answered simply, with a serious look.

"Interesting if true," Jeffery commented, beginning his meal.

"True enough. I'm thankful to say," Mary said, "that everything has been—good."

"Do you know how long it is since we have talked together, my dear?"

"A long time, Jeff." Her eyes were very blue in the shadow of her brimmed black hat.

"Two years and two months."

"I know the days too," she said. They looked at each other. "I loved your book, Jeff," Mary went on. "The dedication made me very proud. But that isn't where I have to begin. It's this—I didn't write you. Did you know that Calvin is dead?"

THE lunch-room about them was quiet in early afternoon; sunshine slanted down through a high window; music was playing far away and faint. There were violets on the little table, and Mary twisted one of them in fingers that trembled while she spoke. Her face was suddenly pale, her eyes did not move from Jeffery's face.

After a while Jeffery said: "No, I hadn't heard."

"A year ago, just before Christmas. It was about a year after you went away. He died in Mexico City; he had gone there from El Paso. The last address I had from him was El Paso; I wrote him there. I told him not to worry, to come home. And I put a snapshot of Betsey in the letter. But he never got it."

"Alone?"

"When he died? No, some woman wrote me, a Mexican woman who ran a sort of hotel. There was gambling there, I know. He had won money and lost money; he had gotten a bad cold at some races, and it went into pneumonia. She said she took care of him. I suppose he had been drinking—at least she rather hinted that he had." Mary brought her eyes, shadowed and serious, to meet Jeffery's look. "That had been—very much the trouble toward the end," she said hesitantly. "But he was—he wasn't unkind, nothing like that. Only—it made him horribly ashamed, borrowing money always from me or Peter. Peter finally made him an allowance and he—that time," she went on, lowering her voice, "he talked about killing himself."

"The coffee for me, the tea for Mrs. Tait," Jeffery said to the waiter, not moving his keen, quiet scrutiny from her face.

"He wrote me only once," Mary said. "In El Paso he thought he was going to make money, he didn't say how. And he wrote for Betsey and me to be ready to come down before Christmas. But when I wrote there was no answer, and a few weeks later I had the news from Mexico City. They sent all his things—" She stopped.

"It seemed a sad sort of ending to it all," she said, after a silence.

"You didn't write me," Jeffery said.

"No. I couldn't, at first. I felt so sad—oh, not that way! I felt free, first of all," Mary admitted honestly. "But I couldn't help thinking. I thought that he was so fine that day we were married, and when he bought me the little house and furnished it! And then there was Bets. After all, he was Bets' father." She paused on a piteous note.

"YOU saw it through," Jeffery said, after a while.

"Yes, I saw it through. But not as generously as I might have seen it through! Or at least it seemed so, when he was dead. It seemed as if we ought to have made a go of it, he and I. Or as if I might have been kinder."

"Peter go down?"

"To Mexico? No. We had the funeral here, and he was buried in the Tait plot, and it was all over," Mary said.

"But there was nothing for you to regret."

"Maybe not. But it made me sorrowful."

Her voice drooped on the last word; she looked at him honestly, great tears standing in her eyes.

"Tell me about the others," Jeffery said abruptly.

"Well, let's see." Mary's face brightened. "Peter and Mary Sarah have a little boy," she began. "And Lin was married seven months ago and has great hopes for July."

"Lin married, and going to have a baby! Where does she live?"

"At the Boston Naval Yard, and Bart's going to be with her next year and go to Exeter. Won't that be grand? And Peter and Mary Sarah and the baby are coming to be with me."

"And Chris, my dear old mash, what's she up to?"

"Chris is really quite remarkable," Mary said seriously. "She has gone in for horses."

"As pals or for riding?"

"Well, both, really. She wants to go down to a place near Pasadena where the girls ride all the time and take care of their own horses. She bought a horse with the very first money she ever had, and now she has another. She says she wants to raise horses some day."

"I shouldn't wonder if she would. What a girl!"

"Betsey adores Chris. 'Kithy' can't do anything wrong."

"What a clan it is, Mary, and getting bigger every minute."

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

There was a contented light in Mary's blue eyes.

"I love my own," she said simply.

"And it's been worth it?"

"You mean since Mother died? Six years. Now it seems worth it. It didn't always. Hot nights down in Buena Vistita Avenue, times when we didn't have any money—"

She fell silent, musing, and he watched her.

"And the marriage, these last years, was there ever any happiness there?"

"Not much," she said briefly, a shadow crossing her eyes.

"And you wouldn't write me when he died?"

"That," she said, with a gravely smiling glance, "would have been to say, 'Come up and marry me, Jeff!' Wouldn't it?"

"Suppose it had?"

"Ah, well; I didn't know!"

"It'll be all straight-ahead happiness now," he said, thinking.

"It frightens me to think so. I know what happiness is now. It frightens me to think of—letting go."

"You'll not be frightened," he said. "You wouldn't write me, eh? But you came into town today just to find me?"

"I had to. The newspaper said that you were going on to New York to arrange exhibits or something, and that you and Doctor Lewisohn would sail for China again in April."

"I was thinking." Jeff came out of a brown study. "When are you going back to Las Palomas?" he asked.

"I've my car here. Any time."

"I've got to fly to New York tonight. There's a man there from London who's sailing in a few days; I have to see him. But I could have Sung Lee pack for me here, meet me at the plane. What time does it go?"

"Midnight."

"Well. You could get me to that, couldn't you?"

"Oh, Jeffery, yes!"

"Then we can get started now, and I'll have dinner with all of you. Lord, Mary, how often I've thought of it, and thought that I couldn't bear it again, knowing that I couldn't have you! There was something—" Jeffery said vaguely, looking blankly at his receipted check and the change in the plate, beginning to gather up the silver and bills slowly. "There was something I had to do this afternoon. It doesn't matter. I'll leave a message for Doctor Lewisohn; he's staying with friends. And I'll get a coat and some papers. Come up to my room with me, Mary. I'll not be five minutes."

The thrill of being with him again made it all magic. It was magic in the elevator, magic to follow him along the hall, and look at the trunks with "J. G. M." lettered on them; it was strangely thrilling to be free to go into his room, and take a great chair, and watch him while he packed and telephoned and finished up odds and ends generally. It was good to be Mary Tait, in the broad-brimmed black hat and silky warm top-coat, drinking—drinking in with inexhaustible ecstasy the mere tones of his voice.

"I'LL be back here two weeks from today," he said, in a businesslike, quick undertone, as he flattened shirts and strapped belts and snapped locks. "We'll tell them then. We sail about five weeks after that. Sung Lee'll get me an amah for Betsey, and you can fire her if you like as soon as we get to Peking. We'll need—I'd better telephone the steamship company now and change my reservations. We'll want a room for us and a room for Bets and a sitting-room; it's a long trip. We'll come home every other year, Mary, and in the off years they can visit us. Lin's husband will be sent there sooner or later; Bart can come out in June. What a time I can give that boy! And we ought to count on Chris for next winter. The girls love it—races, hunts, polo, dancing, theatricals. She can get into everything. Finished!" Jeffery said, straightening up. He gave a last look about, and as she got to her feet put his arm about her and kissed her.

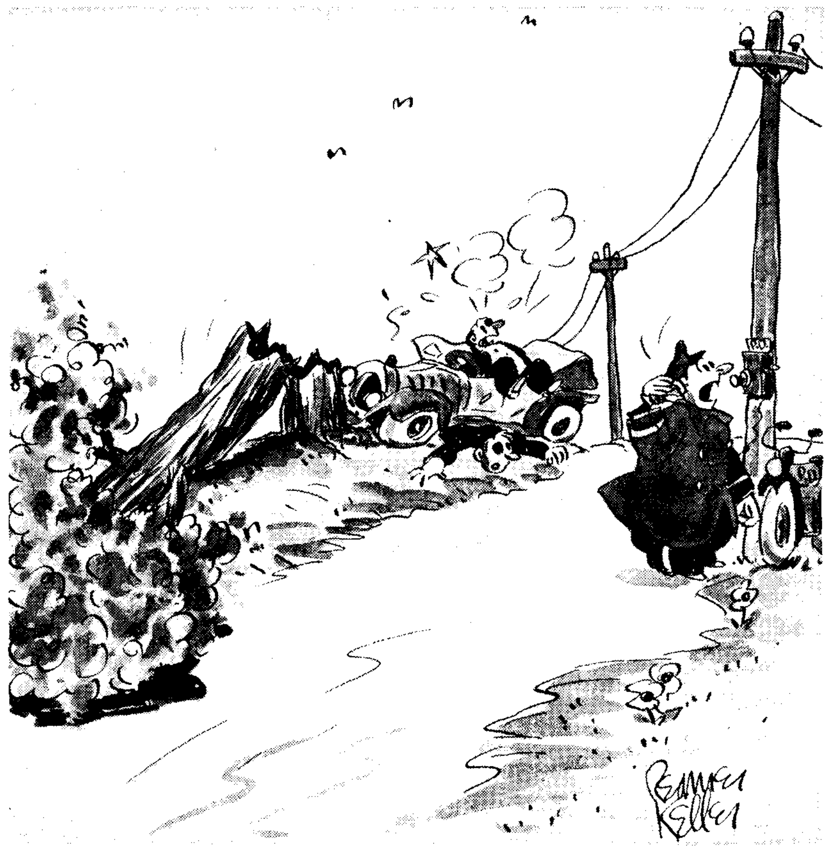
"Will you like China?" he asked.

"I don't know, Jeff. I've never been to China."

"But you'll come with me in April?"

"To the ends of the world and beyond," Mary said.

THE END



"Hello, give me a tree surgeon!"

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but always **CINZANO** *for the superior cocktail . . .*

Picture Yourself

Continued from page 28

feathers all around, representing a young friar's healthy growth of hair around his bald tonsure!

"And do not, please, forget the turbans," put in Madame Daché, waving a half-dozen of them into view. "Oriental richness, for they were painting Testament scenes. See, here is da Vinci's Sainte Anne," and the designer rummaged through her art collection for a portrait of that beneficent lady, meditating in a turban made of a twisted veil with lacy fluting over the brow.

"We all want to dress up this year. That is why this richness, the turbans to wear with big fur collars, the ostrich tips and plumes even on sport hats. See, here, Louise Bourbon made this big gray sailor with ostrich plumes flat on the brim. I saw such very tailored girls in traveling suits with ostrich tips on small black felt hats.

"Also the colors, so ripe and mellow, right from the great paintings. Titian red, a little orange with a rosy tone. Veronese green, velvety and faded but still rich, and Fra Angelico blue, also a little faded. And the Vitrail blue, like the deep color in the cathedral windows. There are dull reds and cerise and purple, sometimes several of them together in the same hat."

Fitting Your Face

It's a revolution, in a way, although the milliners will tell you slyly that it has been coming for some time. For the rest of us, though, when we look in the glass with our new fall hat on—how shall we know how to wear it?

"We must change our eyes. A little for any new season, but this year very much. To try to make yourself in the new hat look like yourself in the old hat, that is foolish. Of course one must be careful; not make a mistake. I have seen so many women try on a hat sitting down!

"But of course you must stand up! How will you know whether the hat goes with your height, with the length of your torso, with the width of your shoulders and hips? Have you ever regarded a short girl like me, for example, in a great big hat that gave her the swell head? That was because she bought her hat sitting down.

"The length of the neck is also of great importance. Here is this turban: if you have a short neck and the turban comes down low in the back, that is bad. But you can wear the style just as well if the turban comes down only so far in back—voila!" said the lady, artlessly using herself for demonstration purposes.

"As you see, I have the low, receding forehead, high cheekbones, large mouth. A flat-brimmed, low-crowned hat would be verree bad for me. The hat must balance the face. And here is my Madeleine." She summoned the lovely girl with the debutante manners and the face of a charming child who was modeling for us. "Madeleine has a high, wide forehead with bumps like a baby's head. I tell her she must have her hair cut in little bangs at the sides, to cover the width a little, so that she can wear these aureole hats and turbans so far back on the head.

"The hair, of course, will change for the new hats. So many girls will now be happy to part their hair in the center and brush it smooth to the sides, like the Madonna. How lucky they are this year, no? If one still must have curls, they will have to be all in the back. But the long bob like Garbo's will not do any more.

"If you have the perfectly balanced face, with features in proportion, and if you know how to walk proudly, then you are also very lucky, for then you can wear your hat not tipped to the left or to the right but straight on your head. That is the most distinguished. But for the face with irregular features, the angle of the hat, the tilt of the brim, the position of the trimming are very important. Remember that the hat must balance the face to bring it to the right proportions. If the chin is heavy, let the hat emphasize the forehead, as in turbans, berets, sailors. If the chin is weak, let the forehead show, and choose hats quite lively and dashing. But not the brim that is drooping or flopping, remember!

"For a large-featured face, the turban can be made larger and fuller, perhaps even of heavier materials." Madame Daché pointed to the high-piled velvets, the metal-threaded brocades. "The turban can also be worn rather forward on the head, to make the features look smaller. And the aureole can be made larger or smaller, tilted forward or back, to suit the face. One with a not-too-small nose may be afraid of the aureoles, but she also can wear them. You always hear that a woman with a big nose must wear a big brim, but a too-big brim is as dangerous as a too-small one. To suggest a brim, there is the fluting reaching forward over the forehead, as in Talbot's aureole. It is very good, with a prominent nose as with a prominent chin, to emphasize the forehead, and this the turban and the aureole hat can do. The effect you must seek is an upward line.

"With a round face and a pug nose a girl can easily look 'cute,' but to look chic she must take a little care with her hat. Not too tailored, but not too fluffy—she must choose something with snap. A turban with dashing, irregular lines draped to the face, or one of the full Florentine berets, can be verree good for her. With brims, the secret of her success is in the tilt, to give her round face interesting angles.

Keep Your Ear Lobes Out

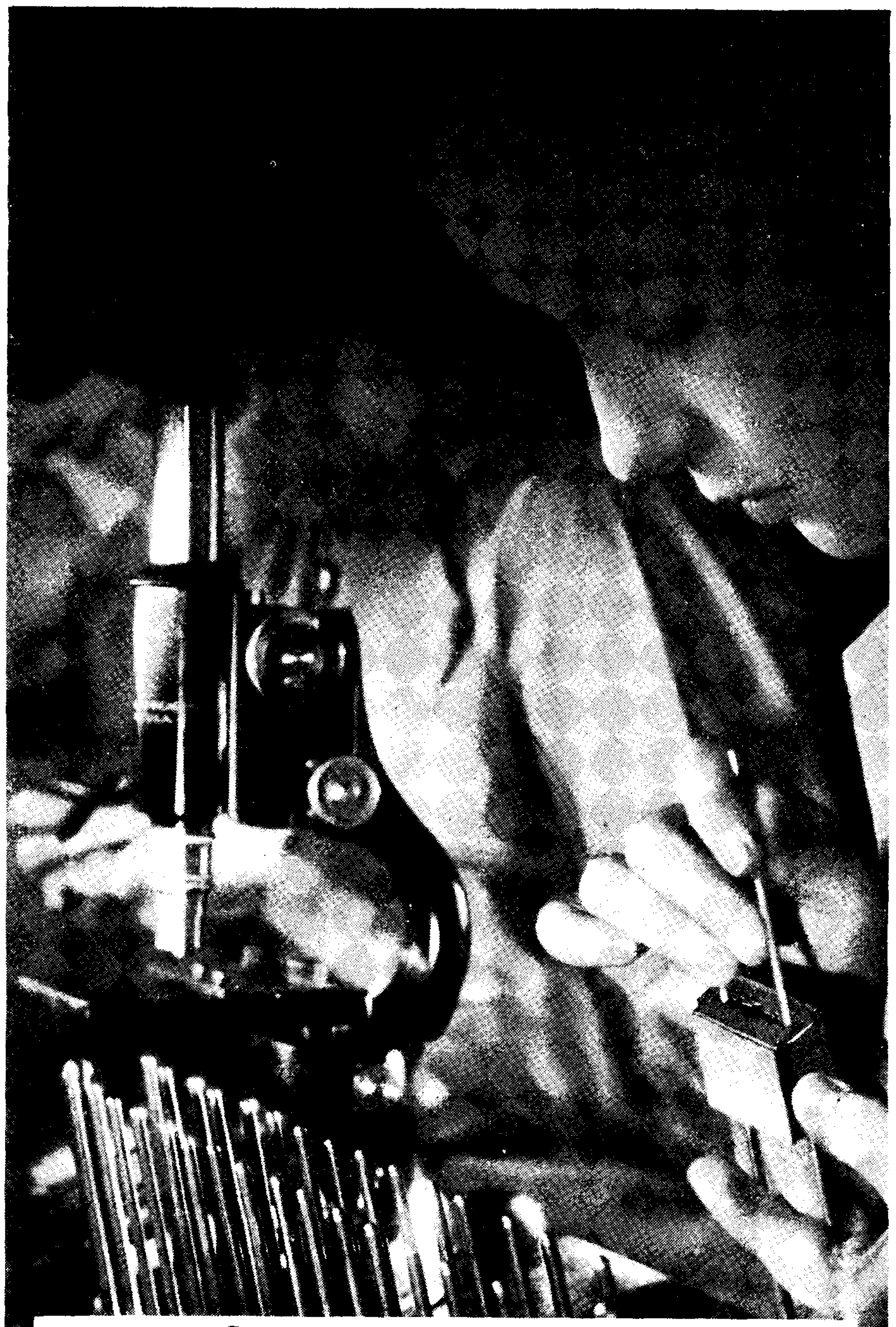
"Women are always looking at the brims of hats, but do they ever think of the crown? Yet the crown is the most important, the foundation of the whole design. If the crown is wrong for your face or the shape and size of your head, no brim or trimming can ever make it right. Here, you will see."

Thereupon, from a series of crowns, we drew certain basic principles. If the head is oversize for the body, its size must be faked: a close-fitting crown with a bandeau or clever application of trimming will cut down the apparent size. If the cheekbones are prominent, the crown must be rather wide and must not fit tightly to the forehead. For a large-featured face on a small head, let the crown be larger, of thicker materials. Flat, egg-shaped skulls, or heads with a tendency toward the square, need fullness in the crown and even a bit of padding.

"And please, it is verree important to take a hand mirror and look at the profile," urged the exacting Lilly in a final exhortation. "And while you are discovering your side-view, discover also the lobes of your ears. If they do not show, the hat will never look right."

So now, with all these admonitions well under your back hair, happy hat-hunting to you!

Mink Cape, courtesy Revillon Frères



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SUNLIGHT ELECTRICAL COMPANY WARREN OHIO

Trapped

Continued from page 42

wrested a million and more from the welter of savagery, fever and death that men called the Islands. Pitched overside and disposed of as quickly and as easily as a greenhorn on a homing sealer with the crew on shares.

He set his jaw and concentrated on his swimming.

TWO things saved Wallaby Jim that night and morning. The first was that about an hour before dawn, when he was rapidly tiring, he ran full into a floating, barnacle-covered log, still with branches at one end; toppled over in some storm and washed down some mysterious river. He grasped it thankfully, wedged himself in the branches, and half slept for a while. He was jarred back to consciousness again by the distinct slatting of a sail and, rising up, he saw the flood tide had carried the log close in towards Rossel Island, and there, not fifty yards away, was the white hull of a little gig just going about. He yelled. The three occupants of the gig, two young Kanaka women and a white girl, stared at him pop-eyed, and then with a quick gesture the white girl jammed the tiller over and the gig headed towards him.

She was a sensible girl. She asked no questions until after Wallaby had drunk two green coconuts and eaten a thick slab of cold pork pressed between slices of homemade bread. Then she said:

"Were you adrift long?"

"Overnight," said Wallaby grimly. "Lucky for me you came along."

"Oh, Tara and Manui . . . they're my personal girls . . . often go fishing with me early." She indicated a dozen or more big red schnapper lying on the bottom boards. "I suppose"—she eyed him steadily, even if a little nervously, with haunted blue eyes—"I suppose you're from the Kestrel."

For one of the few times in his life Wallaby Jim was distinctly shocked. He stared at the girl and his jaw fell.

"The Kestrel," he managed at last. "How did you know?"

She laughed shakily.

"I'm so glad. I . . . we came out this morning really to see . . . that is, I hoped there might be a chance . . ."

WALLABY bent frowning, picked up the heavy bush knife lying by the green coconuts, slashed the top off one and drank again.

"May I ask who you are?" he inquired, wiping his lips.

"Myrna Carson," she said. "My stepfather runs the Carson trading post at Brills Inlet over there." She nodded at the near coast. "You . . . you must be . . ."

"Captain Carstairs," he gravely agreed. "Wallaby Jim."

She put a hand nervously to her throat, a beautiful young girl of some twenty years, fair-haired, rounded, with that curious and not unattractive lemon complexion that comes only with long years in the tropics.

"Wallaby Jim," she said in a strained voice. "I'm glad. I thought perhaps he would have shot you or stunned you before throwing you overboard."

"Who?"

"Why, Mr. Walters. He . . . he and my stepfather are partners. I don't know quite how nor in what. Not in the trading post. That is supposed to belong to me. It was father's and he left it to me. But when mother married again—" she shuddered and stopped. "I think I'm glad she died. He's a devil. He won't let me go away. He runs everything. I sometimes believe . . . believe he even wants me."

Wallaby beat down the natural craving for a cheroot and considered.

"I think I'm beginning to see the light, Miss Carson," he said at last. "Your stepfather, Carson, and this Walters are partners. This was all planned. Even to getting rid of me here."

She nodded, keeping the gig tacking back and forth while they talked, as if she realized things must be settled before they landed.

"I used to hear them planning it months ago. Months ago. It was so cold-blooded. I've known they've done other things too, but I couldn't stop them. I couldn't stop them this time but I thought I'd come out and cruise around a while and see if a miracle might have happened and you were still alive."

Wallaby nodded and leaned forward to press her hand.

"Haven't you any other relatives you could have written to or got word to, so they could take you away, or at least get this trading-post business straightened out?"

She shook her head.

"There's no one. Only," she flushed a little, "the captain of the trading schooner Tamarack, and my stepfather had forbidden him to anchor in Brills Inlet any more after he found out we were thinking of getting married."

WALLABY smiled grimly and his gray eyes became twin slits of ice.

"I seem to have fallen into something interesting," he observed dryly. "And I like interesting things. What did they plan to do with my second mate and crew, and what are they going to do with the Kestrel?"

She bit her lip.

"I believe the crew was to be enticed ashore and captured and sold to the hill natives. You know what that means. The Kestrel must be in Brills Inlet right now. Walters used to be a forger and he's going to fix up the proper papers saying you sold the ship to him. Then he's going to sell her and sell the cargo somewhere. I'm not certain of the details."

Wallaby frowned.

"I wonder why they didn't arrange to get rid of me before the Kestrel got this far," he mused. She shook her head.

"I don't know. Perhaps they figured there would be trouble with your second mate and the men. But your disappearing here would give Walters an excuse to anchor in Brills Inlet. There would be no excuse otherwise, and I heard Walters telling my stepfather once that your crew would probably be hard to handle unless things looked just right."

Wallaby nodded.

"Most of the men have been with me for years," he agreed dryly.

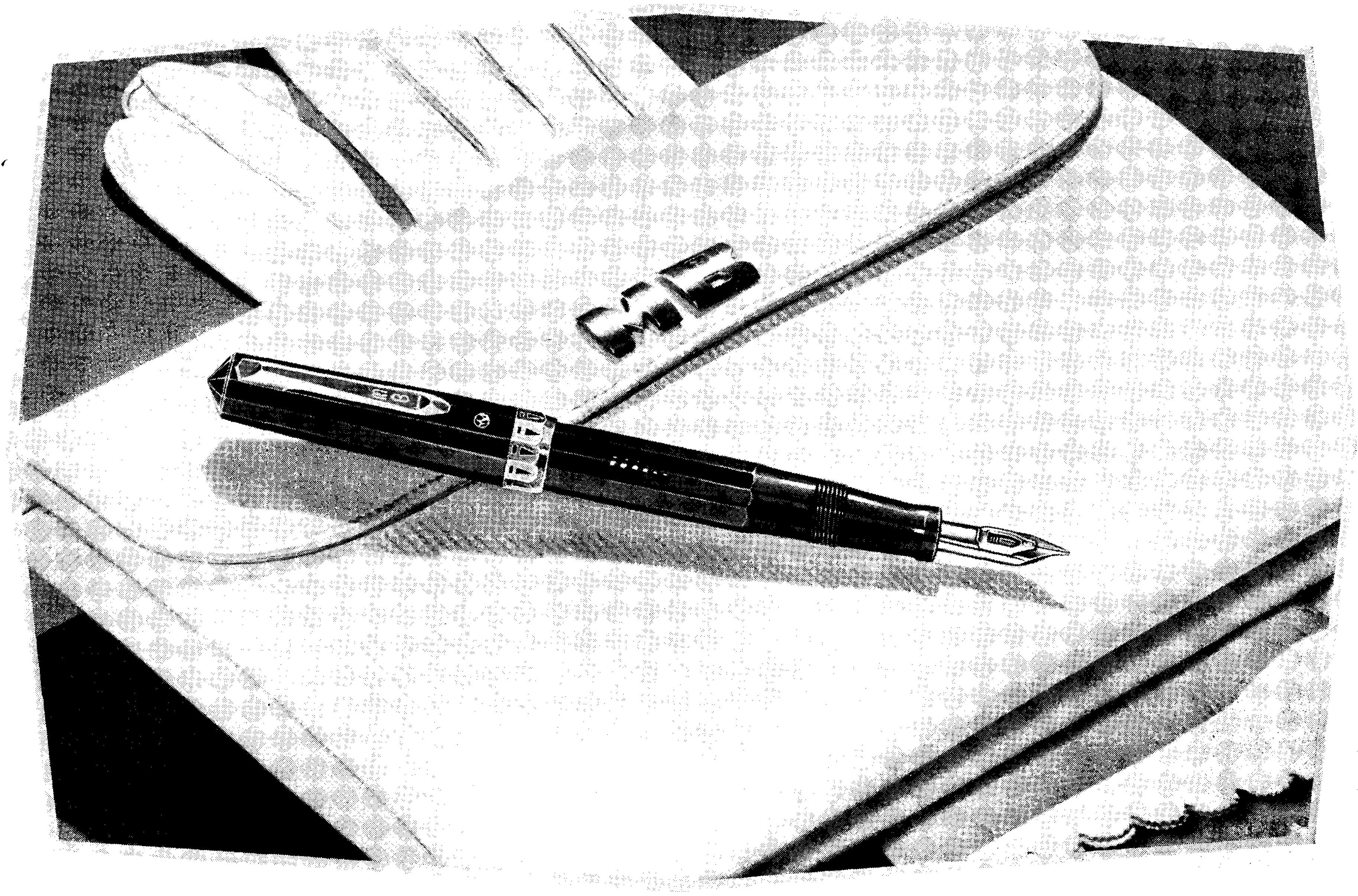
She watched him with eyes that were suddenly bright and hard.

"What do you intend to do, Captain Carstairs?"

"Land me some place ashore near the trading post but out of sight," he said decisively. "Act as though you knew nothing about me, but when you have a chance smuggle me out a cartridge belt and gun. Leave the rest to me."

"It won't be easy," she warned him. "Besides Mr. Walters and my stepfather there's a half-caste Chinaman named Lanton, who helps with the post work and . . . other things. I'm frightened of him. He flogs his women

(Continued on page 54)



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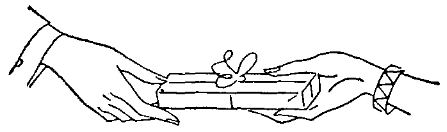

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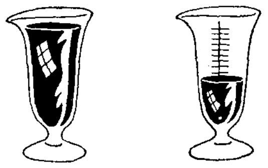

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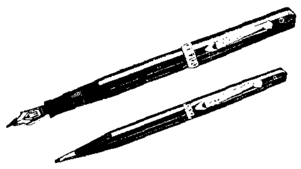

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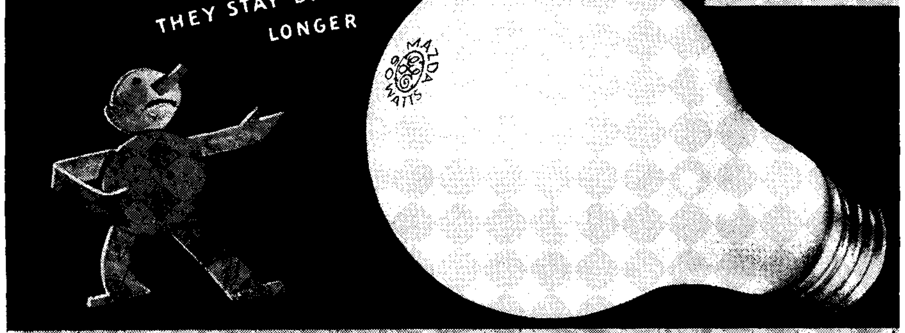


EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Trapped

Continued from page 52

sometimes and you can hear them screaming. . . ." She shuddered and stopped. "You think you can do anything against the three of them? Your crew won't be able to help because it's all arranged for them to be shut up as soon as the Kestrel is in. She must be in now."

"I'll handle things," said Wallaby Jim.

ON THE veranda of the Carson bungalow at Brills Inlet, three men sat drinking in the cool of the young morning. There was Carson, a massive, dark, pockmarked man, still in his pajamas at this early hour and looking a little worried as he watched the sun making lances of gold through the wind-swayed palms. His assistant, Lanton, a half-caste Chinaman, sat to one side of him, thin, vicious and hairless, naked to the waist and intent on tracing patterns on the table with a small pool of liquor. Walters, mate of the Kestrel, sprawled scowling in a long cane chair some distance away and angrily swirled his gin round his glass. There had been some heated words.

"I tell you it wasn't necessary," he protested. "No white man could live through that surf, even if he did make the five or six miles to shore through the sharks. A Kanaka, maybe . . . but a white man, no!"

"You ought to have stunned him or shot him first, anyway," Carson said. "There's no sense in taking chances."

"If I'd tried to stun him or if I'd shot him there'd have been an alarm. You don't know that damned crew. They think Wallaby Jim's about the next thing to Napoleon or something."

"The fact probably is you were scared of him," Carson sneered. "Too scared to make a pass or try a gun. Well, let's hope you're right about him being out of it. If that devil turns up we'll have our hands full."

The half-caste shrugged and looked up, his beady eyes glittering.

"Why so concerned about one man?" he demanded. "Even if he is Wallaby Jim. There's three of us, and we've got a dozen boys."

Carson glowered at him.

"It's all right for you to talk, Lanton," he blazed. "You've never met the devil! I have!" He tore his shirt open with a savage gesture and tapped a puckered scar on his shoulder. "I met him when he cleaned out Balata Beach six years ago. Alone. And that was the toughest port this side of the Solomons. I've got a score to pay back with Wallaby, and this deal's it. I wasn't known as Carson then . . . never mind."

Walters grunted a moody assent.

"That's right. He's good. Jed Manning used to be considered one of the best gunmen in the South. Now look at him. Crippled for life and a beachcomber at Moresby. He thought he could fight Wallaby Jim. Oh, hell!" He stood up and shook himself irritably. "Let's forget it. I tell you Wallaby's gone. We've got the Kestrel anchored in the inlet here; we've got the crew in the stockade there," he jerked his head towards a heavily fenced path of ground around which armed native guards paraded. "Tonight the hill chiefs come down and we unload. Kill two birds with one stone. Get rid of awkward witnesses and cash in on the sale."

Carson muttered and rubbed his unshaven chin.

"I'm no angel," he said, "but it don't seem just right to let those hill devils get the crew. D'you suppose they'll eat 'em?"

Walters shrugged.

"Maybe. But I think they just want the heads. There's some sort of a big jubilee waiting until they get enough. What do we care?"

Lanton laughed a little.

"What do we care?" he echoed. And he added, carefully, with a side glance at Carson, "It's the girl that worries me."

Carson jerked up and stared at him. "Meaning what?"

"She knows too much. She guesses a lot more. Twice you've had trouble with her, keeping her from running away with that young captain of the Tamarack."

Carson swore.

"I put a stop to that," he said grimly. "A couple of the boys and me went over him properly last time he came here and we got him alone. And I told him if he came again I'd flog the hide off Myrna." He brooded a moment. "I'll tame that little devil yet," he added then. Lanton laughed half-sneeringly.

"You'd better marry her first."

"That'll all be taken care of as soon as this deal's finished. We'll be fixed for life with what we've already got cached away. I've got a buyer for the post in Samarai, a friend of mine who ain't too particular."

Walters hitched at his cartridge belt and began to walk nervously back and forth.

"I suppose I've got to forge papers for that deal too," he said petulantly. Carson nodded.

"Why not? Her damned father left the post to her. You'll draw me up an assignment or something, turning it over to me so I can make the sale legal. Shouldn't be hard."

"Not too hard," Walters agreed. "But it don't seem to me you're giving the girl any sort of a deal, Carson."

"No!" the big man exploded. He glared. "You mind your own damned business, anyway. I'm running this outfit. And I might tell you while we're at it that I don't like the way you look at Myrna. She's mine. Get it? And keep your paws off."

"NOW, now," said Lanton soothingly. "Why argue over a woman? There are plenty of women. Let's get this business of the Kestrel finished first. You've got all the papers drawn up?"

"I've had 'em drawn up for days," Walters snapped. "I've got Wallaby Jim's signature down so good he'd acknowledge it himself. But we ought to have the second mate witness it and I can't find a specimen of his handwriting. He'll be obstinate."

Lanton smiled thinly.

"I think a few lighted matches under his toes will make him change his mind. And the bosun?"

"He's a bullock of a Samoan, mission-raised, but I copied his signature from a receipt I found in the skipper's desk. That's all O. K. No one's going to question the thing much anyway."

"Not the way we've got it figured," Carson agreed. "We'll run the Kestrel to the China coast. What d'you figure the ship and cargo's worth, Walters?"

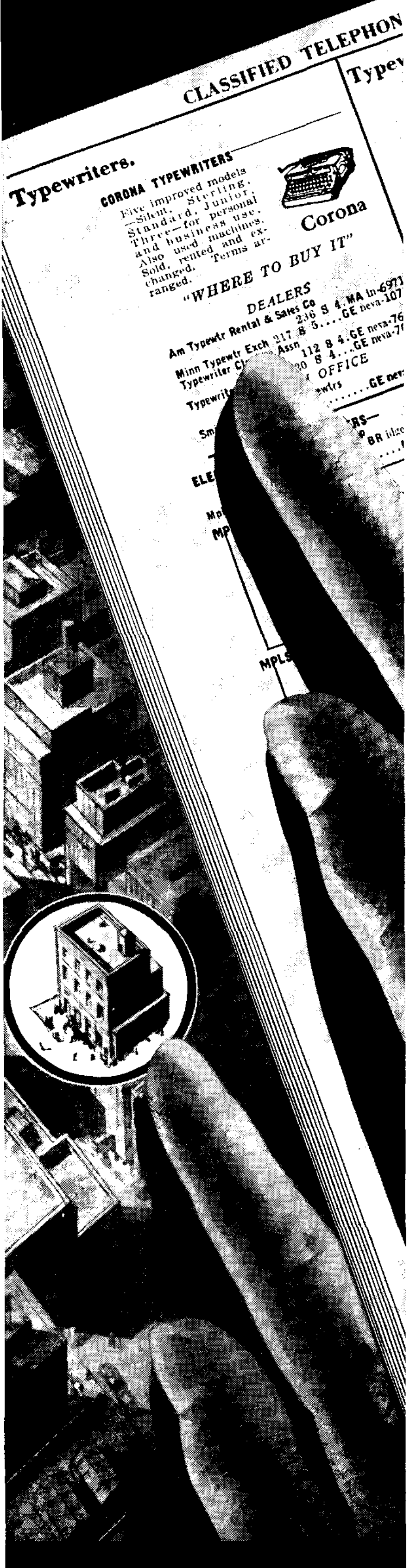
The lean man shrugged.

"I'm no assessor. Plenty, anyway. The pearls alone ought to bring twenty thousand dollars."

"All that for the nest egg," gloated Carson, licking his lips. "And a ship for a clean getaway."

"What d'you mean, getaway?" asked Walters curiously. "Anything bad turned up since I've been gone? You seem mighty anxious to drop the post now."

Points out the nearest dealer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"A government cutter blew in a week or so back," explained Lanton smoothly. "Seems like our young friend of the Tamarack had dropped a bee or two into the official ear. The Resident Magistrate said he was coming back in six or seven weeks and that he'd want a full accounting for Miss Myrna Carson." The half-caste chuckled as Carson muttered a strangled oath. "You can see that would be awkward. It is better for the buyer from Samarai to debate the matter rather than Carson."

"Did Myrna get to talk to the R. M.?" asked Walters. "If she spilled . . ."

"Don't worry," Carson snarled. "As soon as we spotted the cutter, Myrna got a sudden idea she wanted to go up-country for a little hunting. She left a note explaining."

"We had to have something to show the R. M. in case he wanted to see her, or insisted on it," Lanton chuckled. "She was very obstinate for a while."

"Oh, I can handle her," Carson growled, and his eyes narrowed as he saw his white gig ground in the shallows of the inlet. "Here she is now. Been fooling around with her morning fishing again, I guess."

THE three men were silent as the girl walked up to the bungalow, one of her native women behind her. She looked calmly along the veranda as she came up the steps, and would have gone into the house without a word had not Carson checked her.

"Where you been?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Where I usually go mornings," she said. "For a swim and to fish. I thought some fresh schnapper would be good for dinner."

Carson grunted.

"All right. Get some grub ready. And if you've got anything to pack, get it packed. We're sailing from here tonight, as soon as I've finished a little business with the hill chiefs."

She stared at him, suddenly white.

"Sailing," she faltered. "Sailing where?"

"China," he said harshly. "And that's all you need to know."

"But . . . but we can't leave here," she said desperately. "I . . . this is all the home I know. I was born here. The post belongs to me. My father," she choked and bit her lip. She was going to add that the young captain of the Tamarack had promised to call for her soon again, and this time he would not be alone. Instead she nodded. "Very well," she said. Lanton looked after her with shrewd eyes as she disappeared.

"She's acting queer this morning," he observed suddenly. "No argument."

Carson grunted his scorn and reached for the gin bottle.

"Women are always queer," he stated. "Forget it. I've got everything under control."

But Lanton, disturbed by some inward warning voice, shook his head and after a while got up and strolled down to the beach where the gig still lay drawn up in the shallows. His keen eyes scanned the little craft carefully. After a time, he went slowly back to the bungalow, saying nothing to his companions. He liked to take care of things himself, did Lanton.

TORMENTED by flies and crawling things, panting in the steamy heat of the jungle, Wallaby Jim waited all morning and half the afternoon in a thicket perhaps two hundred yards from where the Carson bungalow sat in the shade of the palms.

Myrna Carson had landed him up the coast a way and sent Manui with him to guide him to his present hiding place, but when she would herself be able to put in an appearance she confessed was

(Continued on page 56)

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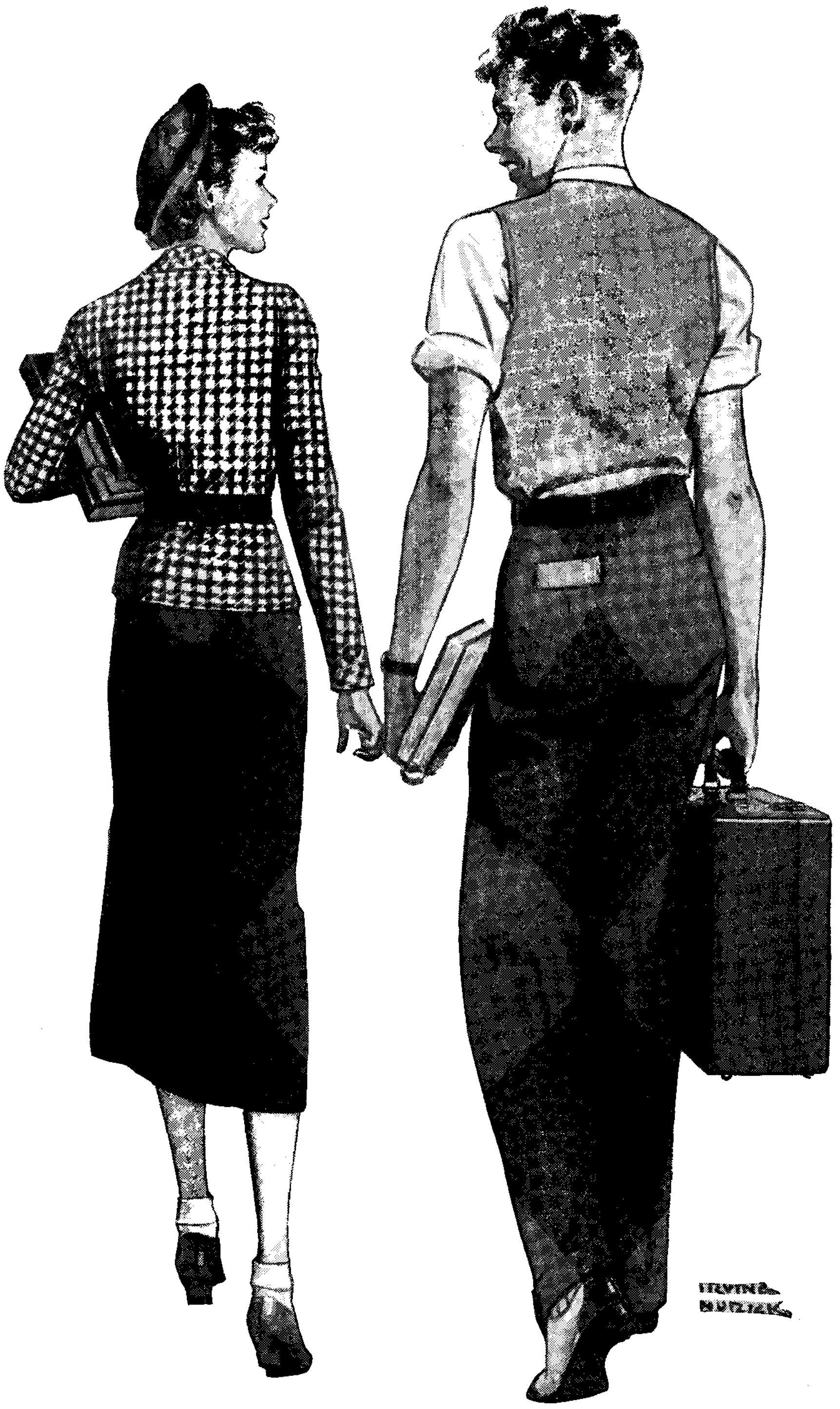

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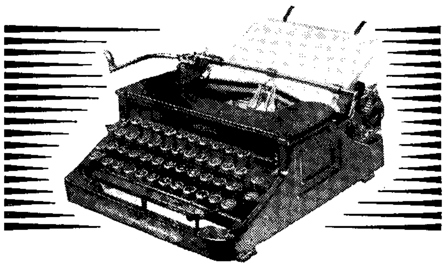

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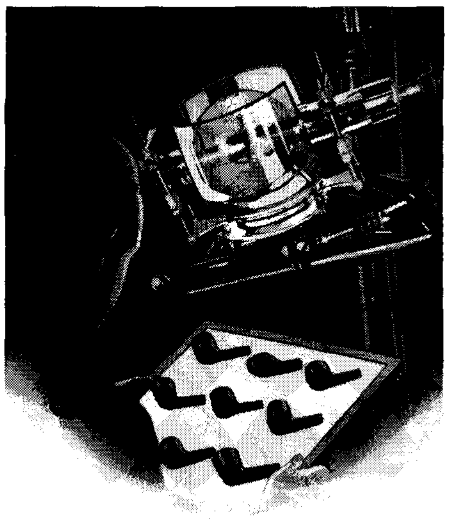

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(*Continued from page 55*)

problematical. Her stepfather and Walters, and especially the half-caste, Lanton, were always suspicious of her, besides which she was the official mistress of the post and her stepfather insisted she look after him and the others, more often than not demanded she wait upon them in person. Wallaby ruminated on these things, swearing when he thought of a cheroot, and thinking over the whole business.

He should have been suspicious from the first, he told himself. Bancroft, his faithful old mate, whom he trusted implicitly, had got into some sort of a waterfront brawl at Woodlark Island a week or more before, and had been so badly hurt Wallaby had perforce to leave him in the hospital. Certified mates were not exactly scattered on the beach at Woodlark, and Walters, in fact, had been the only man to present himself for the passage to Australia. Wallaby had neither liked nor disliked him. So long as he knew his work and did it, it made no difference to Wallaby what his morals or ethics were, particularly since the arrangement was only temporary. But, now that he considered the matter in view of what had happened, there was distinctly a ratty smell about it.

Bancroft was not the sort of man who got into waterfront brawls, certainly not to the extent where he emerged with broken ribs and concussion of the brain. And one thing was certain now anyway. It was all a well-laid plan. The Kestrel was a prize worth while and Walters had obviously been planted at Woodlark to pick her up on her return trip when she would be loaded. Bancroft had probably been put out of the way designedly, and the chances were worth it. There were sixty-three fine pearls in the Kestrel's cabin safe; about fifty or sixty pounds of gold dust and nuggets; a number of negotiable notes-of-hand, and quite a considerable sum in actual cash, entrusted to Wallaby by various customers and friends for safe banking in Brisbane. Not to mention a fat cargo of pearl and turtle shell and copra.

But just how Walters expected to get away with the deal, even allowing for forged papers and disposal of the crew, rather puzzled Wallaby. Why had the Kestrel been picked on particularly? Granted she was a rich ship when homeward bound, but there were several ships almost as rich that called at Woodlark and adjacent islands, and any one of them would have been safer to handle than the Kestrel. The Kestrel was famous in the South. The disappearance of Wallaby Jim would start a commotion that would scarcely be started for anyone else. He felt there was another reason beside the loot for choosing him as the victim. You never could tell.

IT WAS late when Myrna Carson came. She was frightened, that was obvious, casting glances every now and then over her shoulder. She carried a filled cartridge belt with a holstered gun; a package of food, a flask of water, and, blessed more than anything else, a handful of cigars and some matches.

"Everything all right?" he asked quietly. She stared at him and nodded, wetting her lips.

"I think so. But Lanton seemed to act queerly, as if he suspected something. He's been watching me all day. I've only just dodged him. And I saw him questioning Manui earlier, but I don't think she would talk."

He nodded and, after a drink of water, gratefully lighted a cigar. She gave him such details as she knew; the crew of the Kestrel imprisoned behind a stockade, some of them persuaded ashore by Walters with the promise of stretching their legs and getting a drink or two perhaps while he inquired if the body of a white man had been found along the beaches. The rest of them had been taken by surprise when a boatload of armed natives under Carson had come alongside. All done very neatly and without trouble. The hill chiefs would come after dark to close the deal.

"And as soon as that's finished we're sailing for China," she added. And bitterly, "All of us." Then she screamed.

Some sixth sense had warned Wallaby even a fraction of a second before her scream began. He spun round and ducked all in one motion, had a glimpse of a distorted, hairless face and snarling lips, and then he was locked with a slender, wiry devil of a man who ripped up with a razor-keen knife. Wallaby escaped being disemboweled by a fraction of an inch, for the knife slit the skin of his abdomen, soaking him with blood. But then his hand clamped on the other man's wrist and from there it was easy. The knife was forced back, back and in, and the attacker gave a bubbling scream and fell away, the knife haft sticking out of his ribs. He turned and staggered, half running towards the bungalow, mouthing inarticulate curses.

Wallaby swore and jumped for the cartridge belt lying at the girl's feet, but before he could get the gun clear the other man had disappeared in the brush.

"That was Lanton," said the girl.

CARSON and Walters were both watching the houseboys carrying cases of stores, furniture and personal effects down to the beach when Lanton arrived.

He fell within twenty feet of them crawled along the sand, sank slowly on his side and died. Carson cursed.

"I suppose he was down at the village fooling with the women again, and one of the men finally taught him something. With his own knife, too."

Walters shook his head. He touched Carson's arm and pointed. Myrna Carson could be seen for a moment as she slipped from between the palms and ran for the bungalow's back door. Carson looked at Walters.

"D'you suppose the yellow rat was after her and she got him some way? We'll see." He strode grimly for the bungalow, Walters at his heels. They found Myrna Carson in the kitchen with her two native women.

"Myrna!" snapped Carson harshly. She spun about, one hand to her throat and her eyes wide.

"Did you kill Lanton?"

"Kill . . . kill," she breathed. "Oh, no, no!"

"Then you knew he was dead?"

"I . . . no."

"You lying little devil!" Carson grated. He caught her wrist and wrenched her towards him. "What were you doing back in the bush there? Who knifed Lanton? Tell me!"

He twisted her wrist until she was forced to her knees, moaning, and Walters checked him with suddenly tight lips.

"Let's try the Kanakas first," he suggested. "They know, all right."

He went back into the bungalow's living-room and took from its peg a vicious ray-tail whip, serrated and barbed, able literally to strip the flesh from the bones. Both Kanaka women shrank back in terror when he returned. Myrna Carson flung herself on Walters' arm.

"No . . . not that," she panted. "They don't know a thing."

Carson dragged her away and Walters stared hard at Manui.

"What about it?"

The woman shook her head and moaned, sheer terror rendering her dumb. Walters let the whip lick slowly across her back and blood spurted. Myrna Carson screamed. After the fifth stroke the words bubbled from Manui's lips and she then fell half-

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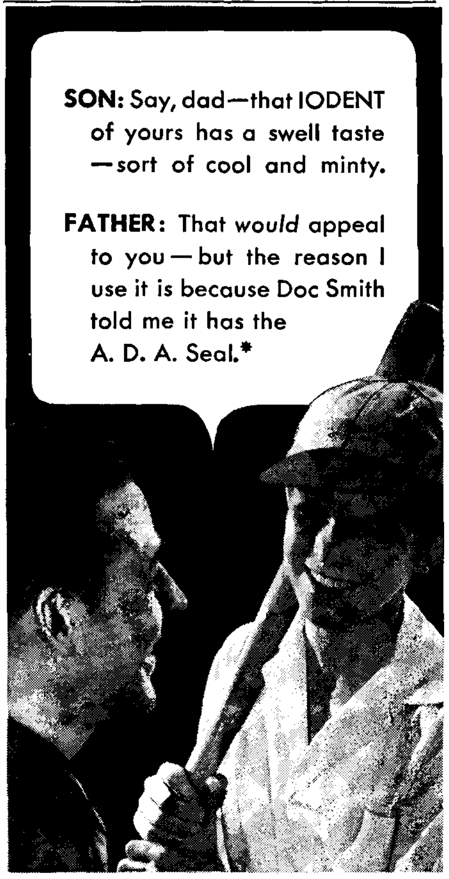

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fainting to the floor. Carson's face was gray. Walters was pale but furious.

"So you picked up a man at sea," he blazed at the white girl. "You dirty double-crosser. Who was it? Was it . . . ?" He licked his lips, shaken. "Was it . . . ? No, it couldn't have been. No man could have lived through six miles of sharks and the surf."

"I don't know who it was," said Myrna faintly. "We found him hanging on a log and we landed him up the coast. I don't know who he was."

Walters whipped round on Carson and shook the whip.

"We've got to get it out of her hide, Carson. Damn it! If it was Wallaby Jim we've got to get him if we ransack the whole damned island. If that devil's alive we're none of us safe."

"I told you you ought to have slugged or shot him before you dumped him," Carson exploded. "You damned fool! Give me that whip!"

He brought the lash down hard across the white girl's thin blouse, ripping it and drawing blood. She wilted and pressed desperately back against the wall, her face absolutely bloodless but her lips thin and tight.

"You know who it was," Carson raved. "Was it Wallaby Jim?"

She did not answer and the whip whined and fell raspingly again. Myrna Carson fainted. Carson drew back one foot to kick her and then stopped.

"Yes, it was Wallaby Jim," said a calm voice. "The party's over, Carson."

THERE was a long, hard silence. Carson and Walters stared open-mouthed at the tall white man framed in the kitchen doorway, and subconsciously they noted the heavy gun sagging at his thigh. Wallaby Jim smiled, an unpleasant thing, and his eyes were like ice.

"I think I'm beginning to get it," he observed dryly. "Just in particular why you picked on me and the Kestrel to make your clean-up. A grudge, eh? I've met you somewhere before, Carson, except you weren't Carson then."

Carson's eyes were vicious.

"No, damn you," he spat. "I was Brent Owens six years ago, when you shot up Balata Beach. You burned my saloon and sank my schooner. And . . ."

"Shot you in the left shoulder, if I'm not wrong," added Wallaby. "I remember now. You were one of the head rats in the nest. So it was a grudge after all."

"Call it what you want. And get out. I've got a dozen armed boys within call."

Wallaby laughed, genuinely amused.

"It's not as easy as that, Carson. I've got a little business to settle, both with you and Walters, especially Walters. I don't like my mates throwing me overside."

Walters backed a step or two as if to run. His face was beaded with sweat and was ashen. He remembered that Wallaby Jim was the fastest and straightest shot in the South and he knew there was death in the room with them all.

"I'm not giving you a break," said Wallaby evenly. "I reserve that privilege for men." He dropped a hand to his gun and the others watched him fascinated, too fascinated even to go for their own weapons. And then suddenly Carson's face lit in a relieved smile. At the same moment Wallaby felt something hard jammed in his spine, and a clipped voice in mission-school English grated in his ear.

"Still, white man. Keep still."

Wallaby half turned his head and saw the broad, brutal face of one of Carson's armed guards, the head guard as it happened, come to report something to his master and accidentally stumbling on the critical scene. Carson screamed:

"Kill him, Sanda! Don't wait. Kill him now!" And simultaneously both he and Walters went for their guns. For just a fraction of a second Sanda hesitated. It was always dangerous to kill a white man, and he was a little startled by Carson's screaming vehemence. That cost him his life.

Wallaby Jim did three things almost together, with the quickness of a cat. He dropped flat on his face, so that the carbine bullet scored along his shoulder muscles instead of breaking his back. Then he rolled rapidly to one side and shot upwards. Sanda's bullet, plowing on, took Carson full in the chest. Wallaby's shot hit Walters under the heart and dropped him like a pole-axed steer. Wallaby was on his knees then and the room was filled with the crashing jars of explosions. Carson was staggering but shooting wildly, and Sanda was pumping frantic lead in all directions, his head completely confused. He toppled suddenly and Carson, lurching forward with a last furious oath, fell over him riddled with lead.

Wallaby rose slowly and cautiously through the heavy-lying blue powder fumes, looked silently at the native women huddled in one corner, looked at the shaking, blood-stained form of Myrna Carson, and then carefully reloaded his gun. He picked up Sanda's carbine, filled the magazine with shells from the dead native's bandolier and, tight-lipped, padded for the front veranda.

The native guards about the stockade were in confusion. One or two were running for the bungalow. The others were milling about, shouting and undecided. Wallaby dropped to one knee, rested the carbine on the veranda rail and shot with care. The running guards dropped, rolled and lay still. Three of those milling near the stockade crumpled. The rest scattered and began firing at the veranda, knowing only that something terrible must have happened to their masters and that death was seeking them out. Lead whined and flickered about the lone white man, and suddenly he laughed.

OVER the top of the stockade appeared a brown arm, then a leg, then another arm and leg. In fifteen seconds half a dozen of his imprisoned crew were running for the dead guards, had picked up their weapons and were blazing away. It was all over then in less time than it takes to tell. Not one of Carson's men escaped, and when Wallaby stood up and called, the jubilant crew of the Kestrel, headed by the second mate, came up towards the bungalow. Wallaby spoke shortly, without emotion as was his custom, and gave specific orders. Then he turned and went back to the bungalow. Myrna Carson was in a chair in the living-room, crying, her blouse slit down the back while her native women were dressing the livid marks of the ray-whip. Wallaby laid a hand on her shoulder, soothing her, and she looked up.

"I'm leaving my second mate in charge here with a few men," said Wallaby gently. "I think you'd better come to Brisbane with me. Later you can decide what you want to do."

"Brisbane?" she faltered uncertainly. "But why . . ."

"Wasn't there a young man commanding the Tamarack?" inquired Wallaby, smiling. "The chances are we'll find him at Brisbane. And if not, I'll locate him and send him there."

He left her smiling through her tears and went outside again. His second mate came up and touched his cap, waiting more orders.

"I sail at once," said Wallaby crisply. "You can attend to things here." And he made a curious, characteristic, chopping gesture with his right hand. "This business is finished."

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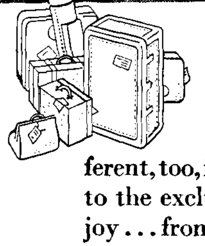

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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 25

Madame waved him back. "If I took another I'd fall down your confounded stairs. I want to talk to you. Tom Sebastian's in trouble and he made it no better by smashing in Buffalo's face. Buffalo's my own, but I know him terribly well. He's the killing kind, John."

"Madame," said Sillavan bluntly, "you'll live to grieve over that boy's grave."

"I'd grieve less if I knew he couldn't hurt Tom Sebastian. Look here, John. Buffalo was a cheap thief till very lately. I give him credit for an ungodly ambition which has made him well-to-do in his stealing ways. But he's got himself some political power and some heavy backing. You know and I know who's behind that."

"Yes, Madame. We're old enough to remember past history and we know who would be wanting to destroy Barrier now."

Madame said belligerently: "I'll not have it. The gentleman in question is a big name and he's powerful and a solid citizen. But I knew him in less discreet days. If I went to him and shook a few skeletons in his fat, China-colored face—"

"Madame," interrupted the judge, "don't do it."

"Why?"

The judge got up and he said, more earnestly: "Don't do that. It may help later, but it would not help now. You are thinking dangerous things. The man can hit you so swiftly you'd never know it. No. You go back to Tumpah and be still. If it were otherwise I'd tell you."

Madame rose and sighed gustily. She wasn't satisfied. The dove on her hat rocked up and down like a gull on a sea wave. "You're a clever man, John, and I'll mind you. But in the last resort I'll break a scandal over him he'll not live down."

Sillavan held the door for her and bowed as she went out.

THERE were no telegrams from Rex Gilman, which was strange—considering that young man's competent nature. Lily turned an analytical glance on Jay, who sat as usual in comfortable repose. Jay saw the quality of curiosity strengthen against him and grinned.

"I'm going to get the devil for something. I see it coming."

"By any chance did Rex Gilman send you down here to do missionary work on me?"

"Let the skeptic, ignoble thought die its own miserable death," murmured Jay.

"You're like Kit," retorted Lily. "You can be so aggravatingly indirect. Sometimes smoothness defeats itself, my dear. I want a straight answer."

"Honey," protested Jay, "I told you my only purpose in coming was to be near you."

It was still unsatisfactory, but Lily dropped her questioning and walked restlessly around the room, hands briefly touching the furniture. Kit was at the phone, broadcasting invitations for the party. She made an impatient appeal for silence. But the little devils of discontent would not let Lily alone. The room seemed to cramp her, it was so neat and so small! And from the very moment she had entered it the old question and the old tantalizing uncertainty seized her mind. What was she to do? What was she to be? Stopped in front of a wall picture, looking at it and yet not seeing it, she realized how unobtrusively Barrier had soothed her—how quietly it had carried her for a while beyond her troubles.

She wheeled. "I'm going for a walk."

"In this heat?" exclaimed Kit, and then spoke into the phone. "No, I was talking to Lily." Jay made a weary gesture, but he got up.

"You don't need to go along," Lily told him.

"Why did I come from Hollywood, if not to be with you?"

They went into the street and turned toward town, with the trees along the curb shading them for a few blocks. Afterwards they passed into the hard sunlight, two bareheaded, striking people walking indifferently and silently beneath it. The red glints in Lily's chestnut hair began to burn brightly, and all the motions of her body were graceful and deliberate and proud. On the bridge across the Truckee they stopped to lean over the railing and watch a man, hip-deep in the center of the river, cast his fish line across a patch of shallow riffles.

"CAN'T see much purpose in fishing where there's not apt to be fish," reflected Jay Stuart.

"Sometimes it is a comfort not to have a purpose."

"That's the way vegetables are."

"Struggle and triumph and glory isn't the only philosophy, Jay."

"True enough. There are a lot of unambitious souls who don't want victory. Comparatively few people are built to take the blows of battle. But those few always answer when the bugle blows. They may think they can sit by the side of the road and let the world go by, but they can't. They only kid themselves when they think they can."

"Pointing the finger at me, Jay?"

"I know you very well," said the man quietly. "The pastoral scene looks very attractive right now when the thought of the Hollywood treadmill oppresses you. You want to break free. But you're a girl full of fire and ambition and you can't stand still. Idleness would irritate you. Not being in the full current would sooner or later make you supremely unhappy."

"Now and then your words make me uncomfortable."

"Because they ring true to your conscience, my dear."

She turned and found his broad lips holding quiet humor. In his way he was a full man. Meticulous as he kept himself, tailored and groomed and handsome as he was, the weakness of the matinee idol type was not in Jay Stuart. The touch of ruggedness about shoulders and chin and mouth saved him from that; and there was always in his manner an infinite comprehension and amused earthly wisdom that softly won its point.

She shrugged her shoulders and walked on, across the bridge into the town's center. Jay said casually: "Fay Marlowe's last picture has turned out to be a flop and so Fay's on the way out. That puts the Leland outfit in a bad hole for a star. We'll see a scramble over there for Number One dressing-room."

"I liked her, Jay."

"She was a publicity build-up that couldn't deliver. New times, new faces, new techniques. I hear Goldman's going to do a costume thing—Victor Herbert style. If that stuff comes in you'll hit the top of the class, Lily. You'd make the loveliest Gibson girl ever put on celluloid."

Suddenly Jay's quiet, unstressed words opened a door to familiar scenes. There was something in his talk, painting as it did the picture of Hollywood

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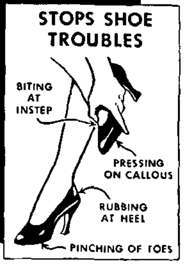

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life, that warmed the memories of her own four-year struggle there and made them pleasant. In that little interval the clutter and confusion of rehearsal, the tense moments of action, the jargon, the smell of coffee late at night, the explosions of temperament, the intrigue and all the recollections of a swift touch-and-go life came through the door Jay had opened to stir and to pull her. It was like the rousing of dormant hope.

He couldn't have known what was in her mind, but he turned and said something that struck a full chord: "Picture people are a queer lot. Once Klieg lights baptize them, they never live for anything else. Nothing else ever satisfies. Nothing else ever takes them away. Look at me. I'm through with pictures, but do you suppose I'm happy about it? If I were ten thousand miles away I'd drop everything and rush back at the casting director's call. You'd think the old-timers who have made their money and are out of the game would leave Hollywood. They never do, and they never will. It's the greatest game in all the world."

They were passing the Riverside. Looking idly across the street, Lily had her attention momentarily diverted. Tom Sebastian stood at the curb, talking with three other men, now and then making a lazy gesture with his hands. His hat was shoved back from his face and he was wholeheartedly laughing—almost the first time Lily had seen him thus shaken out of his gravity. Unconsciously she stopped, touching Jay's arm.

"I wish you knew him better. If you did, I think you'd swear loyalty to him forever. It's a queer feeling. He's the most exciting man I've ever met."

"You met him two or three days ago. How can you know him so well?"

She shook her head. "It isn't a matter of time." She looked at Stuart. "He lives a long way from anywhere and he's rooted to his ranch. Would you say he lacked purpose?"

"The ranch is his purpose. That's his battle." Stuart paused, then added quietly: "But is there a place on Barrier for two fighters? Sebastian does the leading. Everybody else follows. Do you want to play the part of a follower?"

THEY swung back toward the bungalow; and not until they were within a block of it did either speak. Lily said then:

"I wish I could implicitly believe you. You're so easy to believe."

She noticed how much of his indolent manner was gone. He was deeply in earnest. "Of course you suspect me of coming here to take you back. I don't blame you. Well, I did come to tell you one thing. I've got to say it because all Lily Tennants need to hear it. This is it: Love is a universal thing, but talent is very rare in the world. Love dies. Talent grows always richer. Any fool man or girl can fall in love, get married and raise families. It is the common story of life. But it isn't the great story. The great story in life is the story of somebody, with the precious ounce of genius in him, smashing through all the rules and the barriers and going to the top. It's the greatest story because it is the rarest, because the conventional beliefs of love and happiness so often defeat it, and because it furnishes the star glow for other ambitious ones to guide themselves by.

"I don't want to jar you too hard, Lily. I don't want to be cynical. But to me it is supreme tragedy to see a great spirit get caught in the bedtime stories of a mediocre world. Everything's against you. All the rules, all the ordinary beliefs, all the sentiment of the common run. You are even against yourself. And so, if with all this nonsense handicapping you, you do rise—God bless you, my girl, and the stars are yours."

He quit on that; he quit abruptly. As they turned into the house he caught her sober eyes and his fine, quiet smile took all the sting from his words.

HELD up by an impromptu gathering of cattlemen, Sebastian didn't get to Lily's party until well after nine. A great deal of aimless noise met him when he entered. Lily came out of the crowd with a mildly reproachful glance.

"I thought you'd forgotten. Is there anybody here you don't know?"

He surveyed the twenty or more people gathered in the room and shook his head. Most of them were of Reno's younger crowd, though Judge Sillavan and a retired army officer by the name of Arthur and one of Reno's older divorce lawyers added a touch of salt to so much obvious youth. And there was a heavy man in a cream-colored suit standing at Kit Christopher's elbow, alternately listening to her and sipping at his highball. Sebastian looked at him with a close interest.

"How did Kit happen to pick up Ed Brean?"

Lily said: "She doesn't quite know. She was introduced to him this afternoon. And here he is. We think there was a touch of maneuvering about it."

"If he wanted to meet her he'd manage to arrange it," agreed Tom, and accepted a drink from the unobtrusive Hannah. Somebody called to him and there was a moment's diversion while he grinned and acknowledged the crowd. Ed Brean turned his head and coolly stared. He was a big, round, formless man with a pear-shaped face and two agate-blue eyes which refused to admit emotion. The extra tissue on him made him seem soft to the point of flabbiness and his clothes didn't fit well. But a monumental indifference flowed out of him, a sort of careless authority. He barely nodded to Sebastian; and returned his attention to Kit.

Lily was quite curious. "He seems to have a reputation for being powerful. Is there something particular about him I ought to know?"

He said, "No," and plunged his hands in his pockets. She had changed into a wine-brown evening dress and light flowed along the supple curves of her body and turned them indescribably graceful. The smooth joining of her neck and shoulders was something vivid to see; the brushed-back chestnut hair glowed under the room lamps. The love of life was an alive quality in her eyes, in the rose flush of her cheeks. And once again the womanly substance of this girl hit him hard. He pulled his hands from his pockets and locked them back of him. It was no different now than it had been the first evening he had met her. She stirred his deepest, most reckless emotions. It was something he couldn't help.

Lily turned and slowly pushed through the crowd to the table. Ed Brean, who seemed to be alert to all things, jerked up his head and watched her. He wheeled away from Kit, who was talking to him, with a curt impoliteness and headed for Lily. But he had to shift his course, for Lily came back to Tom with a tray of thin sandwiches. Brean ambled heavily toward them.

"You shouldn't let one man have more than his just amount of time with you," he said to Lily. His voice bore down, insistent as it was indifferent.

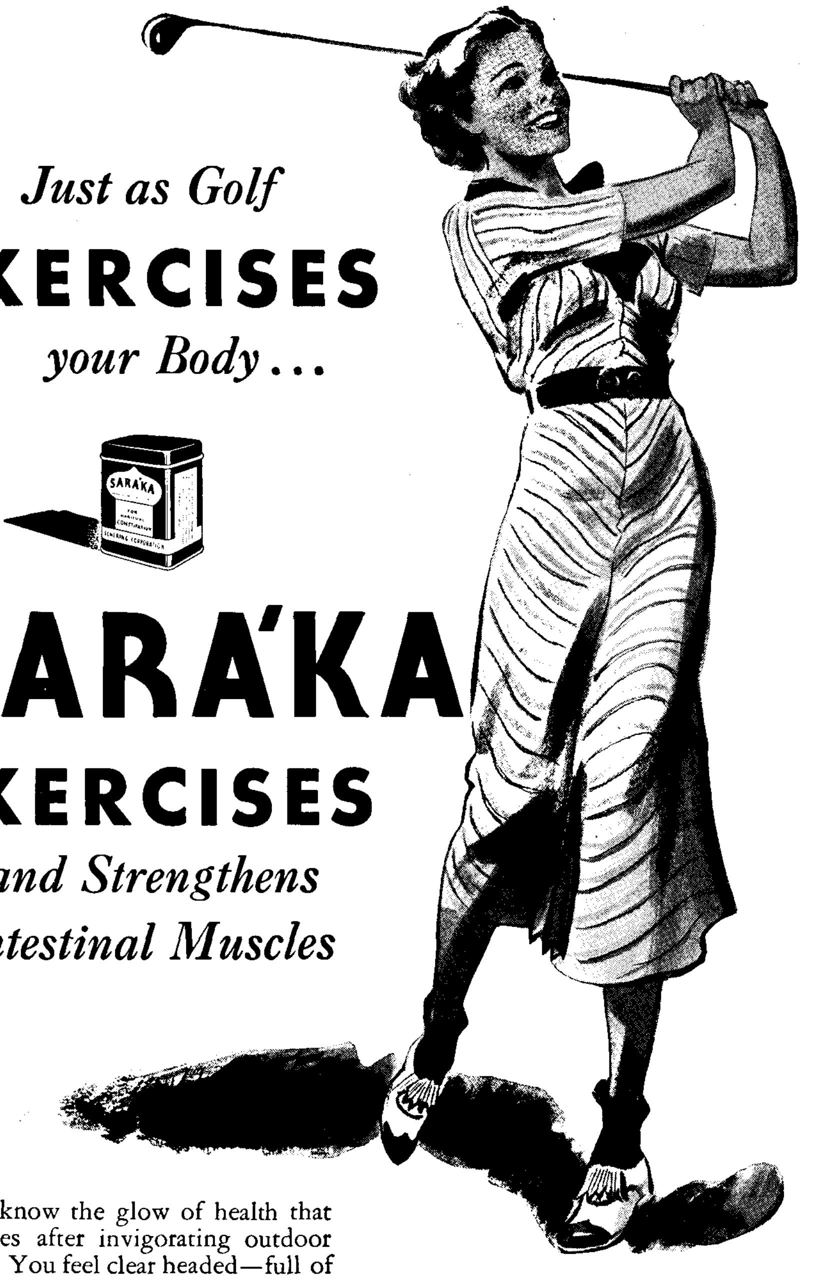
"Perhaps I'm paying a debt."

"Pay it and be rid of him. All Sebastians are unforgiving creditors."

Lily said: "What makes you so sure?"

"I know the breed," said Brean. "I'm sixty-five and Henry Sebastian and I fought each other as long as breath

(Continued on page 60)



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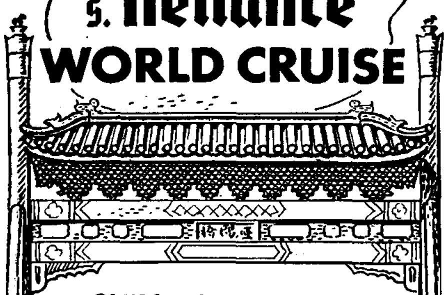

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(Continued from page 59)

lasted in him. Tom here is a polite man but he's hard as his dad. I think this is the first time since 1905 I have spoken to a Sebastian." He looked casually at Tom. "I'm disposed to let old dogs sleep."

"Let them sleep then," said Tom civilly.

A soundless chuckle erupted from Brean's vast diaphragm and faintly disturbed the noncommittal face. His voice bore downward: "I was curious to know if a Sebastian ever changed. They do not, I see. Let me wish you luck." He turned definitely away.

Tom Sebastian lifted his glass to drink the last of the amber liquor, his glance narrowly striking across the rim toward Ed Brean's rolling back. Lily observed his sudden, concentrated attention.

"You are, as he said, rather unforgiving," she reflected.

"Where would I learn charity or mercy?"

IT WAS almost harshly said. He recognized it and at once smiled the abruptness away and accepted the sandwich she silently offered. The crowd had turned unaccountably noisy and a girl in a far corner laughed in a high, shrill voice that raked him like a file. A woman stood under the cluster lights and raised her glass to one sulky man standing across the table; her bare, powder-white shoulders rose and fell. Judge Sillavan sat on a divan, cigar between his fingers. His white, ruffled hair stuck up in the back, his stiff shirt front bulged carelessly, and he seemed to be seeing distant images. Talk eddied out toward Tom in disconnected fragments.

Jay Stuart, over there in the middle of all this, suddenly cut through it and came beside Lily. He was more than normally amused. "So this is the party you put on for me."

"I'm paying a debt of kindness," Lily said. "These people have been nice to me. In return, I show them what they want to see. Which is Jay Stuart, whom they once applauded on the screen."

"You're spoiling their illusions."

"You cut a figure, wherever you go, Jay."

Over by the fireplace Kit Christopher was listening to Ed Brean, but her glance kept roving to Lily; and then she served Brean his own formula by suddenly moving away from him, leaving him with his gesturing hand half lifted. She said to Tom: "Your big friend is a very excellent monologuist."

Jay Stuart shook his head at Lily. "I didn't come here to cut a figure."

"Why did you come? You haven't told me the whole truth yet."

Jay put his cocktail glass before his eyes and tapped the rim of it. His bland, skeptical smile touched Lily with a personal effect. "Here's to our private fortunes, Lily. Here's to what we now know, and to what we'll know tomorrow. May we continue to be good for each other."

Lily said, instantly, "What does that mean, Jay?"

But he took her arm. "You're neglecting your guests, my dear," he said and led her across the room. The crowd closed around her.

Sebastian grunted, "Wait," to the passing Hannah, and got a fresh drink from her tray. He wheeled and went out to the porch, mouth pressed into narrow shape. Posted there, with his back to the door, he didn't hear Kit come along till she spoke and drew him half around.

"When you are angry," she said, "your face gets black as night."

He didn't answer. Kit's hand fell on his shoulder and its pressure was definite. She spoke again, quite gently: "You are an individualist. So you should let other people be individualists too. How do you suppose girls like Lily get ahead in pictures? He wants to help Lily. Do you think she could break through without help? She worked four years as an extra girl until Jay saw her. It was Jay that gave her the chance to go ahead. That's the bargain between them, and whatever Jay may have meant by his toast is their own affair."

He said, "Kit—" in a grating voice, and was stopped by her impatient interruption.

"Why should men always be so romantically-minded about women? Be realistic for one moment at least! Lily is free and she has courage to dare. Why should you show so much moral shock if she has already struck a bargain with her career?" She went back into the house with a quick whirl of her picturesque body. She crossed the room and turned down the hall toward the kitchen and her glance, in passing, touched Jay Stuart. In the kitchen she drew herself a glass of water. Jay came in. He closed the door.

"Jay," she said, swiftly, "you are the smoothest creature alive. If there was something between them it is dead now."

"My little speech?"

"It hit home. You knew he was too masculine a creature not to be outraged by what you implied, didn't you?"

"Did he say so?"

"I sank the knife a little deeper. We shall have Lily out of here soon."

He grinned and went from the kitchen, Kit following. Lily's glance crossed to her, openly curious, but Kit's manner was superbly unrevealing. The phone rang and Judge Sillavan rose from the divan. He went to the phone and bent his head soberly down. The talk fell off as he said, "Yes?"

On the porch Sebastian drank his highball in one breath and carefully set the glass on the porch rail. He murmured, "I suppose that's it," and turned into the room. The crowd had quit talking. Judge Sillavan was uncomfortably bent over the phone, listening carefully. After a long interval he spoke a few brief, meticulously exact words: "I'm sorry, George, but it was a thin chance anyhow. Yes, I'll take care of it. You had better come back by plane." He hung up. He swung about, running his fingers through his unruly white hair. He saw Sebastian in the doorway and made a small, tired gesture.

"I didn't want to say anything till I knew the worst. You've just taken another bad fall, my boy, along with a lot of the rest of us. Your bank won't open in the morning."

Sebastian said, evenly: "Was that George Grannatt talking?"

THE impressionable crowd wasn't making a sound. Lily stood against a wall and showed a deep concern. But it was strange that he should also see concern just now in Kit Christopher's dark eyes. It puzzled him unaccountably.

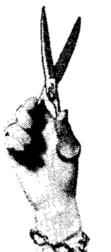
He said: "That's all right, I guess, John. I felt it coming."

Sillavan said gruffly: "You knew your money was going down the spout, so why did you stick by the bank?" He stared at Sebastian and then added: "It's something almost dead in the world—loyalty."

Ed Brean moved away from the fireplace. He said: "Sebastians are like that. I wish you luck, Tom." He bowed briefly at the crowd and left the room.

Sillavan's announcement killed the party. After the guests had gone Sebastian went to the porch and waited for the Hollywood people to collect themselves for the return to Barrier.

Soothe THOSE TIRED EYES!
Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



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Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-11
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
PLEASE send me your money-making plan.

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Send for Free
MONEY-MAKING PLAN

IF YOU want a pleasant way to earn extra money, send us your name and address on the coupon above. You will receive by first-class mail full information about our profitable plan. A few hours a week of your time may equal thousands of dollars of invested capital in bringing you a steady income—an income that will build up a reserve against a rainy day, or allow you to have the many things you want but just "can't afford right now."

Let us help you earn plenty of extra dollars by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, The National Weekly, and the other Crowell Magazines. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. You don't even need to write a letter. *Just paste the coupon above on a penny post card and mail now!*

● ● ●

Mr. Don B. Millikan of Ohio has built up a profitable business as our special subscription representative.

When Sillavan, last to pay his respects to his hosts, came from the bungalow Sebastian stopped him.

"Something's been on my mind all day," he said. "According to rumor Dad was killed by a man who surrendered his gun and then jumped back into the brush to get a rifle. I had the same trick pulled on me this morning. Was it Humboldt who shot Dad?"

"No."

"Well, Humboldt got the idea from somebody. It ties in."

"Where's Humboldt now?"

Sebastian said quietly: "Don't worry about the bank business. I'll squeeze through. We can live off Barrier's surplus fat for a little while."

SILLAVAN struck a match ostensibly for his cigar, but he lifted the light so that his sharp old eyes might read Sebastian's face. The glow died; a long moment afterwards he spoke again: "The game always was rough. It's getting rougher. Don't leave any footprints behind you, Tom. Don't let them pin a thing on you. Once upon a time self-defense was sufficient excuse. Nowadays the crooks use the law against honest people."

"As for the bank," repeated Sebastian, "that's all right. I'll make out."

"You're broke. A big outfit can't run without ready cash."

"I'll sell off some beef for pocket expenses."

"Providing you can collect the beef," pointed out Sillavan. "You may suddenly find that difficult to do."

"I know. But why do you suppose I've been keeping thirty-two tough hands on the place?"

Sillavan said: "You have no legally recognized heirs. If you die you leave a crippled outfit that will sell for a song under the hammer to the highest bidder. It is exactly the sort of situation one certain man wishes to bring about."

"Buffalo? No, he's not big enough to swing it himself. His breeches are paid for by somebody. Who?"

It was Sillavan's turn to be evasive. "To my knowledge you have made no will. It is high time you did so, naming the proper person to inherit Barrier."

"Who would that be?" grunted Sebastian.

Sillavan removed his hat and scruffed up his white hair. He adjusted his hat at a rakish angle. He said abruptly, "To your natural son, Tommy," and went down the street without waiting for an answer.

Kit, coming out of the doorway, found Sebastian rooted stiffly in his tracks, hands locked behind him. Room light slid partially across his sun-darkened cheeks, but shadows were thick across his eyes, concealing them. His lips were turned down at the corners as though he had been physically hurt.

The aloof and utter sureness of this woman broke. Her words were uncharacteristically hurried: "I don't believe in anything you stand for. I hate the philosophy that draws a line between men and women. I hate man's strength and man's obtuseness. I have no use at all for the code the old-fashioned man sets up for himself, its romantic silliness, its brutality, its weird way of making virtues out of loyalty and silence and fidelity. I hate the whole bizarre nonsense of hair-shirt fortitude."

"Why waste your energy? You'll soon be gone from here, back to a world that suits you better."

She caught her breath. She was roused, she was oddly angry. "I tell you I hate it! Yet I admire you more right now than I have admired any man."

"Be consistent," he said irritably.

Her voice slid from its high tone down to a strange, humble gentleness: "Women never can be consistent, Tom."

"All of you seem to know pretty well what you want."

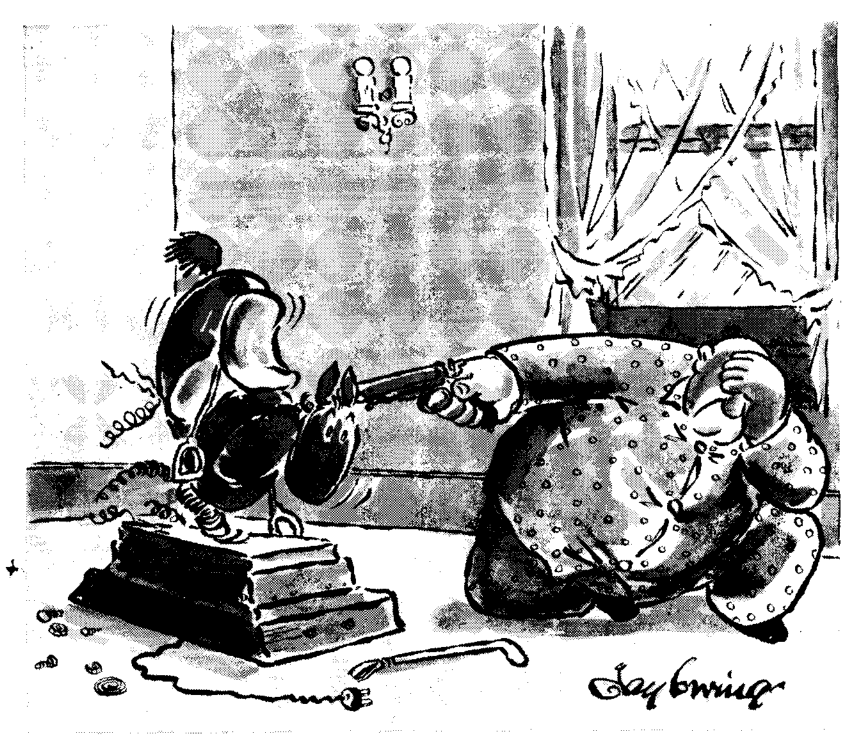
"Do we?" she said. "Perhaps. And perhaps we get what we want, too. But it never seems to be what we hoped for."

"You expect too much."

SHE said dimly: "That's why I admire you. You're not always a pleasant man. But you don't dream of impossible things and you don't cry over spilled milk. If I have hurt you tonight I'm deeply sorry."

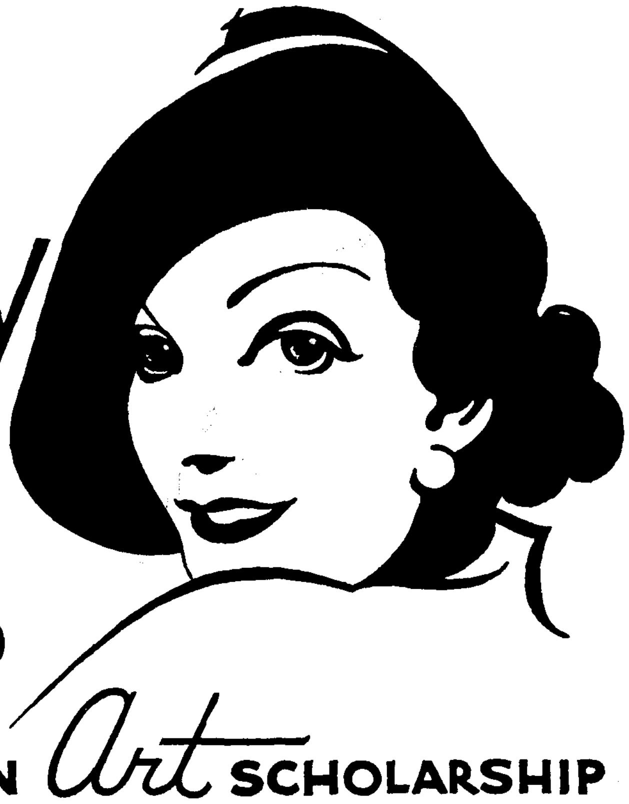
"Let it ride," he said and turned down the steps. The rest of the party came out and got into the car, Lily taking her accustomed place beside him. Her eyes went to him and remained on his stiff, faintly reckless expression till he turned and met her glance. Her hand went over to touch his shoulder then and she smiled. But he said nothing and there wasn't any warmth or response in him; and afterwards her smile uncertainly faded. They rolled through Reno and struck rapidly across the dark desert.

(To be continued next week)



"Goodby, Old Faithful!"

JAY IRVING



draw me!

TRY FOR AN Art SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, with drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 25th, 1935. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS INC

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Endorsed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Write Dept. 123, for literature, prices and nearest dealer.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

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Keeps right on satisfying . . .

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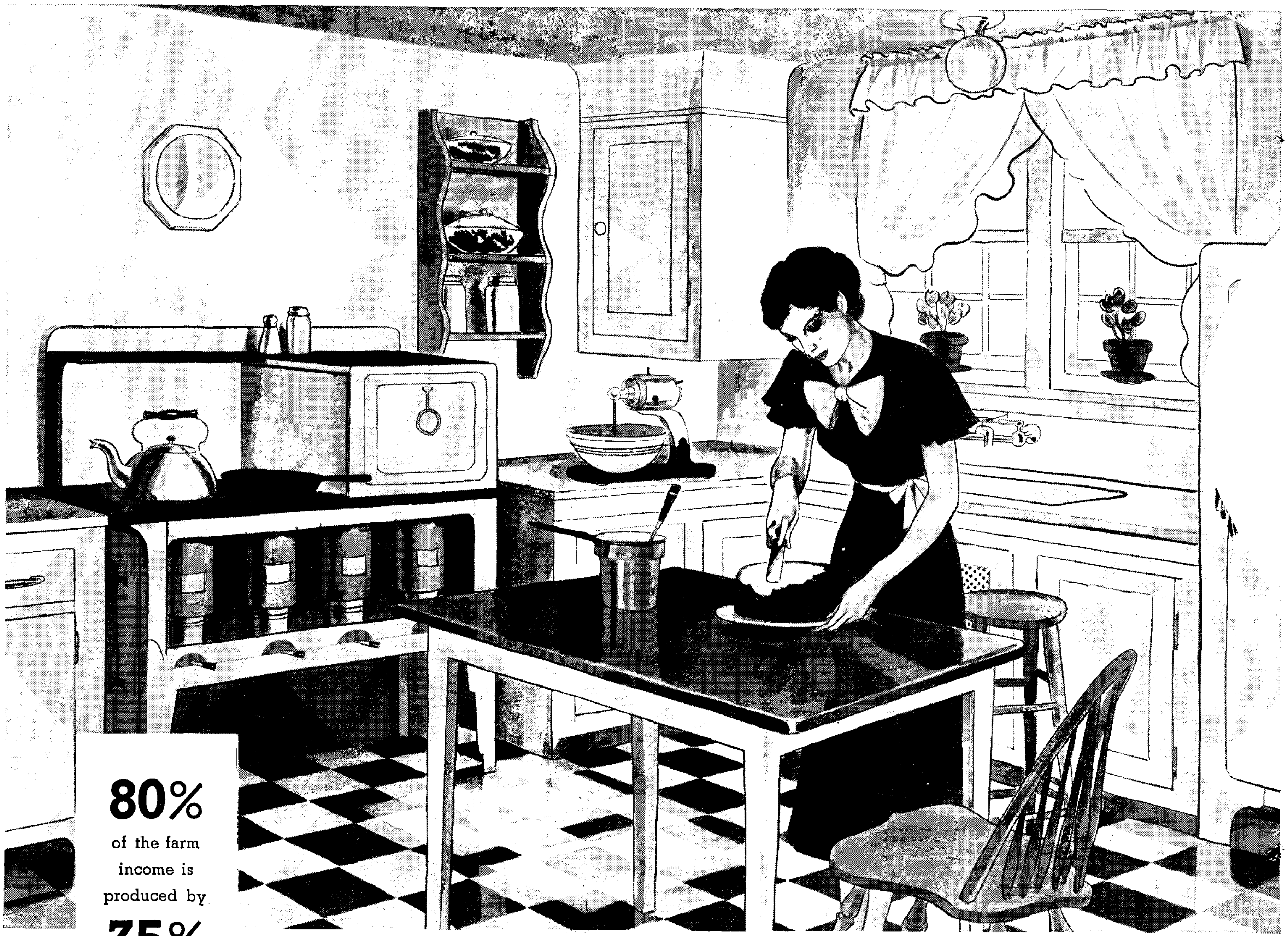

80%
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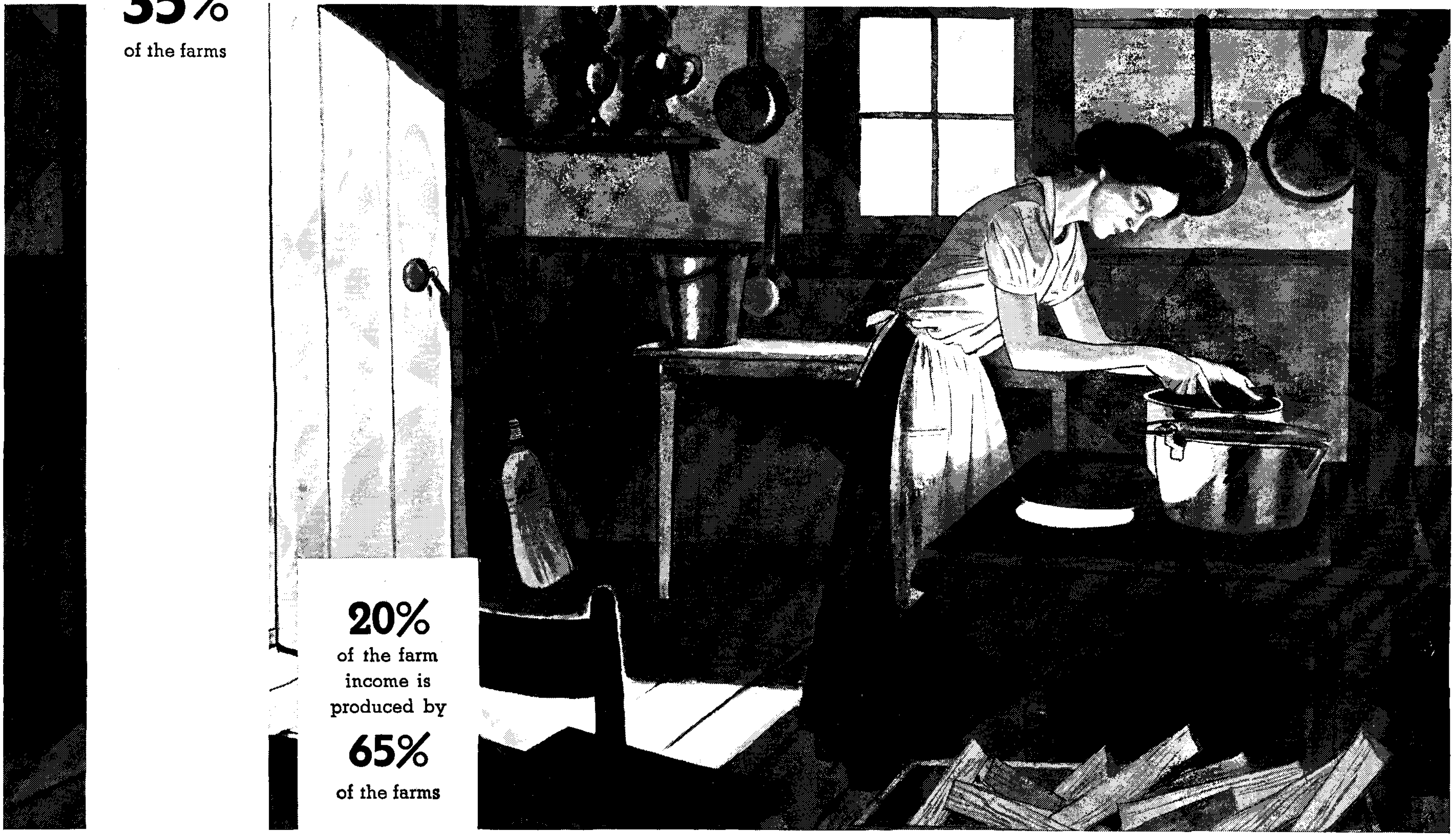
35%
of the farms



20%
of the farm
income is
produced by
65%
of the farms

The HIGHER LIVING STANDARDS MEAN *higher* ***buying*** *standards* *in* **FARM MARKET A**

LET these two kitchens show you the difference in living standards in different farm markets. Take the first one—as modern, as convenient as any you'd find in a city home. And with the same nationally-known foods and packaged products on the pantry shelves. (These farm wives are brand-conscious, too). This kitchen typifies the 2,100,000 families (or 35% of all farm families in this country) who get 80% of the national farm income. They have high standards of living—and high standards of buying. They are the top-income families who make up America's richest rural market. Farm Market A.

Now look at the second kitchen—and you'll get a quick picture of other farm markets. Made up of 65% of the farmers, who get only 20% of the national farm dollars, these families have to scrimp in their living—in their buying. With an income of little more than a dollar a day (that was the national average last year) they can't afford more than the bare necessities of life.

Yet some advertisers continue to send their sales messages into the homes of these dollar-a-day families. By buying widespread "blanket" coverage, they are bound to get a tremendous percentage of these low-income families who make up the readership of shears-and-paste-pot localized farm magazines. They don't let their advertising dollars go slumming in the city—why do they do it in the country?

Advertisers who send their sales messages into Farm Market A skip the country slums. For positive proof of this, here are facts taken from a recent survey among readers of The Country Home magazine. 53.5% of these homes have running water—as compared with a national average of 15.8%. 46.4% have electricity—the national farm average is 16.6%. Truck and tractor ownership in Farm Market A is nearly twice as high as the national figure. 93.7% of these farmers own cars—more than half again as high as the national farm average.

Because Farm Market A is a *national market*—scattered throughout every one of the 48 states—it can only be economically reached through a *national farm magazine*. Because The Country Home magazine has 91% of its circulation concentrated in this market, it is the logical choice of national advertisers who have wisely chosen to cultivate this rich, top-soil of rural purchasing power. Where intelligence and incomes are higher, where per capita earning power is seven times as great, where two-fifths of all retail sales are made. A test campaign in The Country Home magazine will prove the buying power of Farm Market A—*and prove it conclusively.*

IT COSTS LESS TO REACH THIS MARKET THAT SPENDS MORE

You might think it costs more to reach the top-income farmers. Actually just the reverse is true. Look at the advertising rates charged by the poorly-published, localized farm magazines that offer widespread "coverage". Compare them with the rates of The Country Home magazine. You'll find that you can reach Farm Market A—through The Country Home—for less than half the cost-per-page-per-thousand readers.

THE

ountry Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest circulation in the rural field

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME

LINKMAN'S
Doctor Grabow
PIPE PATENTED
A Sweet, Dry, Healthful Smoke
from the first draw!

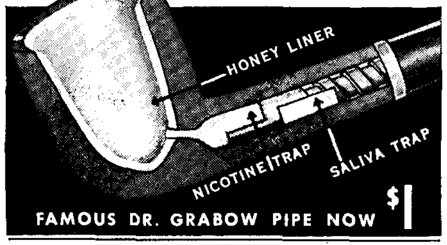
Honey liner means no "breaking in"

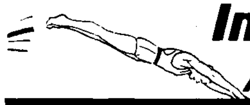
Nicotine trap purifies the smoke

Saliva trap keeps a Dr. Grabow DRY

Designed by a physician who wasn't satisfied with ordinary pipes! Not a "gadget" but a real improvement that thousands of smokers are grateful for . . . Even if you customarily pay much more—TRY a Doctor Grabow for the comfort smoke of your life!

Special Dr. Grabow Pipe, *finest imported briar*, $1
DeLuxe Dr. Grabow, natural select grain . $1.50
Write for illustrated folder.
Also makers of Linkman's Fifty Grand Pipe at 50c.
M. LINKMAN & CO.
1152 Fullerton Ave., Chicago





Instant Action!
GARVEY FOUNTAIN PEN INK
10¢
No more shaking and scratching to get your fountain pen started! Use GARVEY INK—the amazing new ink that works like magic! Flows easier—can't clog the pen. A tonic for any fountain pen.
At Drug Stores, 10c Stores, and
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REWARD!
That's what the special local subscription representatives of Collier's, The National Weekly, and other Crowell publications receive for their spare time work between now and September 30th. There's an opening for YOU on our Staff. Outfit and instructions FREE. Write today.
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250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

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LACQUERWAX
Demand this time tested "CELLOPHANE" like beauty protection!

APPLIED 5 TIMES FASTER
RAINPROOF·SUNPROOF·SPOTPROOF
LACQUERWAX is the ONLY way to perpetual motor car beauty. It is the ONLY wax product in America which can be used on a car for years without destroying the original showroom luster.
LACQUERWAX rapidly cleans and waxes in one amazingly simple operation. It can be applied 5 times faster and easier than old style paste wax. With LACQUERWAX it is NEVER necessary to use highly abrasive cleaners which soon remove the finish.
LACQUERWAX successfully resists salt air, heavy night dew, fog, rain and scorching hot sun. It is 100% CLIMATEPROOF all over America.
★ Resolve now to ask for LACQUERWAX at your car dealer or service station. If they have not stocked it yet, simply send $1.00 to Dept. 4-C and a 16 oz. can—one year's supply—will be sent postpaid to you at once. Jobbers and dealers should investigate the unusual sales possibilities of LACQUERWAX.
MINUTE MAN PRODUCTS CO.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Caribbean Headache

Continued from page 11

duties for which you were appointed."

The inevitable next step would have been pistols for two and coffee for one. Washington was getting too small to hold both the Senate and Secretary Ickes. The Virgin Islands, a thousand miles away, had dropped completely out of sight. This was a political battle-to-the-death. But just before blood spouted Mr. Roosevelt took a hand. He called Ickes and Tydings to the White House and, presumably, reasoned with them, saying to each, "If I fire the other fellow's man, will you be willing to let your man go too?"

And so, under pressure, Governor Pearson and Judge Wilson resigned, but the ultimate victory rested with Mr. Ickes, for the new governor appointed by the President to succeed Dr. Pearson was Lawrence W. Cramer, former Lieutenant Governor for St. Croix and the chosen candidate of the Interior Department.

The Secret of Unrest

In a more temperate atmosphere, the Senate subcommittee returned to the question of what to do about the Virgin Islands. But the largest part of that question had already been answered, at least by implication, right there before their eyes. Unrest in the Virgin Islands is a reflection of divided councils in Washington. The riots in St. Thomas were a prelude to the fight in the capital.

From the instant that President Hoover left office, the native leaders felt that they could attack the island administration with impunity, and they looked first to Postmaster-General Farley and later to the Senate for support. They had, of course, no clear notion of what was going on in Washington, but they knew that their governor was a Republican and that the President was a Democrat, and those two facts were enough to work with, especially since there was a group of white men present to draw the implications for them.

They believed that they could force the dismissal of Governor Pearson and secure the appointment, as governor, of Judge Wilson, the people's friend.

As long as the natives feel that they can defy their governor and be sure of finding some group in Washington to back them up, the lovely islands will remain potential volcanoes and we shall need gunboats or at least a strong white constabulary to maintain the peace.

Entertaining the Islanders

The second pressing problem is the economic health of the islands. It has been failing for over fifty years, and so far the rehabilitation program—as started under President Hoover and expanded to include the manufacture of rum under President Roosevelt—has done little to restore it.

Searching for the reason, you turn back to the islands and find a native taxi driver bending intently over the motor of his machine. "What's the trouble, Jacob?" you ask him. Jacob straightens up, closes the hood with good-natured finality and grins at you. "Some o' dese little wires," he explains, wiping sweat from his face and smoothing his sparse mustache, "some o' dese little wires is got confused which way dey goin'. It will be better detected in de marnin'."

Jacob is a man of the world in addition to being a mechanic. You ask him what he thinks of a planned economy for the islands. "Dey's tryin' new undertakin's an' new departures all de time," he informs you with a large tolerance. "Some help like an' some hinder. No need to be onrested, sah, no need at all." And he waves his hand toward the mountains and the cay-studded harbor, calling them to witness the absurdity of a short-lived species getting excited over its trivial concerns.

There is a special quality that sets these people apart from the blacks of North America. Superficially their history is much the same. They are the descendants of slaves. They have been away from Africa for as long a time as their brothers to the north; they have been free for a longer period (Denmark abolished slavery in the islands in 1848). But they still live in the tropics; civilization has barely touched them and they retain the warmth of emotion, the forthrightness and cruelties of the jungle. Their obeah doctors still practice witchcraft; they walk in fear of vampires and jumbies and at nightfall they bar their houses against evil spirits.

The North American Negro feels uncomfortable in the islands; he gets a dark sense of unfamiliar presences haunting him. Captain Jackson, assistant pilot in charge of the government quarantine station at St. Thomas, will talk to you about it. The captain is from South Carolina. He has won medals in the prize ring. Not the sort of man to be scared by jumbies. But the whites of his eyes grow large when he talks about the people of St. Thomas. "You go down town," he explains, "an' say a, b an' c. Befo' yo' back's turned dey run hit all de way through z." He shifts his heavy, fighter's shoulders restively, shaking off incomprehensible influences. "Dey not like us," he adds.

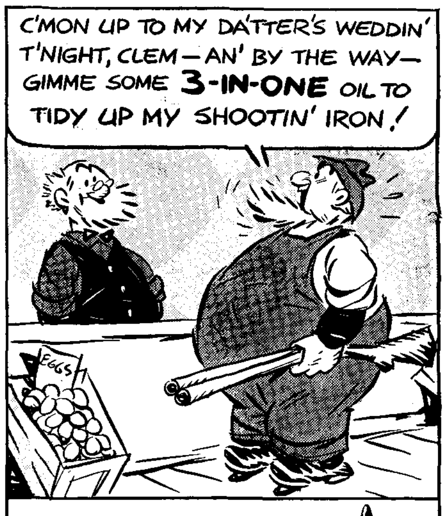
Ask the Iguana

The scheme of things in the West Indies leaves no place for sustained activity. The tempo of the islands is one of profound repose broken by occasional brief periods of spasmodic activity. You can watch iguanas, those large, dragon-like lizards, lying in the sun motionless for hours and then see them suddenly pounce upon their prey and slither off to their dens. Perhaps wild life takes its cue from the weather with its years of perfect calm broken now and then by the sudden fury of a hurricane. At all events that's the tempo of the islands and of their inhabitants, and there's nothing any white man can do to change it.

One optimistic landowner tried to increase the efficiency of his servants by buying them wheelbarrows. It would no longer be necessary, he explained, for them to carry everything around in baskets. The laborers were as pleased as children with these new toys and with this evidence of appreciation from their master. They used the wheelbarrows constantly; they would fill them up and then strut away, balancing them expertly on the tops of their heads.

The Danes, who had a long experience in administering the islands, made careful note of the effect of the tropics upon the men they sent down there. They observed that a kind of mild ailment, which they called Tropekuller, manifested itself in their civil servants for the first year of their stay. It consisted in a slight rise in temperature and, so they maintained, a feeling of omniscience. They took the sensible precaution of allowing their colonial administrators to season for a year or so before taking any of their proposals seriously.

We might have profited by their example. It would have kept us from so


C'MON UP TO MY DA'TTER'S WEDDIN' T'NIGHT, CLEM—AN' BY THE WAY—GIMME SOME 3-IN-ONE OIL TO TIDY UP MY SHOOTIN' IRON!
EGGS

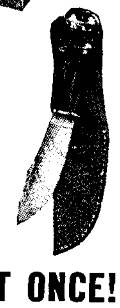
For keeping shotgun, rifle or revolver in trim for action, you can't beat 3-in-One! All stores, in handy cans and bottles. Get some today.
Blended from 3 oils
for better protection
CLEANS - LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

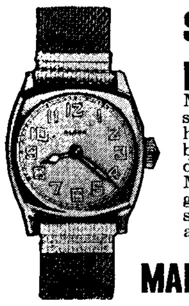
WIN A BIKE
And 300 Other Prizes

BOYS! Here's your chance to win a beautiful deluxe model motorbike *without cost!* Comes fully equipped with headlight, coaster brake, rear-wheel stand, and other big features. Swift as the wind; sturdy as an Indian pony. Besides this bike, you can win any of 300 other big prizes, and earn your own SPENDING MONEY. Just deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion to customers in your neighborhood. It's easy! Mail the coupon below, and we'll start you. Hurry! Mail it *now!*

A PRINTING PRESS!

This self-inking press is one of the many big prizes you can win. Get it, and be a boy printer! You will make money and have heaps of fun printing business cards, letterheads, tickets. For camping and out of doors, you can get this sturdy hunting knife (at right). Tempered steel blade; keen as a razor. Besides it, you can get other camping supplies, athletic equipment, a movie machine, and clothing. Win scouting equipment, also!





START AT ONCE!
NOW is the time to start winning these big awards. Mail the coupon below before some other boy in your neighborhood gets the prizes that should be *yours!* You'll be happy all day long when you are earning MONEY and winning PRIZES galore. Get this nifty watch for school (shown at left); win a pen and pencil. Mail the coupon *today!*

MAIL THIS COUPON!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-118
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio
Dear Jim: I want to earn MONEY and win PRIZES. Please start me as a salesman.
Name..Age..........
Address..
City.......................................State..........

sudden and violent an attempt to incorporate the Virgin Islands into the American design. For we have a colony on our hands, whether we like the word or not; and it requires colonial rule. The islands are too small ever to be a state, or even a congressional district. They are geared to a standard of living far below that on the continent; and the vast majority of the natives see no advantage in a change. The high destiny that we arbitrarily picked out for them has left them dazed, bewildered and a little resentful.

It may be argued that the rehabilitation program never had a fair trial. Certainly under the Pearson régime the cards were stacked against it. Political discord, private animosity, scandals and rumors of change, all helped to make it ineffectual.

The new governor will have some of the same difficulties to face. The anti-Pearson faction in the islands has already identified him with the preceding administration, in which he served for four years. The ink on his appointment was hardly dry before the Emancipator began to yelp with rage. His fortunes, too, will depend upon the balance of power in Washington.

To meet these obstacles Governor Cramer has several advantages that Dr. Pearson lacked. He begins the job with a thorough and sympathetic understanding of the islands. He is young, vigorous and possessed of a more concrete and realistic program than his predecessor. In addition he will benefit from any improvements in the island government that may result from the present investigation. The involved and antiquated tax system will probably be revised; the suffrage, now extended to about five per cent of the natives, will be enlarged; and the committee may even devise a new organic act for the islands.

All this should make Governor Cramer's task easier. But essentially his position is precarious if not untenable. Political unrest is sure to continue, with the constant threat of violence unless the governor is supported by at least a show of force. And the Senate, probably piqued by the outcome of its tilt with Mr. Ickes, has refused to pass a bill, sponsored by the Secretary, providing for the creation of a white constabulary.

We bought the islands in 1917 because we were afraid that Germany would get them and establish a submarine base there. If they have any practical value for us now, aside from their scenic charm, it is as an outpost in the defense of the Panama Canal. But an outpost that is torn by dissension and threatened with rebellion will do us no good. If we still consider them an essential part of our national defense, the Navy should be sent back to govern them. That would remove all doubts from the minds of the natives about the authority of their governors.

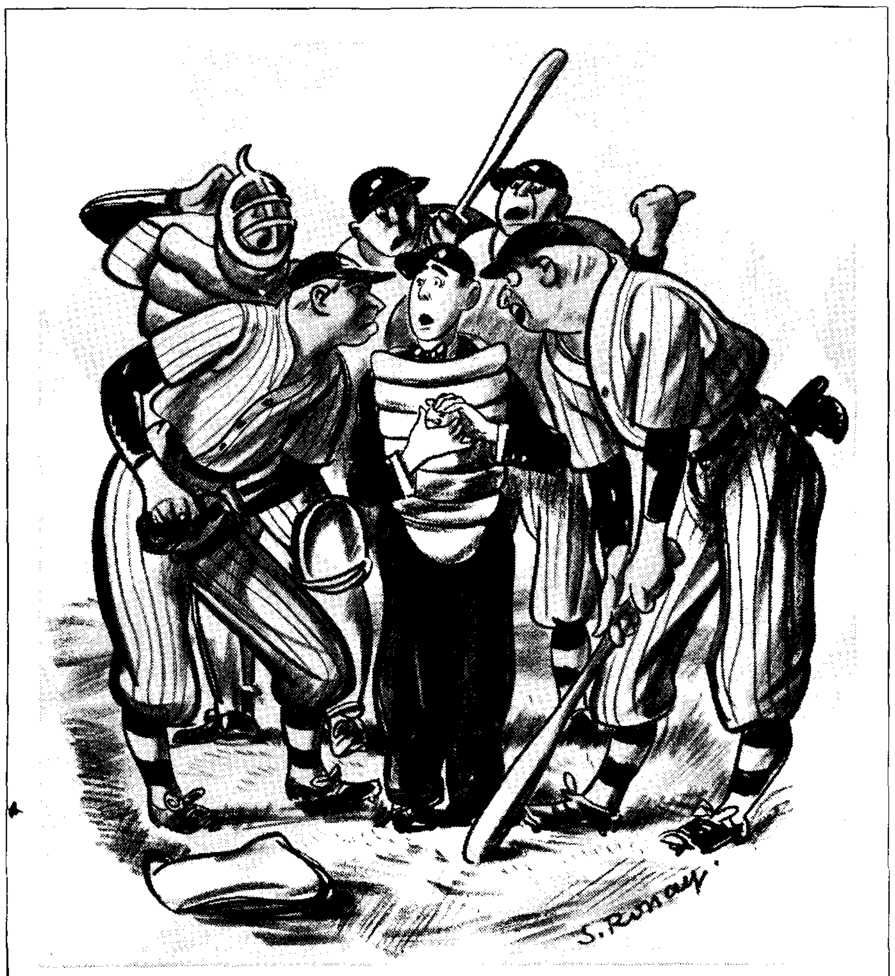
Stage Managers for Paradise

The second step would be to send down trained businessmen to replace the amateurs in charge of the Virgin Islands Company. This would separate the government's commercial enterprise from its strictly administrative duties and give the company a better chance of success.

But whether the islands are transferred to the Navy Department or, as is more likely, remain under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior, they will need colonial rule free from political interference.

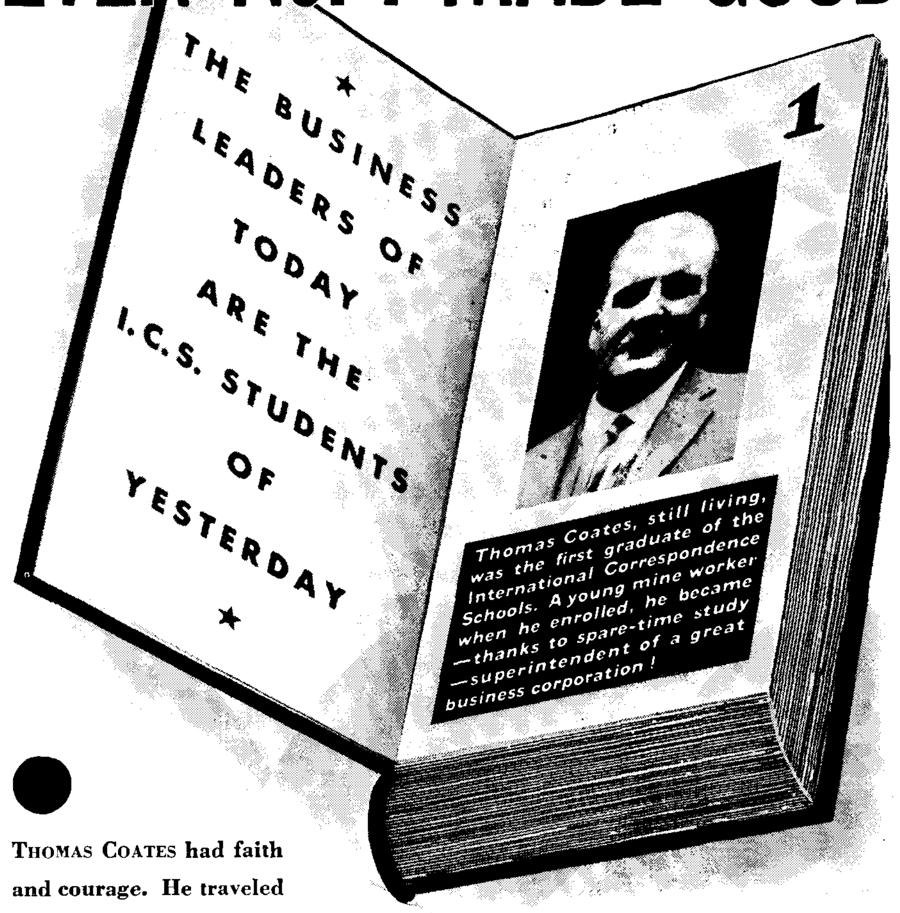
There are a number of examples of colonies profitably and efficiently run upon which we could model our procedure. The Dutch, the French and the English have administered their possessions with varying degrees of success, but all with more successes than we have had. It seems likely that the Senate Committee will give some attention to foreign patterns. If so the result will be all to our benefit.

And the islanders, once the profit has been taken out of protest, will like it. Jacob will push back his hat and grin: "No need to be onrested, sah; no need at all."



"But something inside of me yelled, 'Catch it!'" STEPHEN RONAY

EVEN No. 1 MADE GOOD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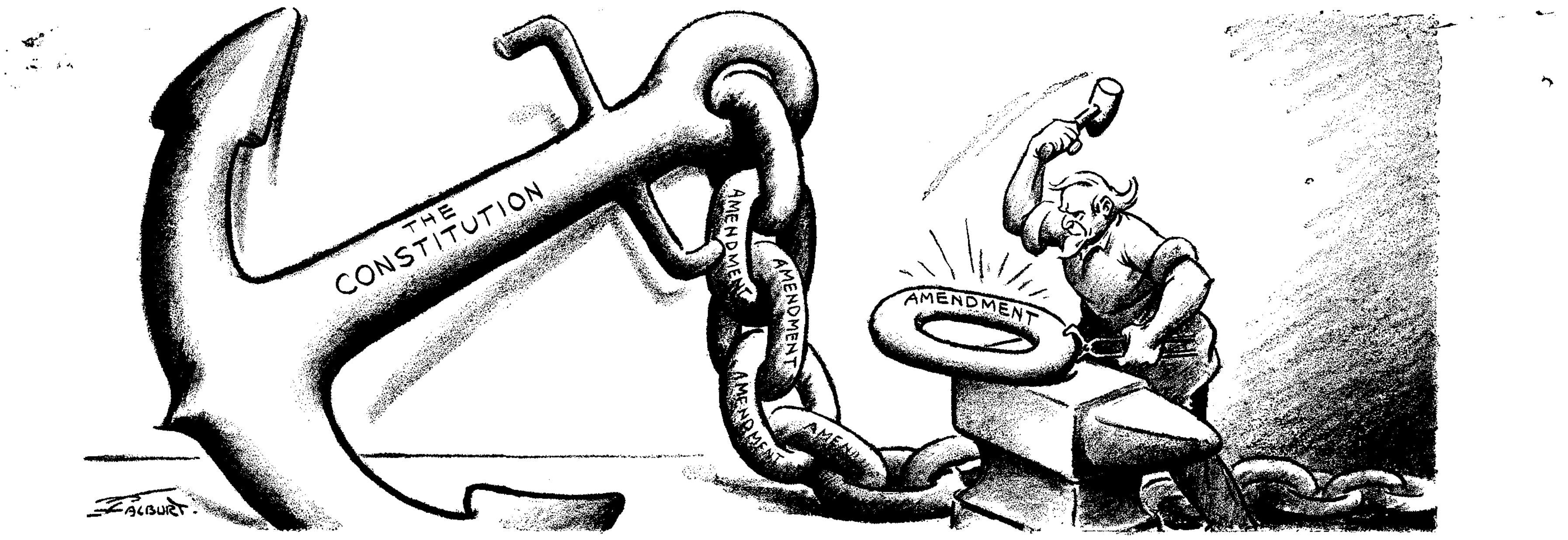

For a Free People

WITH all the current talk and agitation over the Constitution it is interesting to remember what the founding Fathers thought of their handiwork. None certainly believed it to be perfect. Only thirty-nine out of fifty-five delegates to the convention were willing to sign it. George Washington, whose judgment was the most highly respected of any American of his time, had this to say:

"The Constitution that is submitted is not free from imperfections. But there are as few radical defects in it as could well be expected, considering the heterogeneous mass of which the convention was composed and the diversity of interests that are to be attended to. As a constitutional door is opened for future amendments and alterations, I think it would be wise for the people to accept what is offered to them."

This moderate advice was accepted with some reluctance by the states, but nobody active at the time of its adoption thought the Constitution a final document. On the contrary, ten amendments offered at the first session of the first Congress were swiftly ratified.

It is accordingly absurd now to impute to the Constitution an inspired wisdom useful to all subsequent ages. The Constitution was the work of a small group of exceptionally competent men. It set up a framework of government of enormous importance to America and to the world. But to pretend that George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison and their associates were prophets, able to foresee the needs of their countrymen during the centuries to come, is mere nonsense.

The Constitution made it possible for a central government to be established. Before the Constitution was adopted the thirteen states were independent and sovereign. A weak Congress, comparable to the present assembly of the League of Nations, attempted feebly to manage the common business of the states.

Some forty amendments to the Constitution were presented to Congress during recent months. Eight of them were designed to increase the authority of Congress to enact legislation for the promotion of the public welfare. None has been given serious consideration up to now.

It is not difficult to write an amendment which will empower Congress to pass laws similar to the Recovery Act declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Most of these amendments so far proposed give Congress too much power. The very real problem is to devise a form which will give Congress just enough power and which will still leave the states unimpaired.

Nobody in high position has been willing hitherto to destroy the remaining sovereignty of the states. This is one reason the debate over the welfare amendment has been deferred. If it is possible to avoid a quarrel so far-reaching, it is, of course, expedient to do so.

Another and even larger consideration is involved. If a drastic welfare amendment were adopted, small authority would be left the states. If Congress entered the field opened by a welfare amendment, we should have forty-eight surviving state governments with little power and small scope.

For this reason many of those who might support a welfare amendment, if Congress could be handed a neat package of authority which did not destroy the states, favor not a single amendment, but an entire revision of the Constitution.

The arguments for a whole new Constitution are simple. Invention fertilized by science has created a new civilization. State lines have lost the meaning they had in 1787. Railroads, motorcars, airplanes, electrical communication, business organization and national markets have created new associations and relationships.

We may live in Indiana or Wisconsin and work in Illinois. We may live in New Jersey and work in Delaware, Pennsylvania or New York. We may marry in any one of forty-eight states and employ the conveniences of Nevada if we think that we need a divorce.

In a word, for most of our business and social relationships the state lines are already obsolete and meaningless. Our economic ties center in regions rather than states. The division of the country into districts for the Federal Reserve Banks and for other federal activities shows the drift of this argument.

The advocates of this point of view accordingly would prefer to attempt a general rewriting of the Constitution. A single welfare amendment from their standpoint accomplishes both too much and too little.

In ordinary times a scheme so grandiose in scope would have little chance of serious consideration. Practical politicians are opposed to any reorganization which threatens their power.

If the need is great, popular support can, however, be found for very far-reaching proposals. If, specifically, the Supreme Court were to disallow, on constitutional grounds, measures which millions of citizens considered vital to their welfare, it would be very easy for any popular President to win a large measure of support for the complete revision of the Constitution.

The inclination of everybody in positions of responsibility will be to avoid any such undertaking. If as a race we were wholly intelligent and unselfish, it might be wise to revise our fundamental laws with frequent regularity. Being something less than angels, we are reluctant to disturb too much lest we lose something of value.

But if a revision of the Constitution, either in part or whole, becomes necessary in the mind of the public, it will be undertaken and quickly undertaken. The history of the two prohibition amendments is a plain warning. It is not troublesome to change the Constitution once public opinion has crystallized. There is no occasion for alarm in this. We might properly be concerned if we ever lost the capacity to reconsider our basic laws. So long as we retain the ability to rewrite our Constitution, we are safe.

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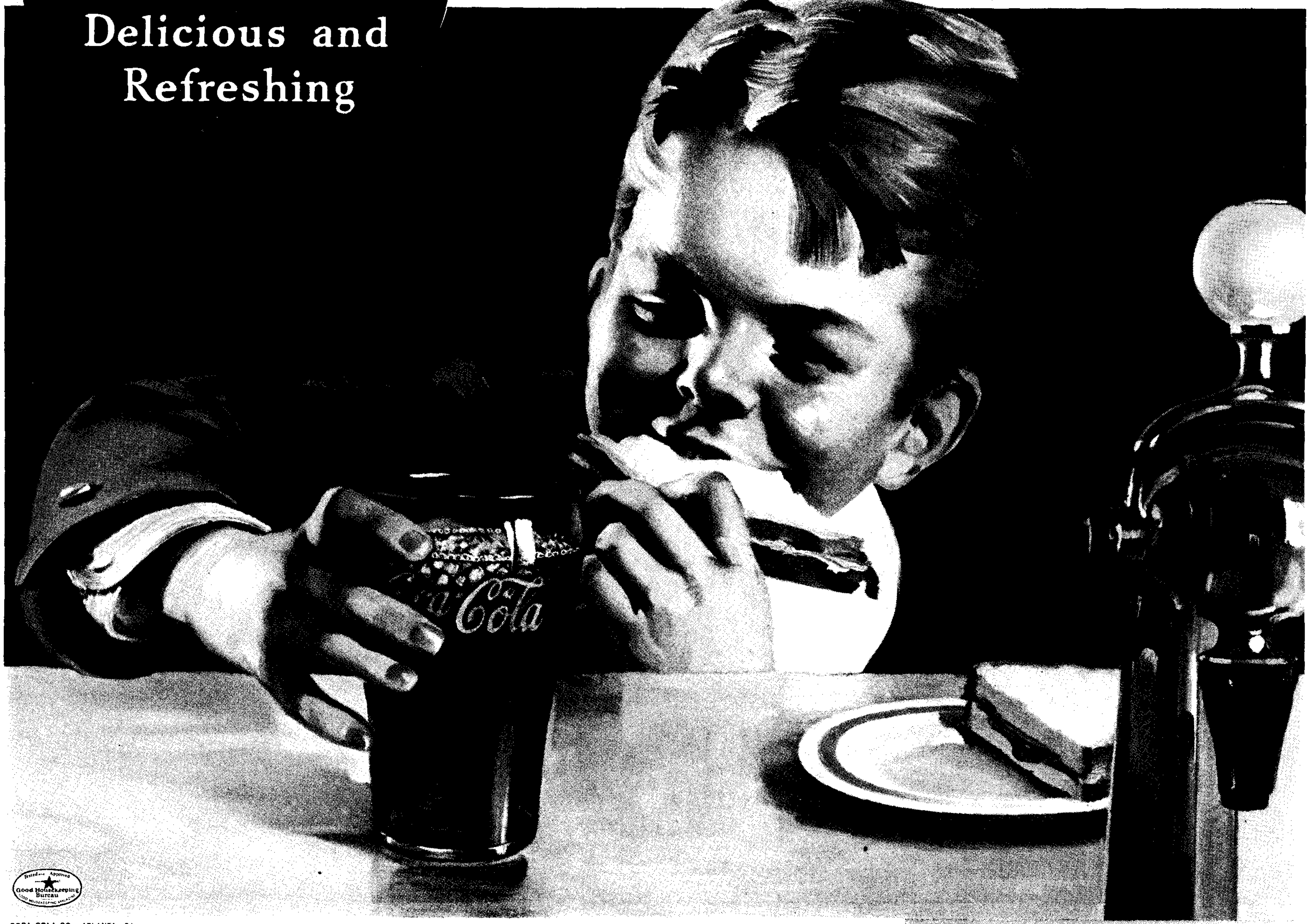

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